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SKETCH BY L. ALMA-TADEMA.

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## LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA.

THE peculiar charm of the reproductions of antique life painted by Mr. Alma-Tadema, and the tradition which has grown up of his supposed attempt to live that life himself in the midst of modern London, have rendered this artist the object of a curiosity unusual even in this curious age. Hence has followed an endless multiplication of "lives" and "studies" and "interviews," published for the delectation of the inquisitive, and mainly occupied with saying the same things in slightly different ways. But although much has been said and resaid about his person, as well as about his successive paintings and surroundings, very little has yet been told about his methods of work. Every artist has his own particular way of endeavoring to present in a concrete form the idea that he at

first sees with his mind's eye only; and this, if we reflect, is really the interesting thing about him. The manner in which each painter works out his subject varies very much, according to his temperament and his training. I purpose, in this article, to dwell somewhat on the processes through which Mr. Alma-Tadema's paintings pass, from the first rough sketch done in charcoal to the highly finished canvas.

Before, however, describing these methods in detail, it may be desirable to make a rapid survey of the principal events in Mr. Alma-Tadema's career, and to enumerate, also, some of his more notable paintings, endeavoring to arrange the latter into groups, according to the periods in which they were painted, since from time to time this artist has succumbed to

the fascination of the history and artistic bearing of different countries and times. At first it was German life in the early middle ages that attracted him; then the barbaric strength and beauty of the Merovingian age took his attention; while, later on, the more formal designs and the flat coloring of the Pompeian period roused his curiosity, to be followed by an enthusiastic devotion to the ancient days of Egypt, and to the early Greek, and later Roman, times.

## I.

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA is a Friesian, and therefore a Dutchman. He was born January 8, 1836, the fifth son of Pieter Tadema, of Dronryp, near Leeu Warden, in the ancient province of Friesland. His father died when he was four years old, and he was left to the care of his mother, a woman of great refine-



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.  
BRASS STAIRCASE LEADING FROM ALMA-TADEMA'S FRONT  
DOOR TO HIS STUDIO.

ment of taste and of decided artistic feeling. It was intended that the son should follow his father's profession, the law, but he himself showed very early in life a strong predilection for art. This bias, however, was not encour-

aged by those members of his family who were most interested in his education, and the boy could get time for his drawing only by rising early—a habit that has often stood him in good stead at those seasons of the year when he has been hard driven for want of time, or lack of London daylight, to finish his paintings for the exhibitions. On such occasions he thinks nothing of rising at four or five o'clock in the morning, in order to work out, or paint in, some elaborate detail of his pictures.

As the young Tadema grew up, his health showed signs of giving way, whether or not from the over-strain of long hours of uncongenial study, it is impossible to say. His guardians, convinced that he had not long to live, judged it useless to urge any more their determination that he should be trained for the law, and the lad entered upon his art studies, with so great success as to produce, at the age of fourteen, one finished portrait of his sister, and, at the age of sixteen, one of himself, which were good likenesses as well as of sound workmanship, and proved his vocation beyond further question. He entered the Royal Art school at Antwerp, then under the guidance of Baron Wappers. Afterward he profited much by the advice of another painter, Baron Leys. In Tadema's earlier paintings it is not difficult to trace the influence which that distinguished master exercised over the promising artist. The work done on Leys's pictures by Tadema has been of infinite use to him: he there acquired the knowledge of making pictures that has been of such great service to him throughout his career, together with a certain habit of seeing objects solidly, and seeing them as a whole.

In 1859 the young painter's mother and sister joined him in Antwerp, and it was during the four brief years spent there together that Mrs. Tadema saw her son's talent show itself unmistakably in the great success he obtained with one of his earliest pictures, "The Education of the Children of Clovis," which was painted in 1861.

In the year 1863 Mr. Alma-Tadema married a French lady, and visited Italy; in 1865 he settled in Brussels. Here were born to him two daughters, Laurence and Anna, the latter of whom has distinguished herself during the last few years by many highly finished water-color studies of buildings and house-interiors, and also by several delicately drawn portrait-heads, executed in pencil and chalk. During Mr.





PAINTED BY L. ALMA-TADEMA.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

"HADRIAN IN ENGLAND."

(THE EMPEROR INSPECTING ROMANO-BRITISH POTTERIES.)

Alma-Tadema's residence in Brussels he produced many striking pictures, among them the fine composition of "Tarquinius Superbus." In this painting is seen the regal governor of men receiving certain meek emissaries from the city of Gabia; in the foreground stands the mass of tall poppies, the tallest heads of which he is presently to mow off with his scepter.

Mr. Alma-Tadema soon lost his first wife, and in 1870, shortly after her death, he left Brussels, and proceeded to England. Here he presently settled, became a British subject, and made for himself a fascinating home on the northern side of Regent's Park.

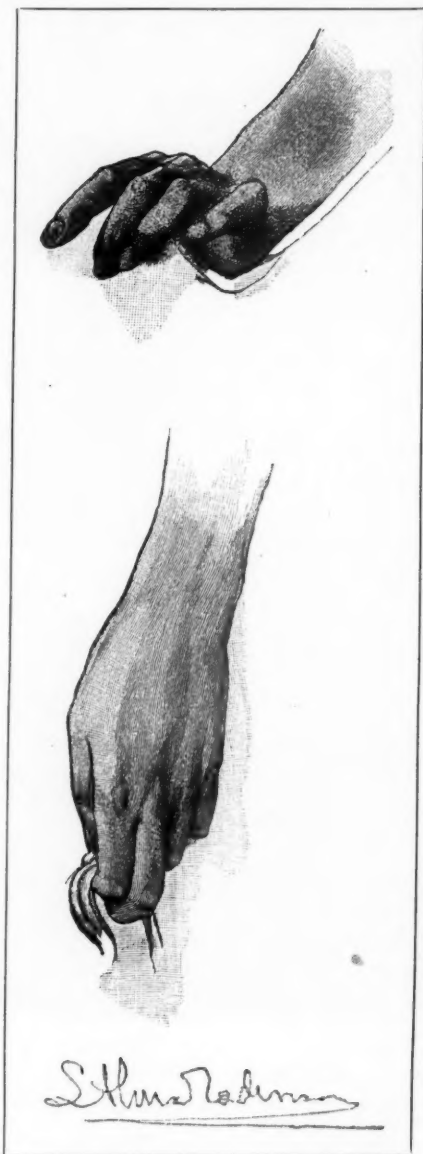
The fine "Pyrrhic Dance," painted in 1868, was his first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy, in the new building of Burlington House, in the year 1869. It marked a critical point in the painter's career. This extraordinary composition at once roused the attention of the British public to a knowledge of the great gifts of the young foreigner who had taken up his abode among them. "The Pyrrhic Dance" was followed the next year by "The Juggler," and by some of the earlier Roman interiors. In 1870 Mr. Alma-Tadema painted, in his London studio, "A Roman Emperor," this being his second version of that most tragic subject, the death of Caligula and the acclamation of the new emperor, Claudius. Mr. Alma-Tadema, in this version, ventured upon an entirely new scheme of coloring, to the de-

spair, it is said, of certain of his clients, who saw in this departure an alarming tendency toward Preraphaelitism. They felt that the public, which had lately learned to accept Mr. Alma-Tadema as the expounder of the beauty of cool white marbles and pale-tinted robes, was not being fairly treated; for here he was

boldly introducing a copper-headed girl into the crowd of his Roman rabble, and clothing the very bodies of the dead in gay-colored blues and vivid purples, while even the purity of the marble floor was not only stained with the redness of blood, but was everywhere cut up and intersected by distracting, many-colored mosaics. This was, indeed, to open out a revolutionary prospect into the future!

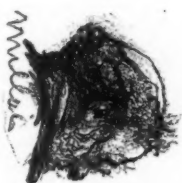
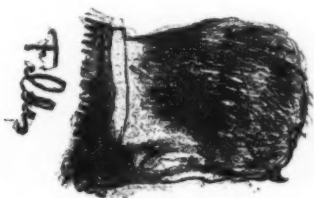
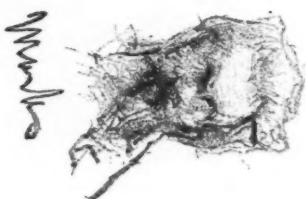
But this departure was one which led ultimately to many beautiful pictures, dealing often with joyous subjects, in which the artist has painted dancing-girls and youths, either in solemn procession, or in a frenzy of religious fervor, or else simply gay with the rapid throbbing of the blood in their young veins. From this period, and onward to the present year, belong many charming panels of blossom-crowned orchards and anemone-strewn fields. The lily-covered tanks, on the other hand, and the innumerable and wonderful garlands, belong to the architectural section of Mr. Alma-Tadema's work, rather than to the series of open-air subjects.

In the year 1871 the artist married an English lady, who has



ENGRAVED BY G. NAYLOR.

STUDIES OF HANDS, FROM ALMA-TADEMA'S NOTE-BOOK.



SKETCHES OF NOTED ARTISTS BY L. ALMA-TADEMA, AT A COUNCIL MEETING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ENGRAVED BY A. WALKER.



FRONT ENTRANCE TO VESTIBULE.

since distinguished herself by her pictures of charming children, quaintly clad, and busy in their old-fashioned tiled, or paneled, surroundings.

By the year 1874 the decorations of Mr. Alma-Tadema's house, at the North Gate, Regent's Park, were completed, and the whole effect was of a palace of exotic beauty. In a moment all this beauty was well nigh destroyed by the explosion of a barge laden with gunpowder and benzolin, which was passing along the canal in front of his house. The walls were cracked, the windows broken, the front door, even, was torn off its hinges, so that the open portal showed on its threshold the almost too hospitable greeting of "Salve" to the outside world. M. Tissot, the French artist, who was at that time living in London, said that the terrace of houses nearest to the scene of the accident had all the appearance of the streets of Paris after the bombardment during the Commune. There is a pretty story of the behavior on this occasion of the two young daughters of the house. They had always been told that if they felt frightened at night they were to ring their bedroom bell; so, when they awoke suddenly, in the utter darkness, to find the window-frame lying on their bed, the ceiling falling in fragments, and hun-

dreds of hazelnuts—part of the boat's cargo—showering down upon them, the elder child remarked to her sister, in the high calm voice of authority, "Anna, ring the bell!"

The news of the explosion was a terrible blow to Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema, who were traveling in Scotland at the time. But Mr. Alma-Tadema's splendid energy was equal to the occasion, and he at once saw means for improving his house. The outer walls were, first of all, firmly clamped together with huge iron girders; next, the inner house was considered. New doorways were cut through the side-walls, arches were constructed, and here and there a slim, supporting column was added. The whole aspect of the place became, if possible, more charming and fairy-like than before. The artist decorated the ceiling of his studio in the Pompeian style, with figures of his own hand in a design of light floral festoons, dividing the space into panels of different sizes and shapes. For these Mr. Alma-Tadema made some charming sketches of dancing nymphs and tootling satyrs.

## II.

His picture of "The Education of the Children of Clovis" was the first subject of this period treated by Mr. Alma-Tadema, and the

first he painted under Leys's corrections. It was followed by a whole series of paintings illustrating the thrilling and tragic story of Fredegonda and Galswinde. In these productions the determined character of the painter is seen; he is unflinching in the way in which he wrestles with his subject until he has con-

Egyptians Amused themselves Three Thousand Years ago." Another Egyptian painting of his shows two very lean men seated on their heels, and playing a game of chess at a low table. I have heard Mr. Alma-Tadema say that very few European persons are able to sit with ease, and for any length of time, in this position. This



PORTICO AT ENTRANCE TO THE DINING-ROOM.

quered the difficulties of it. Also there is apparent in these works the ceaseless trouble that he always takes to inform himself accurately and thoroughly in matters of detail; these details once grasped, whether they be pleasing to the eye or not, are firmly written down by that truthful pencil of his.

Mr. Alma-Tadema always acknowledges the great debt that he owes to his early acquaintance with Leonardo da Vinci's book, "How to Become a Painter." Such a book would naturally be of immense service to a worker of his temperament, for whom half-measures and half-knowledge do not exist; for he is a man who must fully realize for himself exactly how any given subject, with all its accessories, actually looks before he will attempt to represent it in a concrete form.

In 1863 Mr. Alma-Tadema painted his first Egyptian picture, which he called "How the

picture of the chess-players was sold in Berlin in 1865 to a banker of Moscow, and was the means of Mr. Alma-Tadema's acquaintance with M. Gambert, the picture-dealer, who, recognizing at once the unusual gifts of the young painter, at the advice of Baron Leys and Rosa Bonheur, gave him an order for twenty-four pictures.

In 1865 began the series of Greek and Roman subjects by which Mr. Alma-Tadema is perhaps most widely known. The earlier examples of these are, however, very different from the paintings that Mr. Alma-Tadema produces to-day: they are darker in tone, deeper in color, and more crowded with detail. But now and again this painter still returns to his earlier love, and gives us one of his powerful Egyptian subjects.

If the titles of all Mr. Alma-Tadema's pictures were enumerated here, they would fill



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

several columns of this magazine. "The Pyrrhic Dance" was the first of a long series of representations of ancient dances, whether of the solemn and religious sort, or of the more homely kinds, of the Roman people. In 1870 the large composition of "The Vintage Festival" was painted, and was exhibited by itself in one of the London galleries. This picture impressed the British public greatly with its serious and novel kind of beauty, as well as by its vivid presentment of ancient times. To the year 1874 belongs perhaps the grandest and most solemn of all Mr. Alma-Tadema's conceptions, "The Death of the First-Born" (The Last Plague). In 1875 the painter returned to a Merovingian subject, and produced a new version of the story of Fredegonda in "The Tragedy of an Honest Wife." To the years 1873 and 1874 belong the large canvases of "The Sculpture Gal-

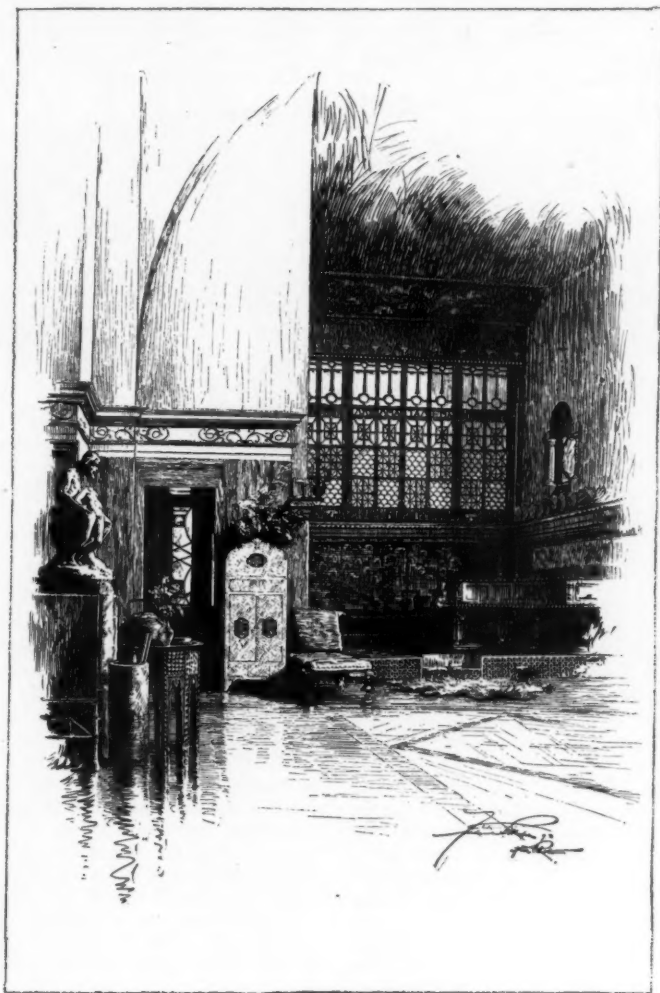
lery" and "The Picture Gallery," as well as numerous smaller panel-pieces of gardens, courtyards, flowers, and young girls. In 1884 came "Hadrian in England," showing that emperor inspecting a factory of Romano-British potteries. In 1888 was painted that most strange and gorgeously colored picture of a practical joke on a large scale, called "The Roses of Heliogabalus," wherein were seen perfect clouds of roses and rose petals let loose through the unfastening of the cords of the velarium, and showering down upon the lounging and unsuspecting guests, half-smothering them.

From time to time has appeared an Egyptian piece in which the heads of the chief figures have had all the *vraisemblance* of portraits painted from the life: of these are "The Grand Chamberlain of Sesostris" (1869); "The



Egyptian at his House Door" (1864); and Joseph as "Pharaoh's Overseer," in which last picture Joseph is seen examining specimens of the cereals brought by his fellow-Israelites to the king. In all of these paintings of Eastern life the spectator is strongly impressed by the minutely realistic aspect of the people and their surroundings.

encouragements, I have many times heard him urge on faint-hearted followers. He will never allow himself to be beaten by the difficulties of any subject. No shirking of intricate detail, no vagueness of line, will this advocate of thoroughness allow to any timid or indolent pupil. He never evades a tedious accessory, nor does he spare his brain more than his hand when,



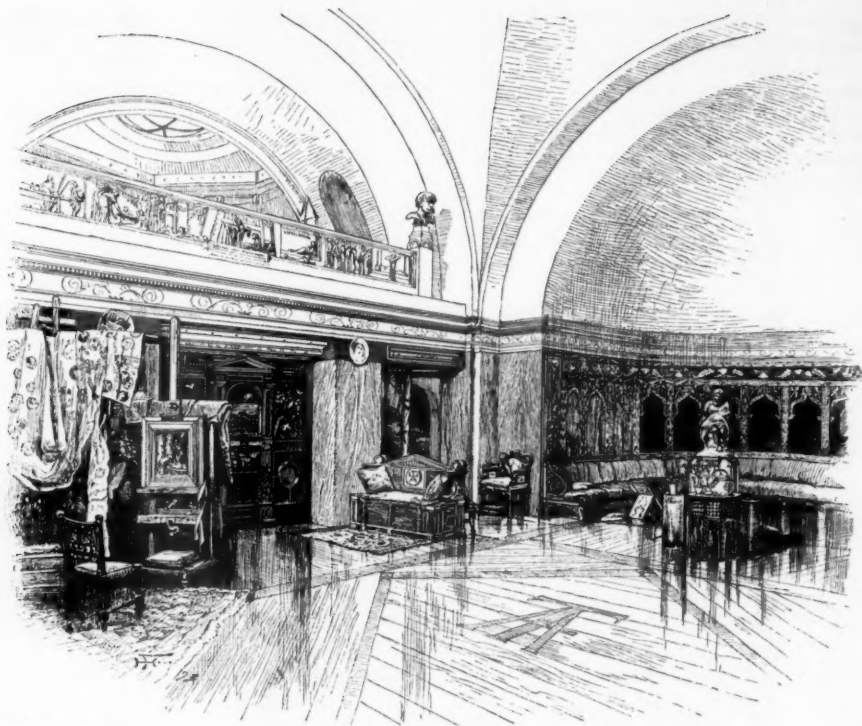
DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

INTERIOR OF STUDIO—WEST VIEW.

## III.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA is a great advocate of work. "Nothing can be done well without taking trouble," he says; "you must work hard if you mean to succeed." By these and similar

by the making of endless studies, he can gain exacter knowledge, or add to the accuracy of the spirit and detail in his designs. But this diligence is not allied to any love of his own handiwork. Mr. Alma-Tadema is ruthless in destroying results that do not seem to him to be



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

INTERIOR OF STUDIO—EAST VIEW.

satisfactory; I have often seen him wipe from his canvas a beautiful figure or a lovely object, when he thought that by doing so the line of his composition would be improved, or that greater simplicity would be gained by the sacrifice. I have heard Mr. Alma-Tadema tell a story of the fate of two unsuccessful pictures of his student days. One of them was returned unsold by the committee of the Brussels exhibition in 1859—the subject, I believe, was of a house on fire, with people rescuing the victims. His fellow-students were asked into the studio of the rejected painter, and were invited to jump through the canvas, the owner of it leading the way by leaping, head first, through the oily flames. The other story was of a large-sized, square picture which came back hopelessly, again and again, to the easel of its creator, until at last it was cut out of its frame, and was given to an old woman to use as a table-cover, and who remarked that it “was much better than those common oil-cloth things that always let the water through, for this one of Mr. Tadema’s making was a good thick one, with plenty of paint on it.”

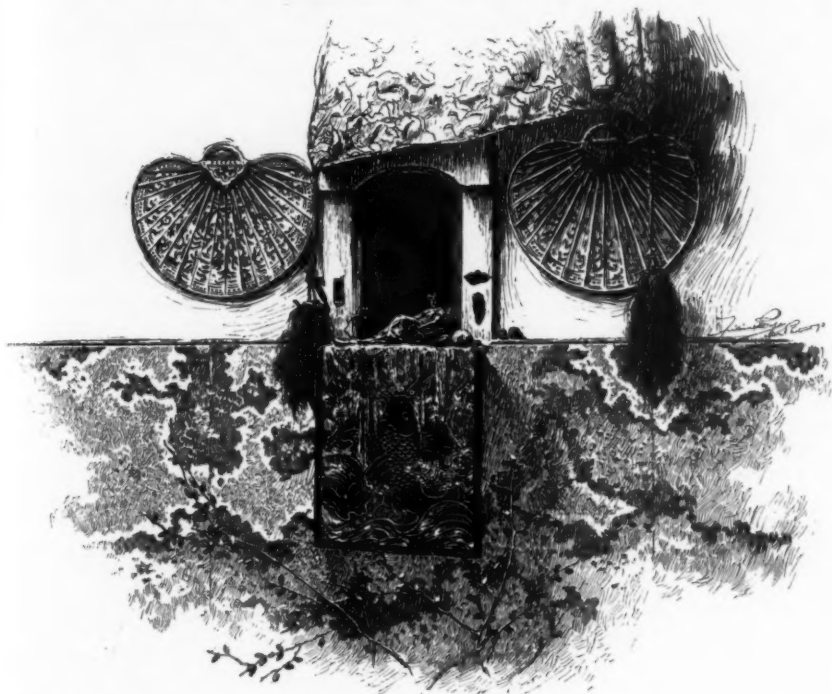
Mr. Alma-Tadema has no patience with

would-be dilettanti, who, I fear, pester all busy professional people with fatuous inquiries about their ways of work, such as, “Now, what color would you use if you were going to paint a bluebell?” or, “How many hairs should an outline paint-brush have?” He thinks they should be answered as by the sculptor, who, on being asked by an ardent young admirer to show him the tool with which he had modeled his beautiful Venus, showed the muscle of his own broad thumb. Mr. Alma-Tadema uses very few paints, and those are of the simpler and more old-fashioned kinds, such as siennas and ochers. He is firm in his conviction that the colors on a palette should be composed either entirely of mineral, or entirely of vegetable substances; he considers that to mix the two kinds is highly perilous to the future safety of the painting.

The methodical ways of this painter are apparent in the arrangements of his house, and especially in those of his studio. He is eminently Dutch, even when he tries to be most classical. From a voluminous drapery down to a small pocket pen-knife, each has its appointed place in his studio: a glance at the

work-table, or along the lines of folios of studies on the many-divided shelves, will show this; each folio is numbered, and beneath it is written, in the painter's neat hand-writing, the subject matter of the drawings within, under such sectional headings as "Greek Head-dresses," "Bronzes," "Armor," "Furniture," "Wigs," "Ears and Hands," "Ornaments," etc. This extreme neatness, however, leads sometimes to painful anxiety; as, for instance, when some careless visitor leans against and disturbs the folds of a curtain, or crushes the surface of an embroidery; the very displacement of a

ranged and rearranged until the artist's eye is satisfied that the whole composition hangs well together, and that the attention of the spectator is carried naturally along to the chief incident of the scene. All the sketching in of the figures is done with the help of nature. A thin oil-color outline of some neutral color is used for this; sometimes the figures are painted at once. The whole canvas is now filled in, rather as a piece of cloisonné might be with color, so that the disturbing whiteness of the material is hidden. From this time forth, hard work follows. If the picture contained elaborate archi-



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

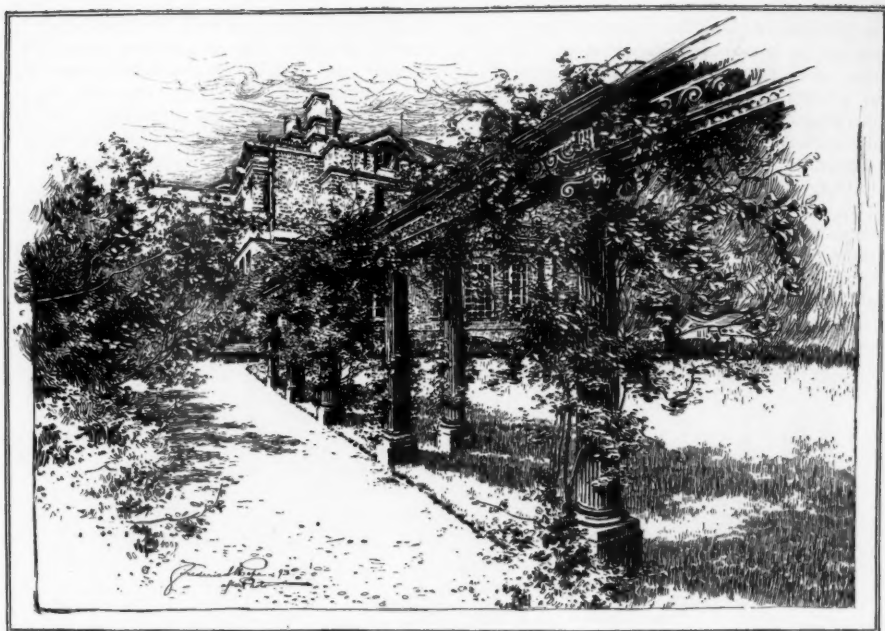
ALTAR IN ATRIUM, IN COLORED MARBLES.

chair may cause agony to the highly strung nerves, and be held to give an air of untidiness to the apartment. But with all this elaboration of the housesurroundings, the every-day homelife of this painter is one of extreme simplicity and independence.

## IV.

MUCH has been written about Mr. Alma-Tadema's work, but I am not aware that any one has described the exact manner in which he proceeds. His first sketch for a picture is usually done slightly, and directly on the canvas or panel. The groups of figures are ar-

recture, he sometimes had a paper of the same size as the canvas stretched across a board, and the whole building—parts of which were to appear in the picture—drawn out carefully to scale by an assistant, with roof, sculptured columns, and elaborate tessellated pavement complete, untiring attention being paid to the perspective of the different parts. Unfortunately, he had always to do it afresh, as it was never good enough, and therefore he has abandoned this plan, and tries now himself to work out his backgrounds on the picture itself so completely and so thoroughly that an actual building could be constructed by following the



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

COLONNADE IN THE FRONT GARDEN.

plans for it. I recollect once remarking to Mr. Alma-Tadema that I thought a pillar in the foreground of one of his pictures was rather too conspicuous: whereupon he at once showed me that it was obliged to be so, as it was the continuation of the line of architecture carried forward from the rear of the building, and he went on to point out how this façade fitted on to that hall, and that flight of steps made some other wall finish at a given angle, and so on, until I found myself quite convinced of the actuality of the whole thing, and believed, as he did, in the absolute necessity of that column remaining where it was, even if it did still seem unduly prominent.

Mr. Alma-Tadema paints his figures direct from life in every instance, elaborately draped and coiffured as they appear in his completed pictures: but he will often pause in painting to make a delicate pencil-drawing of the details of a garment, as it appears and then loses itself among the close folds of the drapery, or to note the turn of a wrist or the curve of a neck.

The flowers that illuminate so many of Mr. Alma-Tadema's more recent pictures are also invariably painted from life; his house often presenting a most festive appearance, great bowls of roses, or vases of jonquils and acacia, standing in the atrium, waiting their turn to be carried into the great studio to be painted.

These flowers come from many foreign shores, some of them from Italy, some even from Algiers, others from English country gardens, while many of them are procured in Covent Garden market, that London pleasure where flowers are found blooming all through the year. In spite of the severeness of his mental eye, and his extraordinary knowledge of form, Mr. Alma-Tadema will never trust to his memory. If this is, as indeed it must be, a great merit, it may also be a slight limitation in his art.

When an important picture approaches completion, the whole household is aware of the painter's excitement, and eagerly shares it. Professional models are insufficient to supply the demand, and a friend is called upon at night, or some member of the family in the very early morning, to dedicate a face or a hand to the great sacrifice. During these critical times Mr. Alma-Tadema's intensity is something formidable, and he is in the mood, like Benvenuto Cellini, to pour all his most precious things into the fire of his devouring art. It is very exciting to share these periods of storm and stress. They do not last very long, or who could survive to tell the tale?

When his present home was under construction, he was continually drawing designs in delicate outline for such details as the turning



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE.

UNDER THE COLONNADE IN THE FRONT GARDEN.

of an ivory handle, or the decoration of some inlaid panel; or, again, plans were made for couches with strange and elaborate legs, or for other articles of furniture, which his workmen would carry out from his designs. Mr. Alma-Tadema never seemed to get at the end of his ideas for his house. The very windows open strangely, and the doors, apparently, have no fastenings at all, and, to the uninitiated, are not a little puzzling to open and shut.

When the picture called "The Improvisatore" was being painted, much excitement prevailed. This painting shows a youth singing to some persons who are seated on the green sward, and accompanying his song on the lyre. The whole scene is bathed in moonlight, and the question which interested Mr. Alma-Ta-

dema's household was as to the actual amount of color that could be positively perceived in objects seen by the light of the moon alone. In order to test this point, draperies of different colors were placed in the garden, and evening visitors were asked candidly to say what colors they thought them to be. No two persons could agree as to the positive color of any given object in the moonlight. The painter, therefore, was obliged, on this occasion, to follow the instinct of his own eyesight.

Sometimes a longing comes over us for a little repose from all this crowded perfection of detail; a wish creeps into the mind for a little dimness, a slight mist over it all, or for at least a little uncertainty in some of the details. But Mr. Alma-Tadema's character comes out in his



refusal of this indulgence, and in his conviction that there is only one right way; "no half measures," and "no hesitation or uncertainty." He draws everything to measure; every inch, or fraction of an inch, is proved; "It must, it shall, be right and exact; if you are sure of

advances, luckily to reappear again at the end. Also, with this great knowledge of detail, he is inclined to be too lavish of decoration. As an instance of this, attention may be called to the fact that his elaborately veined and finished marbles are often the plainest parts of his pic-



BACK GARDEN, SHOWING THE STUDIO AND COVERED APPROACH TO THE HOUSE.

your facts, why hesitate to state them definitely?" is what this severe master of detail may say to any one who recommends a concession to what is graceful or apparent.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Alma-Tadema is so fascinated by the beauty of detail and of surface-painting, and so accomplished in rendering it, that he sometimes loses sight of the original intention of his picture—the motive of his composition. The light in his unfinished paintings is apt to die down as the picture

tures—wherein perhaps lies in some measure the secret of his great charm.

#### V.

NOTHING is commoner than to see Mr. Alma-Tadema, in the circle of his intimate friends, pull out his sketch-book and enter a hurried note of the graceful pose of some figure among the guests, or of the combined lines of a group; or he will make a sketch of the



outline of a child's cheek, with the tip of its little nose showing beyond, all else of its face being hidden by its frilled hood or its falling curls. At such a party Mr. Alma-Tadema keeps the whole company laughing merrily over his clever little drawings, made with a few strokes of the pencil, but yet portraying to the life the aspect of the "sad or gay pig," or of the "portly bishop and his lady, seen from a

which, when he is in a gay mood, beams with kindly expression, his eyes twinkling, and his whole face becoming suffused with smiles. His manner is very genial, but on formal occasions, or at public ceremonies, he has a courtly and rather foreign carriage. When roused, and in argument about politics or art, his voice becomes raised, and his eyes kindle with fire; at these times the spectator is struck



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

GARDEN VIEW AT THE SIDE OF THE STUDIO.

third-floor window," or else of that ingenious face whose features, looked at without prejudice, are simply the figures  $15\frac{3}{4}$ ; but regarded non-critically, and with a little imagination, represent the portrait of a rather prim and elderly woman in a spoonbill bonnet, or her lover.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's sense of humor is very broad and genial; he is a perfect fund of amusing anecdotes and conundrums, and it is often a question among his friends where he can possibly find the great number of stories and bon-mots that he tells on all occasions. As a host his manner is very hearty and hospitable, and he takes untiring pleasure in showing the beauty and surprises of his house to the numerous visitors who gather weekly at his studio.

In appearance he is fair, and is of a strong, broad build; he has almost a chubby face,

with the great decision of character which is accentuated by the lines of the square forehead and the firmly drawn jaw, the fullness of the lips, and the set of the head.

A few words must be said about Mr. Alma-Tadema's great love of music. To see him playing over in duet form, with a member of his family, the score of some favorite opera, the volume of sound increasing as his excitement rises, and the whole being capped by his shouting aloud the arias of the hero, is a scene that it is delightful to witness. Many of the first musicians of the day may be counted among Mr. Alma-Tadema's friends; and those gatherings at his house, when music is poured forth under the silver dome of the mysteriously lighted studio, are among the most striking and beautiful scenes to be met with in London.

*Ellen Gosse.*



WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

### THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

"WHEN ye git the split in George's Island over ag'in' Gran' Mahac, then ye can call it jest half-way to 'P'tit Matinic'." Thus said the venerable bucaneer on the wharf at Port Cleeve, standing in the mist and haze of a July downpour, in tarpaulins and sou'wester of the palest yellow. "Mind ye that the buoy on the outer ledge's shifted a half p'int to the east'ard, so that ye'll hev to make the cock hills over the day-mark." This last was addressed to the melancholy person whom I had induced to set me on P'tit Matinic'.

"But I carn't see what 'n the ol' Harry ye want out to sech a place, eighteen miles from nowhere, when ye might stop where ye be,

comfortable and comfortable, right here to the Gut, an' a new hotel an' fixin's, with a pianny and a cupeler, an' all manner,"—a pause to see if these superior attractions might not weaken my resolve,—“but if ye will go, why, ye will, I cal'late; an' there's the mail for the island, an' ye can jest tell 'em that it's laid here so long that it's got kinder fly-spotted,—but I cal'late that they won't mind that,—an' ye might say that salt's riz, an' mackerel's bringin' eighteen 'n' harf for ones.”

As we dropped down the harbor in the drizzle, his grumbling voice died away, and before he became a blur against the gray wall of the fish-house I saw him raise his hands to his face,



"AIN'T NO MINISTER."

and form a speaking-trumpet with them, and faintly came to us, "The—red buoy—shifted—day-mark." I might perhaps have been flattered at his manifest concern for my comfort did I not have a lively consciousness that it was born of certain experiences in which a half-gallon jug, which I had procured from Boston especially for such purposes, figured heavily; and this jug now occupied a conspicuous position under the thwart of the boat before me, and was fast vanishing from his sight.

Good old Captain Fussle! "Albion Truro Fussle, master pilot, captain of a square-rigger, sir, thirty years; none of your blanked

gray cloud descending from above. The long, even rollers of the Atlantic stole slowly, deliberately, even sullenly, from the level plain beyond, growing to the eye perceptibly as they came. The water was thickly streaked with tawny froth; the base of the high, impassable rocky coast was marked by a broad line of yellow foam.

No bird was visible in the air, no ship on the sea. There were no living creatures but ourselves. Behind us the towering, oppressive, liver-colored rocks, and before us the foam-mantled, blanched blue sea, and in my ears a murmur as though the leaves of a hundred thousand trees were rustling and tossing in the wind.



P'TIT MATINIC'.

[shocking expletive] schooners!" was his form of introduction, at the end of which he was quite purple—no, violet—in the face, to such an extent was his pride aroused. Good old Captain Fussle, I say, but for your opposition to P'tit Matinic' I should perhaps never have known its delights. As to P'tit Matinic', I doubt if you can find it on the map, lying as it does a mere speck at sea, ten miles from the nearest point of land, and eighteen miles from any town.

We were now beyond the harbor. Here was the dull blue sea under the dull gray sky. The wind blew fresh, the rain fell, a soft, thin moisture rose from the sea, and met a soft, thin,

Night fell, and over the bow was seen a pale yellow glow from some lighthouse low down on the purple horizon. On our right a line of surf rose and fell regularly, and my companion, pointing to it, briefly remarked: "George's Island's opened up. We're harf way, an' I'm dum glad." I thought over all that I had heard of P'tit Matinic', of the quiet lawlessness of its people, of the many wrecks upon its bold shores, of the mysterious lights upon its headlands.

I fished for new matter about P'tit Matinic' in the brain of the youth who was steering the boat for me, who, I found, was studying for the

ministry in a perfunctory sort of way, in the intervals of "lawbstering," road-mending, and barbering for the Gut, as Port Cleeve was uniformly and affectionately called by the inhabitants. I had evidently fallen in his estimation since consenting to his terms and undertaking the trip. Listen to him:

"Some folks can't sense when they's well off. This wa'n't no kind of a charnce to come over to P'tit Matinic'. 'S'pose you know they ain't no boardin'-house nor nawthin' there? Ain't no store, neither. Ain't no doctor; ain't no minister. Folks is all cousins, an' they ain't a pooty woman on the island. Hey? Oh, yes; that's the Duck Rock. When we git off 'n it we mostly blows a horn to tell 'em that we got the mail aboard. I hain't never been ashore once, but them that has says that they hain't nawthin' there ter see — 'thout it's salt fish."

"How often does the mail go out from Port Cleeve?" I asked.

"Hey? Oh, yes; from the Gut. Oh, when they's a vessel parsin' this way, they generally takes it aout: they ain't no one wants to go to P'tit Matinic' special 'tic'ler bad, less they can't help goin'. Did I tell you th' wa'n't no minister? Well, they ain't. An' they buries the dead folks in the rocks top the hill. Hey? Oh, yes; they got plenty of good medder-land, but jest out of peskiness, I cal'late, they sot the buryin'-ground top the hill, where they ain't nawthin' but stun."

"Hey? Oh, yes; they's a good lighthouse. There 't is over the bow. Second-class Fresnel lens into it—come from France, I heard tell; an' a whistling-buoy, an' a fog-horn. But land! when it fogs up, an' they see a good charnce, I've heard say that they don't blow her; but if any complaint 's made ag'in' it, why, the hull passel of folks — hundred and thirteen census gives — 'll swear 't was goin' reg'lar."

"Hey? Oh, yes; they's all wrackers, men, wimming, and chuldering. I heard say they 'll strip a wrack so slick you can't find the calkin'. But say, ye must n't believe all ye hear, must ye?"

"Hey? Oh, yes; they's a church. But I call it scand'lous, sech a church as I hear tell they got. They's a chandyloor in her come out of the wrack of the *Kennebec*; carpet too; and the sills that supports it come out of the wrack of the *Gut'n'r Beebus*, what broke up over on Gran' Mahac; and the sullen, I heard say, is chock-full of — mind your head, now, when the boom comes round! I 'm goin' to fetch in on this tack."

P'tit Matinic' now lay just ahead. There appeared to be two islands, as well as I could see, by the line of foam, one smaller than the other, and midway between was a small rocky ledge over which the waves broke.

In my ears sounded the various movements of the orchestra of the sea—the shrill silver hiss of the long waves toppling in curving cascades, and running swiftly up the dark face of the rock in pale green tongues of light. There was the roar and rattle of loose boulders torn from the hold of the kelp by the powerful outwash of the water. Afar off sounded the deep note of the whistling-buoy. There was no light visible save the beam of the revolving light on the hill above.

"Hey?" said my Protean pilot, in answer to a question yelled at him above the noise of the swiftly running water. "Oh, yes; be there in 'bout ten minutes now. Jest hand me that conch-shell from under the seat, an' I 'll give 'em a blast. There—guess that 'll fetch somebody. Oh, yes; the houses is all about us now, but folks is all turned in, I reckon." And as he spoke a light shone out of the blackness beyond and above, and the smoothness of the water proved that we were inside the ledge.

"Hello-o-o-o the I-s-l-a-n-d!" was answered after an interval somewhere from above by, "Hello-o-o-o the b-o-a-t!"

"Come down and catch a line, will you? Got the m-a-i-l an' a passenger for ye."

Twinkling lights shone out now from various points, and soon I discovered a sort of staging to which we made fast. In a few moments I had mounted to the platform, and was surrounded by uncouth-looking men in oilskins. The faces, which were lighted here and there by the smoky lanterns, seemed lowering and forbidding.

"Got the mail, be ye?" said one, stepping forward, and holding the lantern to my face. "Come into the fish-house out 'n the wet."

I produced the small dusty parcel of mail, and, calling out the names by the aid of one of the lanterns, distributed it from the head of a salt-cask. One letter was for a woman; and as I with difficulty deciphered the cramped writing,—"Mrs. Abbie Trefethen,"—a great hand reached over my shoulder and snatched it away from me as a pale, thin-faced woman pushed her way through the men, saying, "Give it to me!"

"No, no, Abbie," said the man who had snatched it from me, holding it away behind his back; "let me read it. 'T ain't from Jorn, I tell ye. I know his writin'; wa'n't we ship-mates together?"

"Let me have it," she said wildly. "I will have it; 't is mine!"

"I know 't is, Abbie."

"I tell you I will have it!"

The woman's eyes fairly blazed from beneath the shawl which covered her head and shoulders.



"GIVE IT TO ME."

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

The fishermen surrounded her. I could not see what happened. But after an interval there came a curious sound, as of one catching one's breath. The group parted, and I saw two of the men carrying a limp form through the door out into the night. One of the men took off his tarpaulin hat, wiped his forehead, and with an apologetic note in his voice, and a wave of his hand in the direction of the door, said: "Ye see, Abbie's man he was lost down ter the

Gran' Bankssix month' ago. We've all knowed it for a spell, but did n't dast tell Ab; an' the letter ye fetched was from the captain, tellin' her of the edzact happenin' and ingclosin' a drarft for his pay. An' Ab she 's kind of egcitable by nature, and that's how — but" — with a rapidly brightening manner — "be ye cal'latin' to stop on here the night? Ye be? Then come right up to the house."

This was my introduction to P'tit Matinic'.

*George Wharton Edwards.*



## CŒUR D'ALENE.

By the author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

### A GIRL WHOSE NAME IS FAITH.



"UP AT WALLACE."

ON the trail which crosses Sunset Peak from the gold-camps of Eagle and Murray to the mines in Big Horn Gulch is a prospect tunnel located under the name of the Black Dwarf.

In the summer of 1892, two men were working it, and sharing the cabin of mud-chinked logs that made a trifling excrescence on the profile of the hill into which the tunnel of the Black Dwarf retreated. The senior partner and more experienced miner of the firm was a big, valiant, hilarious Irishman, Mike McGowan, a man of his hands, yet not disdaining weapons; the other was a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and uncertain antecedents, who had come into the partnership rather on the strength of a small capital than of his muscle. Mike called him "little Darcie"; but this must be understood as a term of endearment, for Darcie's inches were as many as Mike's, though his pounds *avoidupois* were fewer.

Mike had learned that his partner was of Scottish family and English education, and that he had traveled in various parts of the world. He was easy-tempered, and clever in ways in which Mike had the skill of a bear; but he was slack about camp-work and cleaning up after meals. Mike's acquaintances said he was too "tony" for a miner. People called him Darcie because he seemed to expect it; but doubts were entertained in cautious circles as to its being his name, or all of it — caution, not to say suspicion, being the common attitude, in the summer of 1892, of persons who were not sure of one another's sympathies and business in the Cœur d'Alene.

The situation of the Black Dwarf is exceedingly shy. The crypt-dark entrance to the tunnel gives upon a narrow ledge formed by an excavation of the hill; the trail crosses this ledge, after diving down toward it with extreme and slippery suddenness, between the tunnel-mouth and the dump. From above or

from below, the humble plant is equally invisible; but all travelers by the old trail know of the Black Dwarf, and on the last night of June, closing in thunderous and wild with rain, two riders, overtaken on their way from Cañon Creek, came knocking at the door of the cabin.

Imagine the consternation, delight, embarrassment, and concern of the two hosts of the Black Dwarf when it was seen that one of their guests was the lovely young lady of the Big Horn, and that her first imperative need, after shelter from the storm, was a total change of clothing.

She stood beside her father, the manager of the famous Big Horn,—a commonplace man who borrowed his importance from the mine,—in front of the fire which McGowan was heaping with fuel, while Darcie, the only member of the firm possessed of a trunk, searched wildly among its contents for any garment remotely suggestive of the needs and proportions of a nymph-like girl. Her glowing cheeks told of a rough encounter with the wind and rain, her eyes beamed intelligence and mirth, her lips smiled pleasure and sympathy and appreciation: she was an adorable girl.

In despair, Darcie placed at her disposal his entire wardrobe, including his boots, and she made clever selection of a Turkish bathrobe, a red-and-white Navajo blanket for drapery, and a set of deplorable flannels which Mistress Malony of Gem had soaped and punched and kneaded till no vestige remained of their original size, sex, or condition.

"It's better than going to bed, like a naughty child," laughed the girl. She rescued the situation from much of its awkwardness by her lightness of touch and her ready, practical, womanly frankness, which rather abashed the more conventional young Briton, while her beauty and girlish rapture in the night's adventure quite went to his head.

Mike, in a trice, rigged a rope across the low, far end of the cabin, and strung upon it a line of camp blankets, to make a dressing-room for the lady, who retired to her bower, as damp as Undine, and as gay, but to a modern Hildebrand more entrancing because so entirely human.

Meantime, in the men's part of the cabin a most distressing complication was waxing to a crisis. Mike was cooking supper, sitting on



his heels in front of the mud hearth, with his old hat on his head, taking it off occasionally to use it as a holder, in shifting his saucepans over the coals. Darcie was laying the table in a high ecstasy, brought to earth only by the discovery that there was no more but-

"Mike," asked Darcie, who was full of his own share in the entertainment, "where is the cup and saucer?"

"The which?" said Mike.

"The china cup and saucer that I bought at the hospital fair. You need n't ask 'which'



"CAME KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE CABIN."

ENGRAVED BY M. DAVIDSON.

ter, and by a renewed sense of the state of the Black Dwarf's table service, the dinginess of its tin-plate, and the grittiness of its cutlery. Manager Bingham, that great personage, dressed partly in his own clothes, partly in the lendings of his hosts, was lapsing deeper and deeper, in his chair by the fire, into a state of semi-obliviousness from fatigue—and other causes.

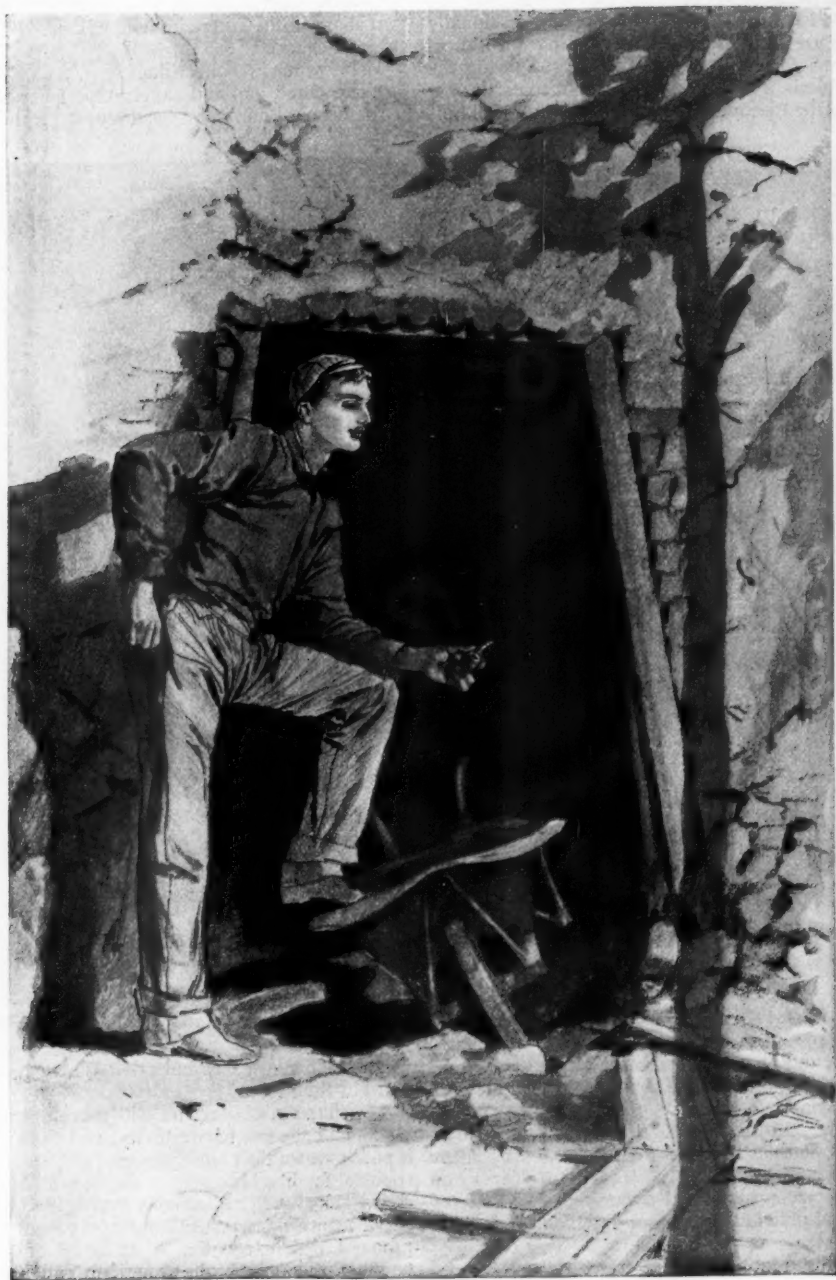
Mike looked at him critically, and listened to his remarks, which were infrequent and far from lucid; but he was not personally acquainted with the gentleman or his habits, and so withheld judgment.

when there never was but one. Where have you hid the pieces?"

"Wisha, don't bother me wid your cups an' saucers. I 've me bacon to fry, and the rain is peltin' down the chimblly in me pan', an' it 's shpittin' fat like blazes upon the lady's habit-skirt. Take hould, an' set back the chair a bit."

"You are the worst old duffer of a cook!" groaned Darcie, scolding Mike softly, on account of the neighboring guest. "You have sliced the bacon as if it were ham. Go hang yourself up somewhere out of the way! Find me that cup and saucer!"

"If it 's for herself,"—Mike glanced toward



DARCIE.

the screen of blankets,—“she 'll have to dhrink her coffee out av tin, or I've it alone, God bless her! The saucer 's broke,—it 's the trut' I 'm tellin' ye,—and the cup, barrin' the han'le, ye 'll find in the chink at the left av the chimney: it 's got me boot-grease in it.”

“It would be money in my pocket if you 'd never been born,” Darcie informed his senior partner, for the hundredth time that summer; and Mike duly responded: “Faith, an' it would in me own! And fwhat 's the matter wid tin that she cannot put her lips to it?” he remonstrated. “Tin is wan av the precious metals these days: there 's a howlin' djuty on it. A poor man 's dead bruk if he buys a four-bit dinner-pail to pack his cowlid vittles in. Mabby this cup, now, is made av that Amerry-kin tin they do be blowin' about.” He took a murky tin cup from the table, and polished it on the leg of his trousers. “The world knows it 's cost its weight in gold to produce it, an' who would n't be proud to dhrink out av it!”

“Oh, stow your tin-horn racket!” Darcie requested. “Save it for election; keep it for the man in a tin hat. Don't waste it on a British free-trader who has n't got a vote.”

But now the drowsiness of Mr. Bingham was invading his whole system and becoming alarming. Darcie studied him anxiously, and thought that he recognized the symptoms; Mike said that he “shmelt it on him when first he come into the room.”

“He 's exceeded himself, and I hear it 's a habit he has. He 's tuk wan too many, or maybe more than wan, to countherac' the wettin' he got; it 's risin' on him like yeast-powdher wid the hate av the room.”

“How 's he going to get home?” was the next question, and a very serious one, in view of the daughter.

“He 'll not get home the night, unless he 's fetched,” said Mike.

“Well, you need n't give it all away to her, in that stage-ghost whisper of yours,” admonished Darcie.

“Be aisy; she can't hear a word we 're sayin', wid the torrent sluishin' down the gulch an' the t'under rowlin'. I niver h'ard the like o' that in the Cor de 'Lanes! It aqulls the boss storruys ye 'll get in the Saw Tooth. Hark now! The mountains is crackin' their ould nobbs together. Sure it can't hould long like this.”

“This is a horrible business, Mike. Help me here; we must move his chair back into the shadow: he 's not pretty to look at.”

“He 'll not look pretty to her when she do be comin' out to her supper: a hoary-headed spectacle he 'll be. We 'd best get him into the bed at wanst.”

“It will be the last of him, Mike, if we do.”

“First an' last, there 's no more power in

him. He 's shuccumbed to the dhrink; and a pity for 'm, a man av his age, not to know better how much he can carry. And a cruel shame it is for her, alone wid the baste an' the two strange men av us for comp'ny. I dunno fwhat will she do wid herself, an' the night comin' on, and five mile' o' nasty grade bechune her an' the mine.”

Darcie went to the window and looked out into the storm. “I think it 's lifting a bit: it 's lighter, surely, in the east. What time does the moon get up?”

“Wan hour later than she rose last evenin', if ye remimber what time that was,” said Mike. He was dishing the bacon, artistically, on a granite-iron plate, and now he tossed some sliced cold potatoes into the remaining fat, for frying. “Shall I touch her up wid a weenty taste av onion or no?”

But at this moment the lady put back her curtains an inch or two, and called brightly, “Father!”

The two young men looked at each other in guilty silence.

“Father dear!” the fresh voice repeated a trifle impatiently.

“‘Father dear,’ says she. To her, lad! Shpake up to her ‘Father dear,’” whispered Mike.

Darcie felt the perspiration start as he stepped into the breach.

“Your father 's asleep, Miss a — Bingham; quite sound, you know. He 's awfully comfortable. Do you wish me to speak to him?”

“Oh, no. Pray, don't disturb him,” said the voice, sweetly. “It 's only my things: are they at all dry yet? I 'm such a fright, I can't bear to come out as I am.”

Darcie examined the lady's garments, respectful deprecation in the tips of his fingers, and reported that the habit was dry, but that the boots were not yet fit to put on. If there were only something—anything—they could dare to offer her, that she could possibly keep on her feet!

“Show her me ‘herring-boxes,’ Darcie dear,” exclaimed Mike, in an ecstatic aside. “An' your own little shippers wid the hob-nails. 'T is a pity we could n't fit her out, wid the tons av shoe-leather that 's in it!”

Darcie bethought him of a tiny pair of squaw's moccasins which he had purchased, as a specimen of native aboriginal work, to send home. These he produced in triumph, and the curtain dropped upon the lady's toilet.

With the rain still cutting off the sound of their voices, Darcie commanded sternly: “Lend a hand here, Mike; we must get him out of sight at once. Mind, now, we are doing the simple-minded act. You don't know when a man has had too many pegs, neither do I. The old

beggar's asleep, d' you see? Collapsed, played out, stupefied with fatigue."

"Ashleep, or dead if ye prefer 't. But don't think that ye 'll kape it from her. If she has been two months in it and has niver seen him the way he is now, thin merakles is happenin' in the Cor de 'Lane, and I 'm a livin' witness."

"Bear a hand, now! Have wid ye. Steady, me boy!"—to Mr. Bingham, who roused as they lifted him, and attempted to enter into conversation with his bearers—"Kape a shtill tongue—lettin' your own cat out o' the bag!"

"Dash it, Mike," said Darcie; "I feel as if we were all drunk! I feel personally implicated. I 'd give a thousand pounds if she was safe home at the mine, or if I thought she 'd let me take her home. A jag picnic in the rain is n't just the thing to ask your daughter to, is it, Mike?"

"Mabby 't would be better we purtended he 's sick, an' wan av us go for the little docther at the mine, and he could beau her home," suggested Mike.

"To the devil with your doctor! Would you like to hear him diagnose the case before her in plain English?"

"Musha, the man has some sinse! And ye c'u'd aisy give him the wink beforehand. The mischief av it is to find a way to get her home."

"The doctor is not in it, do you understand? I 'll take her home myself, if the weather holds up."

"And if she 'll consint to go wid ye, which I misdoubt she 'll do nothing av the kind. She 'd feel safer shtayin' wid the two av us than goin' wid wan."

"We shall see," said Darcie. "If she 's the lady she looks, she will know by instinct that she is safe with either or both of us, or with forty like us."

"Ye niver can tell what notions they 'll take," rumbled Mike, in the whisper of a bass-drum. "The inshtinc' av a woman is, does she like him, or does she not."

"Well, is there anything the matter with that?"

"There 's nothing the matther wid it—for him she happens to lay her fancy on. 'T is a good thing kissin' goes be favor—for him that gets the kisses. Belike I 'm as honest a man as yourself, but when it comes to seein' her home, I 'm like the docther, I 'm not in it. It 's him wid the shou'thers and the tony walk to him, and the nate pair av hands, she 'll take; an' there may be inshtinc' in it, but there 's small sinse, to be sure."

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Miss Bingham, gaily, putting back the curtains of her tent, and stepping forth into the light. Her high spirits, and her happy ignorance of everything but the bright side of the even-

ing's adventure, struck the young men silent with shame and pity.

"I could smell the most delicious supper cooking," she exclaimed. "I hope I have n't kept you waiting. Why, where—is he?" She stared in astonishment about the room. "Is not my father here?"

"In bed and ashleep, miss, wid his boots on, and happy as a man can be," Mike unhesitatingly informed her, as if it had been the most natural thing in the world for her father to go to bed in his clothes before supper. "Ye 'll best not dishturb him, but sit and ate whilst the vittles is hot. He 's doin' better where he is."

"In bed! In what bed?" Miss Bingham demanded, her color rising.

"In me ould bunk over anenst the wall. And sorry I 'd be to have ye go a shtep nigher to 't. 'T is an ould miner's byste, an' not fit for a lady to put her eye on. The ould man 's that weary, sure he 's not partic'ler; he 'd fall ashleep in the middle av the road. Will ye please to sit and ate whilst the supper is hot? It 'll not improve be standin'."

Miss Bingham turned doubtfully toward the table, anxious, yet unwilling to confess her uneasiness.

"Am I to eat all this nice supper alone? Are you not going to sit down with me?" she asked, looking from one to the other of the two young men, her hosts, passing Darcie by with a blush, and resting her smile upon Mike, who answered, beaming:

"Me supper 's ate these two hours, miss; but the long lad there is fasting yet. Sit down an' make less o' yourself!" He whispered to Darcie, energetically, "Sure, I can't break bread beside her!" and Mike displayed his brawny, battered paws, grimy with pine-smoke, and more or less done up, as to the fingers, in soiled cotton rags, as a reason sufficient.

Darcie took the seat opposite Miss Bingham, and devoted himself, somewhat nervously, to serving her and keeping her attention from her father.

"Everybody is so kind in these extraordinary places," she began, and her voice betrayed her unconfessed anxiety through the forced society key she had struck into nervously. "It's impossible to believe all that we hear about the trouble with the miners: they seem such respectable men when you meet them." She stopped in confusion, and looked at Darcie helplessly. "Are you—excuse me—are you a miner?"

"Very much so," Darcie answered, dropping his eyes.

Her own glance fell, and lighted upon a brown, sinewy hand resting upon the table—a hand that looked as if it might have been fa-

miliar with golf-stick and tennis-racket, or with paddle and gun, but scarcely showed a long acquaintance with pick and barrow and drill. Darcie straightened himself back in his chair, and slipped the telltale member into his pocket. His companion was too observing by far.

"And is he a miner?" she asked, indicating Mike with her eyes.

"He is."

"The same as yourself?"

"We don't inhabit the same person, quite."

"But you do the same work?"

"Yes; only Mike does rather more of it than I do."

Darcie's face wore such an odd, embarrassed, defensive expression that Miss Bingham laughed out loud, a sudden girlish peal that sent light shivers through the young man's nerves; then, as suddenly, her eyes brimmed up with tears. She leaned a little toward him, and asked confidently:

"Where is my father?"

"He is in bed, I assure you; he's quite used up, you know."

She sighed. "I believe I can't eat any supper: thanks so much."

"Oh, do—won't you try? I know the stuff's abominable."

"No, it is n't at all; it's very nice. But—if you *had* anything to tell me, you *would* tell me, would n't you?"

"Undoubtedly," Darcie assured her.

She did not believe him; but there was nothing to be done but wait for the facts to develop.

Darcie was not conscious how intense was his observation of the girl, while his thoughts were busy with her situation, and his own rather mad plan for taking her father's place. How should he put it before her? In the mean time, how lovely she was! The wind had burned her lips and cheeks, and roughened her fair hair, which made a soft nimbus, in the fire-light, around her glowing face: the fire was in league with the wind and rain, weaving spells of light and shadow to enhance the charms of color and feminine expression, in line and attitude. Darcie must have looked what he could not say.

"You—you are not an American, are you, Mr.—?" Faith hesitated questioningly.

"Darcie," the presumptive owner of that name subjoined.

"Mr. Darcie?" the girl repeated.

"No"—he dwelt upon the word as if trying to recall her question—"no; I'm a British tenderfoot—not so tender as I was last April."

His accent pleased her very much, though she would not have chosen to acknowledge it: her lips parted in a smile as she mused

upon his "last April," repeating, under her breath, the broad "a" as broadly as possible.

"I'm rather glad, on the whole, that you're not an American," she said. "*We* are all Americans, and it gets a bit tiresome," she added, with another gleam. "And besides, it helps to account for things."

"Does it?" said Darcie. "I'm very glad if it does. Could you impart some of your light to me?"

"Well," she hesitated, "if you had been an American,—with something about you which seems to place you,—it would seem odd that one should never have heard of you. I know very few people, of course, because I'm a tenderfoot myself; but my father knows everybody. All the men who come from the East—with letters, you know—sooner or later always visit the mine. This is very absurd of me. There's really no reason why I should insist upon accounting for you. But if you are from the other side, you may know some of our Big Horn people? Some of them are very swell, I believe."

"I know a good many people on the other side who are not swell," Darcie replied evasively.

"But do you know any one of our syndicate?" the girl persisted. "Of course we think everybody has heard of the Big Horn who has ever heard of the Cœur d'Alene."

"Excuse me," said Darcie, clumsily; "I think your shoes are too close to the fire. It's a great bore I can't be accounted for in the usual way," he continued, on resuming his seat; "still, the chances are I'm better as a riddle without the answer. The answer is sure to be stupid. Let us assume that you have placed me, even if you have misplaced me a trifle; it can do no harm for one night. And it may give you that confidence which—which gives me confidence to—a—offer you my escort to the mine?"

"Am I in need of an escort?" Miss Bingham asked in astonishment. She saw no reason for so much confidence in her confidence on the part of an interesting, certainly, but rather inexplicable young stranger.

"Quite so. I mean temporarily. Your father—he's quite well; but as I've told you, he's unconscionably tired. It would be positive cruelty to ask him to turn out again to-night. I'm taking for granted, out of modesty, I assure you, in view of our accommodations, that you'd rather go home."

"We must both go home," said Miss Bingham, rising quickly. "I can't imagine why you think my father is not able!"

But her imagination was assisting her vividly at that moment, and painful prescience born of unyouthful experience was shedding its light



upon Darcie's remarkable proposition and the awkwardness of his reasons.

"I did not say he was n't able," he desperately interposed; "he's forty fathoms deep in sleep. Why drag him out when I'm so entirely at your service? That's a brute of a horse of his for mountain work."

"What, Colonel? Why, he's a perfect rocking-chair!"

"I mean—getting chilled, you know. He's a heavy man in the saddle. He's—he's not very used to riding, is he?"

"Why, he never walks!"

"Pray have a little consideration."

"I must see if he is well."

"But—"

"But this is the very excess of consideration! Please let me speak to my father!"

Darcie retreated to the fire, with a gesture of despair to Mike, who made a sudden clatter with his saucepans while Faith, under cover of the shadow at the far side of the cabin, satisfied herself as to her father's condition.

Mike was right in assuming that she had seen him "that way" before.

"Oh, this is too much!" confessed to herself the heartsick girl. "I think he might have spared me this. And those poor things trying to keep it from me with their silly excuses! Of course they must know what ails him. What *shall* I do? I'm certain they don't wish me to stay: he all but asked me to go, and no wonder—they have enough with *him* on their hands. Yes; I must go back and stop the inquiries at the mine; I must tell a few more lies. No; I will not cry. They shall not know that I know. I will be as innocent as they think me."

She had remained some time by the side of the bed, long enough to gain control of herself, as she thought. When she came forward into the light, the hot color burned in her cheeks, her head was high, her eyes wide and bright.

"She takes it beautifully," thought Darcie, scarcely permitting himself to look at her; "but who knows how she takes it when she is alone with it!"

"Yes; I think I had better go back to the mine," said Faith, coldly, "if—if either of you gentlemen will take me. My father is too tired; it would be too selfish of me not to let him sleep." She fixed her eyes upon Darcie as if daring him to doubt that she believed what she was saying. "But I will go. Our people might be anxious. Can we start, do you think, pretty soon?"

"We might wait an hour," said Darcie, gently, "and still reach the mine before ten."

"An hour! But the rain has stopped, I think. That roaring is the gulch."

Mike stepped to the window to take a look

at the weather. "It's a wildish night," he reported, "but there's nothing the matter wid startin' now, if the lady wishes. I can see the crown o' the full moon risin' the summit; she'll be high and clear before ye'll come to the funny part av the grade. The thrail is shinin' with wet; it's as plain as the lines on me pa'm. Will ye have up the harses or no?"

"Oh yes; the horses, please."

McGowan went out. The wind sucked the door to after him with a loud slam, and a lump of dried mud fell from a chink in the wall. There was a moment's silence; then Faith threw away all concealment in one tragic look.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as this!"

"I may say I've never heard of anything else," said Darcie, recklessly; "the thing is so common."

"Oh, but not like this!"

"Why, if it's possible at all, there's no reason it should n't happen anywhere or anyhow. It's not a matter of intention, and it's the commonest accident in the world."

"That makes it so much better!" flashed the girl, with a glance of her proud, hurt eyes.

"I mentioned the fact merely."

"I would be ashamed to mention it; if I did I would call it—what it is!"

Darcie smiled.

"You call it an accident just to comfort me, as we all lie to one another about a disgrace that cannot be hid. It does not comfort me much to be told that all men are so—liable—and all women—" her lips quivered. "Why, this is my father!" She broke down, and hid her face.

Presently Darcie said gently:

"You take it so much too hard."

"I take it hard that you should expect me to take it any other way," she cried with passionate explicitness. "Are Englishwomen so philosophical?"

"Ah, we cannot discuss it."

"I should think not, when my heart is breaking with it!" She drew in her breath quickly, stifling a sob. "Mr. Darcie," she whispered.

"Dear Miss Bingham?" There was a pause.

Faith's eyes searched his face, and Darcie trembled, looking down. He was very handsome, standing before her on his manhood, under her pure testing eyes; but she saw now only what she was seeking for—the truth in him, though she might have been helped by the outward shape of him to perceive the truth. She was not less a child than other girls of her age, notwithstanding the unhappy progress she had lately made in worldly knowledge.

"Well," she said at last, "you know me better in this one hour than my dearest friends at home will ever know me. It is a strange, terrible thing that you should have to come



into my life in this way. It is a dreadful liberty we have taken—forcing our troubles upon you in your own house."

Darcie's chest rose, but he did not speak.

"I want to ask you—yet it's such a silly thing—do men talk of this sort of—'accident'—among themselves, generally—the thing being so common?"

"I don't know what some men do: do you think I shall make common talk of a trouble of yours?"

"And you—and Mike? Will you tell him, please, how 'hard' I take it?"

"I can answer for Mike," said Darcie; "but I will speak to him if you wish."

"It's not that I doubt either of you,"—Darcie winced a little at this free classification,—"but seeing it so differently, you know, you might make light of it. I should wish it never to be mentioned—even to excuse it."

"You mistake me: I don't excuse it. As an accident, touching your father, a man would say it is nothing. But, as a sorrow affecting you, it is anything you please. It is monstrous; and it shall be guarded as I would guard a trouble of my own."

"Ah," said Faith, musing bitterly, "men are more charitable than women, I suppose; they see so much more of the world. But what would they think of us if we laid traps for our own weaknesses, and then claimed to be pitted for falling into them!"

Darcie looked at her with profoundest tenderness, and resorted to pulling his mustache in lieu of speech.

"There comes that poor, good Mike—splashing through the mud!" she exclaimed, laughing helplessly through the tears she had vowed she would not shed. "How very excellent of him to do all the work, while we sit here talking!"

"Mike chooses his own part," said Darcie, with dignity; "but we can change parts if you prefer. Would you rather have him to go home with you?"

"That's not for me to say." Faith eluded the little trap that had been set for her. "It would not become me to choose between two such friends in need. I am simply a parcel left on your hands, to be delivered at the mine. The least one of you, if there is a least, is only too good for me."

"I'm the least one of us in several senses of the word," said Darcie, contentedly. "So on grounds of humility you will have to take me. I will deliver the parcel safely, and," he added in a low voice, "so much of your trouble as I have unwillingly seen to-night I think you may trust me with."

"I would trust you with all my troubles, and I have more than one," Faith answered impul-

sively. She raised the sweetest eyes, all bright and large with tears, to his—eyes of gratitude and absurd belief. And Darcie forgot that he had anything in his consciousness to settle with before he could meet such a look from her eyes or receive such a trust. Mike remarked him uneasily, and confided to the fire his opinion that "wan fool makes many," and that "the ould man is not the only wan that's off his base this night!" He held open the door of the cabin, and let its light shine out, while Darcie put the young lady into her saddle. The restive horses sprang about over the stones, and, one behind the other, clattered down the ledge where the trail was narrow and steep. The girl looked back, and Mike for long afterward could not forget the sweet, half-apprehensive glance she gave Darcie as he drove his horse forward to her side. The wet trees closed and shut them in.

"That's the way he settles the question av insthinc'," said Mike, as he shut the cabin door. "I'll be bound he niver gev her the ch'ice, but just sided in for himself. He's a very limber lad, and I have not the measure av him in me mind, entirely. But I'm wid him; I'm solid for ye, me little Darcie."

## II.

### AN EQUIVOCAL POSITION.

THE manager's residence at the Big Horn is the first house above the bridge, where the wagon-road joins the trail. It has a high gallery across the second-story front, overlooking the gulch, which is reached by long windows from the rooms opening upon it, and by an outside staircase from the ground. The gallery forms the roof of a cement-floored porch in front of the lower entrance, a favorite evening lounging-place for the men employed at the mine when they are fortunate enough to be on good terms with Miss Steers, the manager's housekeeper.

On the night of Mr. Bingham's detention at the Black Dwarf, two friends of Miss Steers and several friends of theirs were sitting on chairs tipped back against the house wall, under the shadow of the gallery, talking in low voices and not smoking, an unusual precaution, denoting secrecy. They ceased speaking as soon as horses' feet were heard approaching, but concluding that, as they came by way of the trail, it must be the manager returning home with his daughter, they did not trouble to look out.

The moon was shining on the wet roofs, sheening them with silver; the tamarack timber up the gulch supplied the contrast of pitch-blackness broadened by impenetrable masses of shadow. Gleams from the house-lights re-

vealed the figures of two young people who had dismounted and were parting at the foot of the gallery stairs.

"I will say good night here, and so many thanks!" The girl's voice trembled on the stillness.

"That's not her father," one of the listeners whispered. The men became mute, scarcely breathing from excess of attention.

"I would ask you to come in, but I have my little part, you know—and I should hate to have you hear me say it," Faith apologized. She spoke with greater freedom, in a full, low voice charged with womanly feeling. The ride through the dark woods had proved to be one of those perilous short-cuts to sudden intimacy, for better or worse, by which the way of acquaintanceship is abridged for the young and fearless. The life of the frontier is remarkably productive of such opportunities, and it seems to be a question of family and past history with the high contracting parties, whether these facile roads lead to the divorce courts and the newspapers, or to those faithful and inconspicuous comradeships which we all know of, and seldom read of, in the published stories of the West; Western marriages being like Western mortgages—'t is the ones that don't pay interest of which we chiefly hear.

"What shall you say if anybody asks you questions?" Faith inquired.

"Is it necessary to say anything?"

"I have to say things: the moment the door opens I shall have to be ready with my lie."

"We had better say the same thing, had n't we?" Darcie suggested. "What do you generally call it when he is—a—?"

"What?"

"You have some name for it, have n't you? Headache, indigestion, cramps?"

"Oh, mercy!" the girl implored. "Say again what you said at the cabin. I thought it perfectly imbecile at the time, but I suppose it will do as well as anything."

"He'd been pounding down the mountain on a—"

"Not on a 'brute of a horse!' Everybody knows what Colonel is."

"Got himself wet to the skin," Darcie recited. "Ate a monstrous supper too soon after—"

"He ate no supper at all! Don't say things you need n't say, just for the pleasure of inventing."

"Leave out the supper, then. But the supper's the best reason of all."

"And *this* you call a *little* thing!" cried Faith, tragically.

"Did I say little? I meant it was a common thing."

"Well, men surely are not proud! This, then, is the common weakness!"

"Almost any weakness is common with our half of humanity," Darcie allowed; "but God knows, a man may be easy on a fault that's not his own!"

"The young men have no faults, I suppose," Faith exclaimed bitterly. "Charity and forgiveness are for the poor, slipshod fathers, too old to be cured of their weakness!" It was her "wound's imperious anguish" that spoke in this unnatural tone.

Darcie answered humbly, constrained by the pricking of his conscience, and not unwilling perhaps to draw her attention upon himself:

"I know one young man who is in need of forgiveness—of yours, if you could spare him a little of it. I wish to confess, before I leave you, to a fault in my position toward yourself—a most damaging, fatal inconsistency."

"A fault—toward me? You must be dreaming! When have you ever seen me before to-night?"

"Never; and yet I did you an unconscious injury before I knew of your existence. I am in a cruelly equivocal position."

"I am not in a very nice position myself," Faith grieved.

"But it is not your own doing. I am speaking of acts—my own, on my own responsibility."

"Cannot you get out of this position?"

"I shall be out of it by to-morrow's Eastern mail. But I want your forgiveness to-night. The thing sticks in my record: I don't know what moment it might turn up and injure me with you."

"I don't think it can be very serious," said Faith, "if you can get out of it so easily. I wish I could send all my worries away by to-morrow's Eastern mail, if I were sure they would not travel to anybody I care for—"

"But my forgiveness?" the penitent persisted, in love with confessing to such a confessor.

"Why, I forgive you anything, everything. What is there I am not bound to forgive, after to-night!"

"But I do not want it that way. You shall not be bound. Let us be more explicit: suppose I should tell you plainly that I am not what you think I am?"

"I think you are a gentleman and a true friend. Are you not that?" asked Faith.

"I hope so, and much more—as much more than your friend, as you will allow."

"But that is enough," said Faith, hurriedly. "Yes; enough to thank heaven for, after such a night as this! Think of the places where I might have been left! Now, good night, and more thanks than I can say!"

But Darcie would not take his dismissal. "Must I go?" he frankly despaired. "And I have not the dimmest idea how I shall ever see you again."

"But I am always here, if you really wish to see me." Faith smiled sedately in the darkness. "It would be strange if we forgot all about you, after what you have done for us."

"That is the last thing I should wish you to remember me for!" Darcie spurned her gratitude.

"Well, I can't help but thank you, whether you like it or not. If my father should ask you to dinner, would you despise that sort of remembrance, too?"

There was an unexpected silence. Then Darcie said:

"It is not likely I shall be asked to dine at the Big Horn. The Black Dwarf is a small affair, and I am — a miner — partner of Mike McGowan."

"A miner may be anybody," said Faith. She spoke coldly, and Darcie, though he could not see her face, knew that she was hurt. He was furious with his absurd entanglements, from which he longed to tear himself free, all at once, before it should be too late: he could not even tell her what they were.

"You think I am mysterious!"

"I have no reason to think so: no mystery is needed to account for your not caring to dine with my father — after to-night."

"Heaven and earth!" groaned Darcie, "I told you it would stick. Yet you would understand it if I could only tell you."

"I will understand," said Faith, quickly — "without understanding. Good night!"

He kept hold of her hand while she hurriedly warned him: "I heard them go to the other door, but they are coming here now. Good night — you *must* go!"

"Please — one moment!" he entreated.

"There was something I wanted to say to you — just for the last word, to remember. Do you know a flower they call the mountain-lily? You never could forget it if you saw it. I never knew before to-night why it was here — the exquisite thing — a perfect wonder! But every coming has its heralds; there are fore-tokens of joy as well as sorrow. I found you when I found the mountain-lily. Oh, do you understand me — my joy — my sorrow? which is it going to be? No; I don't ask you! Don't tell me!"

"You are crazy!" gasped Faith.

"I know it. But at least there's excuse for it. I have found you, my mountain-lily!"

He dropped his face an instant on her hand. Then he rushed for his horse and rode away.

"Where are you going?" Faith called after him, for he had taken, or rather Colonel had

taken, the lower road, to the stables. Faith's horse, tied to the hitching-post, whinnied after his comrade. Darcie did not hear the girl's call, but he had discovered his mistake, and was making it unpleasant for Colonel. There was a scuffling of hoofs in the road, a grunt from Colonel as he was forced around into the way he did not want to go, and back they came, and charged up the trail into the deep timber. Faith had laughed weakly until she cried. She was shocked at herself for laughing; but that was not why she cried.

"O father, father!" she whispered tragically. But *that* was not why she cried. There was a stir underneath the dark porch after the girl's step had gone slowly, giddily, up the stairs, and the house door had shut.

"That horse *was* Colonel. Where's the old man, then?" a voice inquired.

"I guess they've put him in his little bed somewheres between here and Cañon Creek; at the Black Dwarf, likely," another voice rejoined.

"At the Black Dwarf, you bet. That was McGowan's pardner, the Englishman," said a heavy, suppressed voice, in a tone of authority.

"Lads, did ye hear him chewin' the scenery, givin' himself away like a play-actor? 'I'm not what *ye think I am*,' says he. 'I'm in a cruel equizzical position.' You're solid there, me chappie — equizzical you'll find it. There's comin' a shnow-slide in these mountains, and some that's on top now will be lyin' underneath, and they won't be lookin' for their hat!"

There were dissenting voices to this implied train of reasoning.

"What's *he* got to do with snow-slides?" asked one.

"You can't make evidence out of such rot as he was talkin'," said another — "a young fellah turnin' his chin loose about his mash!"

"Evidence, is it? Here's me evidence if ye want it," said the first voice. "He calls himself Jack Darcie: it may be his name or it may be only wan av them. He chins wid us an' listens to our talk, but he's too fancy for a miner. Malony's widdy does his washin', and he chucks her a dollar as aisy as two bits. He's a bird, he's a swell, and makes out he's a workin' man like the rest av us. His han'-kychers is marked wid a monnygram, and there's more letters in it than J. D. He writes big thick letters, and posts them himself; he walks to Wallace to post 'em wid his own hand. He's workin' some game on the quiet. He's a spy, I bet yez; he's one of Pinkerton's men; he's a bloody monop'list sneakin' in the scabs on us; else he's a — repourter doin' us up with lies in the papers. Whatever he's here for, he'll have to quit it. We'll give him the word to pack his blankets."

"I bet you've got the wrong pig by the ear," said one of the conservatives.

"Dan, ye'd better not be toyin' wid him. There's no knowin' which end he'd go off," said another.

"He won't take no invite off'n you, Dan."

"He *will* take it, then," said the voice addressed as Dan. "He'll take it polite, at a day's outstandin' notice, or he'll take it as he'll get it, at the end av a gun."

### III.

#### THE UNION FROM A NON-UNION POINT OF VIEW.

NOT the least among the hardships of the peaceable, frugal, and laborious poor, it is to endure the tyranny of mobs, who with lawless force dictate to them, under penalty of peril to limb and life, where, when, and upon what terms they may earn a livelihood for themselves and their families. Any government that is worthy of the name will strenuously endeavor to secure to all within its jurisdiction freedom to follow their lawful vocations in safety for their property and their persons while obeying the law. And the law is common sense.

"MIKE," said Darcie, looking up from the table, where he had cleared a space for his writing-materials, "I am telling my people at home something about the labor troubles here, but upon my life I don't know how to put the thing fairly. I can't see the need of union intervention in the Cœur d'Alene. Do you know what the miners' grievances are?"

"I'll be domned if I do," Mike replied without hesitation. "We was doin' *well*. Every man was gettin' his three dollars, or his three and a half, or his four dollars, a day, accordin' to what he could 'arn, and we knew no better than be frin's with the men that ped us our wages. That's how it was whin first I come. 'T was the age av innocence with us; the lion an' the lamb was lyin' down together, and there was n't a man av us suspicioned what a set of robbers and iron-heeled oppressors thim mine-owners was till the brotherhood in Butte cast their eye on us in the par'lous shtate we was in.

"Luk at thim sons av toil over there," says they, 'in darkest Idyho, sellin' thimselves for what wages the monop'lists chooses to fling them, and not a dollar comin' into the union! We'll attind to that,' they says. And they put up a converson fund for to carry the gospel into Idyho; yes, and a good thing they med av it, too. They set up the union in our midst, and they med thimselves the priests, and gev out the law, and gethered the off'rins. They cursed us this wan, and they cursed us that wan, and most partic'ler they cursed him that would n't put up his money an' com einto the tint av meetin'."

Darcie began to laugh. "It's the 'trut' I'm

tellin' ye," Mike insisted hotly, "though ye'll get a different tale off o' them. But ye're askin' me, and I'm givin' it straight, the way I can see it. 'T is the game they've worked in every new camp betuxt the Black Hills an' the coast.

"There was n't a miner come into the Cor de 'Lane but they nabbed him for a convart; and if he belonged to no union, an' would n't be persuaded, they put their shpite on him, and med his bread bitter to him by ivery mane parsecution they could lay their hand to. There was moighty few stud out against them. I dunno fwhere I'd be now an I had n't been me own mine-owner, workin' a contrac' wid me-self. But they ped me more than wan visit, an' they toiled and shweated wid me for to jine them.

"Fwhat do I want wid a union?' I says. 'I'm me own union, head and hands as God made me. And I niver yet seen the time whin me head could n't set me hands to work, and me hands could n't keep me head whilst I was doin' it. And if I can't find work in the Cor de 'Lane,' says I, 'I'll lay me two feet to the road till I'll come where it is.'

"And they tould me I was bought by the labor-devourers, and they had their eye on me for wan that was sowin' treason an' settin' a bad example.

"Kape your eye on me all ye want,' I says; 'ye'll find me neither makin' nor meddlin'. And any man that follies my example, he'll be doin' his work and mindin' his business, and kapin' his carcass out av Peg-leg's saloon.'

"Begor! I've seen fellys that five dollars w'u'd buy all they was worth in the world walk into Peg-leg's wid a month's wages in their clothes, and put down a twenty-dollar piece, and call for 'Dhrinks for the crowd, an' domn the change!' Av the unions could put some sinse into them, and tache them they can't ate their cake an' have it too, or thramp it into the mire, and thin bawl for the next man's that's saved his, why, they'd be doin' some good."

Darcie pushed back his papers and took up his cigar, swinging about in his chair that he might follow Mike's movements, as the latter talked, and cut "whangs" out of an old bootleg with that multifarious tool, his pocket-knife.

It was the evening of the day after the visit of the manager and his daughter to the Black Dwarf. Darcie had been noticeably idle in the tunnel all day, and, to Mike's thinking, more than usually silent; and as soon as the table was cleared after supper in the cabin, he began walking and pondering, and finally seated himself with his writing-case before him, as if to free his mind on paper.

"But what was the final hitch? When did the worm conclude to turn?" he inquired.

"Manin' by the worrum--?"



"The mine-owners, I should say."

"Well, ye 're right. The worry was makin' money along first, ye 'll understand; and a man will suffer a dale in his pride an' his principles so long as his pocket 's doin' well. But there come a change in that after a while. The smelters began to squeeze them; an' betune the returns an' the union's interference 't was a rocky road for the mine-owners."

"The ould scale av wages, as I was tellin' ye, was three for shovelers an' trammers, three an' a half for skilled men underground, and timber-men and shaf'-men was gettin' four. But whin the union begun to lay the law on us, it was three an' a half, they said, every man underground was to get, no matter what he c'u'd 'arn."

"The managers gev in at the first, though not without a big kick on account av the injustice to their best men. They said there 'd be trouble, an' there was. Whin the timber-men found themselves redjuced to the same as shovelers they wint out, an' the managers called the union bosses to luk at what they done."

"We 'll attind to our own men,' says they. And the wans that would n't give in an' take what the union said they sh'u'd get, they was forced to quit an' 'lave the country."

"It was n't this nor it was n't that, nor it was n't a matter av fifty cints a day, more nor less, for the miner; it was the question which sh'u'd run the mines, the men that owned them, or the union that owned the miners. 'T was the power of the brotherhood that was at stake, and whatever man resisted—t'row him out!"

"Are ye listenin'?" Mike inquired, seeing that Darcie was eying his papers in a meditative way. "Beca'se av ye are not, I 'll not waste me breath."

"Go on," said Darcie. "I was only comparing what I have said myself with what you are saying. It's odd we should look at it in the same way. You 're a hot-headed Irishman, like all the rest of them, Mike. Why are n't you swearin' vows against the oppressors?"

"Beca'se I 'm wan av thim meself. It 's not a hobo I am, packin' me blankets from camp to camp. I 've a shtake av me own in the country; an' if this foolishness goes on, I 'm clane ruined. There 's no man can run a mine in the Cor de 'Lane—no, nor sell it—av he was to give it away, the gait things is goin' now."

"Ah, it 's not a question av the miner at all! They wants to run things here the same as they does in Montany. Ye would n't believe the power av the union in Butte. Things was gettin' mighty quare last spring before the mine-owners tuk the defensive. Faith, there was little law in the Cor de 'Lanes that could howld above the law av the union!"

"Whin Hogan, the shif' boss, was murdered in the Caltrop mine,—shtabbed in the breast

wid the prong av a miner's can'leshtick, an' him comin' out o' the tunnel to the dhryin'-house in broad day,—there was plenty that saw it; but him that done it was a union man, an' divil a witness c'u'd be found to say he seen it. They would n't dast, for the union can purtect its own, be they lambs or wolves. The hand av it was that heavy on the owners, a man could n't be seen shpakin' fri'ndly on the street with wan av them but the union tuk note av him for a thraitor. There was not a thing the mines c'u'd do but combine, or quit business, or be dictated to by the union bosses, like childher! Last autumn, whin the mines shut down by common consint, it was partly to get better rates for transportation; but that would n't go down with the union boys. They had it the owners had turned the tables on them, and gone on a shtrike themselves; and that would n't do, ye know; for the first principle av the unions is that nobody shall combine but themselves."

"Well, the shuttin' down did n't work in all ways as they hoped. Fightin' it out is bad; whichever side makes the kick, the wrong ones is sure to get hurted. The best men wint off seekin' work where they could find it; the wans that shtayed an' growled they was the worst av the lot, and all winter they was cussin' and blowin' an' gettin' up shteam for a big fight. Take a town full av idle men, an' free whisky flowin' by the gallon, and a set av bull-headed chumps that never did an honest day's work in their lives talkin' about the wrongs av the lab'r in'-man—ye know what 'll be the end of that."

"The mines gev out in the spring they was ready to reshume, an' published their scale av wages: three for unshkilled an' three an' a half for shkilled miners, the same as it was at first. And then the union put forth its last word: ivery man workin' undherground sh'u'd get three-fifty, and no man sh'u'd take less and work wid his life in the Cor de 'Lane. 'T was then the owners shied their hat into the ring, an' both sides shtripped for fight."

"'T was aisy bringin' in men that was willin' to work for three dollars, and glad to get it, but it was n't aisy kapin' them here. They could n't bide the life they led, with the union puttin' its shpote on them. Some was sedjuced into j'inin', but more was scared out av the country entirely. They leaked away faster than they was fetched in; and thim that stayed was that harassed an' worried they could n't do their work like min."

"At last there was two boys workin' in the 'Tale o' Woe' that had the sand to say they would nayther jine nor quit. They stud out an' tuk their punishment. Wan av them was an Amerikin, an' he was cliver wid his talk about



his rights to work where he pl'ased, and for who he pl'ased, under the laws av the counthry, widout l'ave av the brotherhoods. But they quinched him an' his prattle about his rights. Him an' the other lad that was workin' wid him, they haled them up the mountain by a lone thrail.

"Where are ye takin' us?" says they. "We'll go out p'aceful, the way we come in, by the railroad."

"Ye might get hurted that way," says big Dan Rafferty, pokin' his ugly fun at thim. "Wallace and Gem is full av excited min; it might not be safe for ye. We'll take ye by a quiet road where ye'll meet wid no wan."

"And they prodded the boys up the mountain, abusin' thim all the way; two hundhred men dhrevin' two—b'atin' on ile-cans wid shticks, and cussin' them wid every foul name they could turn their tongue to. They shoved them out over the Montany divide, and the clothes half tore off them with the handlin' they got. 'T was the month av April, an' the snows was cruel deep. They put them out on a forsaken road to wally through the drifts forty-five miles to Thompson's Falls, and they strangers to the way. There's nare a house but wan, an' that wan closed ag'inst them for fear av the union."

"And that's how wan lab'r'in'-man taches another who are his bosses in this free counthry. By the Lord above! if I come to have bosses over me, I'll not choose them wid the heart av an awl an' the head av a han'-shpik! Do they think they're doin' the lab'r'in'-man any good by such blaggard work as this? Faith, I think we're like to have a labor inquisition here, if things goes on. 'T is too much power to put in the hands av men as ignorant as they is sassy."

"Did the scabs get through?" asked Darcie.

"Wan av thim got through, an' teshtified in coort to what I'm tellin' ye; and wid him an' other witnesses an' affidavits by scores the owners got an injunction laid on the miners' unions, all and several, for to quit intimidatin' an' consp'irin' in the Cor de 'Lane. But 't was no use at all, except to make thim mad; ye moight as well shake an ould broom at a grizzly bear. Ye know the rest yourself. But that's how guarded train-loads av shcabs come into the Cor de 'Lanes; an' that's how it is the mines is armed an' barricaded—all but the Big Horn, sole an' lone, which niver come into the owners' association at all, and gives the union all it asks."

"What reason did Bingham offer, do you know, for not coming into the association?" asked Darcie.

"He gev the reason that the Big Horn is a wet mine, which it is; but nayther the water

nor the work in the mine iver kep' the Big Horn boys underground whin the union wanted thim on top. They trots back and fort' the same as they owned the mine. Some says the ould man's that tied up wid his own foolishness he can't help the way things is goin'. Pether Banning, the foreman, that's in it since Misther Bingham come, has the pull on him entirely. He's a mighty man in the union, is Pete; and he's well acquainted wid the saycrets av the managemint. 'T is he knows all about the commissions the ould man has pocketed along av ivery order for supplies that he gets in; and a costly mine it is to run—for the comp'ny,—ye may lay your life on that. Times when I was workin' in it, I'd hear outside that the mine was doin' poorly—not a hatful av ore in sight; whin I'd know meself there was bodies av ore bein' covered up by order av the manager, for reasons that he kep' to himself. Pether Banning is in all that, ye see; so the ould man has got to be fr'iends wid Pether's friends."

"Come, Mike, don't be scandalous," said Darcie, rising to his feet. "He's a soaker, if you like; a coward, I suspect; an incapable, if ever there was one; but not a common thief and swindler!"

"Ah, ye know it well enough! 'T is as public as the winds. The comp'ny's far away from the rumor av it, or 't would have been known before now. The ould man's name is rife wid shcandals; an' how he come by such a darlin' for his daughter is a thing I can't cipher out meself, niver havin' seen the lady he buried—Mrs. Bingham that was."

"We are not discussing the ladies of the management," Darcie demurred.

"Dod, I'm not like a fasset, thin, to be turned on an' off wid a twisht av the screw," Mike rejoined. "Ye can take me as I come, or l'ave me alone."

"I'll leave you alone," smiled Darcie, and then was silent for a long while. But he was too restless, apparently, to return to his writing.

Mike had a suspicion that his partner did not sleep much that night—not that he lay awake himself to see; but somebody had been up, burning firewood in unreasonable quantities. Darcie, who never complained of his food, left his breakfast untasted, and Mike ruefully scraped into the fire the whole of a fine boiled potato soaked in ham gravy.

"It's the heart av him shakin' his insides so that he cannot ate. I have been that way meself. Ah, me little Darcie, ye'd better have wint for the dochter, or shtayed wid the ould man and put me to the proof, that has a girl av me own. I think I see ye this minute, Kitty darlin', God's blessin' on ye, wheriver ye are!"

Mary Hallock Foote.

## CRITICISM AND CULTURE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



THE same laws apply to all literature looked at simply as literature, and in honestly studying that of any country you will find yourself gradually becoming competent to understand that of all others. You would say, for example, that there was no point of analogy between the "Prometheus Bound" and "Piers the Plowman," and yet I think we may find one that is neither fanciful nor far-fetched, namely, that the primary object of both is not literature but dogma, and that both in this way illustrate what we may fairly call a certain natural order of succession. Looked at esthetically, Æschylus stands related to Sophocles very much as Langland does to Chaucer. I do not mean that the analogy is perfect,—no analogies are,—but enough so for the purpose of criticism, and to make our view at once broader and clearer. Again, the three great tragic dramatists of Greece illustrate this order in another way, Æschylus being more purely imaginative, Sophocles dealing with character and reflection, and Euripides with passion and sentiment. All criticism is comparative. The tumor of Lucan helps us to appreciate the elegance of Virgil, while that very elegance which we have just learned to value seems a little thin if compared with the grave splendor of Lucretius. The different arts, also, throw light upon each other. There is something of Lucan in Michelangelo. In both there is a struggle after originality, a tendency to confound the big with the great. And yet the real grandeur, in certain respects, of both is not to be overlooked. Again, I can never think of Dryden without recalling Rubens, and the association, involuntary as it was at first, led me to discover the singular merit of Dryden as a rapid colorist in words. It is curious, also, but as natural as it is curious, that Pope, who was the disciple of Dryden, should have a certain analogy with Vandyke, the pupil of Rubens. Both reacted, to a certain degree, from the faults of their masters. As in them force had sometimes degenerated into exaggeration, so these carried their love of elegance to the verge of becoming conventional. The verse in which Pope characterized that most gentlemanlike of artists,

The clear precision of the soft Vandyke,  
is also the happiest definition of what is best in his own style. In the same way, I

make Mendelssohn help me to criticize Tenyson, and I see that the same causes which produced Euripides in Greece produced Verdi in Italy. The object of all criticism is not to criticize, but to understand. More than this. As you will find it more wholesome in life, and more salutary to your own characters, to study the virtues than the defects of your friends, so in literature it seems to me wiser to look for an author's strong points than his weak ones, and to consider that every man, as the French say, is liable to have the defects of his qualities. Above all, criticism is useful in inducing a judicial habit of mind, and teaching us to keep our intellectual tempers. When Mr. Matthew Arnold charges Shakspeare with exaggeration, it shall not set me in a passion, but put me upon honest inquiry rather to find out whether the fault is in the greatest of poets or in one of the subtlest of critics. My duty is to discover exactly what he means, and this again helps me to a knowledge of his own limitations as a critic. I think I see that his love of French neatness has carried him too far, and that he applies a test too exclusively intellectual. I mean by this that we must, as Shakspeare himself says,

Play with our fancies and believe we see;

that when we read "Lear," for example, we must not remain coldly in our studies; nay, we must not even only stretch our sympathetic perception so far as to conceive of a stage and actors and costumes, but beyond this to an age of greater passions and more intense phrase—nay, to the raging elements that echo and typify the storm and confusion within. Then it seems to me as if the accusation were like that which the chorus brings against *Prometheus*, and I find *Lear's* pathetic appeal to the elements because they are old like him, and the screams with which he tries to outshriek the tempest as classic as the famous invocation of *Prometheus*, which in sentiment it so much resembles.

O divine ether and swift-winged blasts,  
Ye springs of rivers, and unnumbered smile  
Of ocean's ridges, thee, all-mother Earth,  
And all-beholding circle of sun, I call!  
Ye see what I, a god, from gods endure.

I would not advocate a critical habit at the expense of an unquestioning and hearty enjoyment of literature in and for itself. Nay; as I think the great advantage to be gained by it

is that it compels us to see two sides to every question, it should, when rightly understood and fairly applied, tend to liberality of mind and hospitality of thought. A true scholar should be able to value Wordsworth for his depth of sympathy with nature, without therefore losing all power to enjoy the sparkling shallowness of Pope; he should be able to feel the beauty of Herbert's puritanism, the naked picturesqueness of his style, and yet not refuse to be delighted with the sensuous paganism of Herrick. The gracious naturalness and intense flavor of the elder dramatists should not put him out of conceit with the splendid artificiality and the sonorous ecstasy of Gray. "In my father's house are many mansions" conveys a lesson of criticism no less than of charity. But while insisting on the excellence of open-mindedness, let us not confound liberality with indifference, nor be willing to be easily *satisfied* because we are content to be easily entertained. Let us have a high standard, whether in life or literature, and, however charitable we may be and should be to those who fall below it (unless it be our own case), let us not stupidly deny that they have fallen below it. Let us never condescend to that vulgarity too common in this country, where half-culture is apt to be defiant rather than modest, which affirms that one thing is as good as another if only a man *think* it as good. This is something like General Butler's theory of finance — that an affirmation of value is better than value itself. No, fellow-students; in whatever pertains to culture, gold is not too good for any of us. The office of the scholar is a noble one. He is set apart to a kind of priesthood. He is the appointed guardian of the ideal in art and life, of the noble traditions of refinement and magnanimity, of great fames and great actions, that the one be not obscured by the incense burned before false gods, nor the memory of the other cease from among men to strengthen and to inspire.

A great part of our education is necessarily special. It has reference to our calling in active life, and, after we leave the university, it becomes narrowed more and more to that, till at last it degenerates into the sordid knack by which, renouncing the higher life, we are content to get a living. The card which was to admit us to the society of Plato and Dante, and the pick of all the centuries, turns out to be a grocery-ticket that entitles us to our ladleful of charity-soup. In this country, or perhaps I should rather

say in this generation, the temptations to worldliness, which means superficiality, are so important, and so many short-cuts to fortune, which means Vanity Fair, stand always invitingly open, that here and now more than ever it seems fitting to insist upon the claims of that nobler culture which profits not the outer man. I am no sentimentalist, nor would I be understood as joining in the shallow cant that decries wealth as it were an unmixed evil. I think Diogenes might have found a greater exercise for philosophy in a palace than in a tub. There is no position in life which a fine soul will not make wholesome, no career which need end in the sty of Epicurus. Money will buy civilization; it will command that inestimable thing (to the man who knows how to use it) — leisure; it will supply opportunities for beneficence; it will pay our ransom from degrading cares. Its best virtue is that it will buy money's-worth, and, as it is the test of a man's culture to know what money's-worth is, so it is the highest use of culture to teach that refined secret. There is great truth in the well-known saying of Ovid:

. . . Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus.<sup>1</sup>


They do not allow us to be barbarians, and to believe that we have paid our debt to civilization when we have built a bigger house, bought bigger pictures, and darkened our rooms with heavier curtains than our neighbors. This is to put the Book of Life into a costly binding, and to know nothing of the nobler uses that are shut within it. *Ingenuæ artes* are those that make a man free, that lift him away from the pinched provincialism of a special science and give him the air of the world's good society. Those arts alone give one that freemason's grip which wins him a welcome wherever there are civilized men. Special culture is the gymnastic of the mind, but liberal culture is its healthy exercise in the open air. Train your mental muscles faithfully for the particular service to which you intend to devote them in the great workshop of active life, but don't forget to take your "constitutional" among the classics — no matter in what language. That is the kind of atmosphere to oxygenate the blood and keep the brain wholesome.

<sup>1</sup> "Faithfully to have learned the liberal arts  
Softens the manners, and keeps them from rudeness."  
—EDITOR.

James Russell Lowell.



## THE TRAMP AT HOME.

HAD lived with the tramps and written about them, I had summered and wintered with them, but a few years had elapsed which had possibly blurred some memories. Meanwhile, partly with a sociological and philanthropic purpose, I had endeavored to write an accurate account of my observations and studies of these people and their ways, and to describe a true knight of the road. In an article which appeared in the "Contemporary Review" for August, 1891, I made some statements about the tramps which were challenged in very respectable American quarters. It was stated that I had mistaken the character of "the American tramp" in three particulars: first, his nationality; secondly, his numbers; thirdly, his unwillingness to work.

To learn whether I had incorrectly described him or not, I determined upon another view of the situation. Being in New York, and having ten days at my disposal before leaving for Europe, I decided to retrace some of my old routes, and to renew my acquaintance with the roadsters. What I saw, and how I fared along the way, are embodied in the following pages. I have confined myself to the rehearsal of bare facts without further comment, believing that the reader will moralize and philosophize whenever necessary.

It was about five o'clock on the afternoon of September 9, 1891, that I left my friend's home clad as a tramp, and started for the night boat for Albany. I wore an old suit of clothes, a flannel shirt, a good pair of shoes, and a respectable hat. I had paid special attention to the shoes and hat, for it is a piece of tramp-philosophy that the two extremities of a beggar are first looked at by the person of whom he is begging. While riding from Harlem down to the landing-place of the steamer, I laughed to myself while thinking how the tramps would envy me my nice head- and foot-gear. I wondered, too, whether I should be allowed to return with these coverings.

At the ticket-office I paid one of my three dollars for a ticket on the boat to Albany. I made this heavy draft upon my slight exchequer because I was afraid to beat my way on the railway between the two cities. I knew of old how roadsters are hated by the residents of both banks of the Hudson River, and not being at all sure that I should be successful in making the journey from New York to

Albany in one night as a "dead-beat" on a freight-train, I felt safer in buying a second-class ticket on the steamboat, and beginning my journey in the morning at Albany. I fear that the reader would have laughed at my calamity had he seen me after landing at Albany on the morning of the 10th. Then I was a tramp indeed, for the other two dollars had disappeared from my pockets while I was sleeping with a motley crowd of Italians on some boxes thrown promiscuously about the hold of the steamboat. There was now no possibility of diletantism. I had to go head over heels into the beggar's life. I am glad now that it was so, but for the moment I was downhearted, for I had leaned on those two dollars as possible friends if my begging courage should fail me at the crucial moment. But this was passed, my bridges were burned, so I began my journey in earnest.

I sauntered rather lazily over to West Albany, for it was still early, and arrived as the people were lighting their breakfast fires. I waited until it seemed that the fires should have done their duty, and then began. I visited several houses. Sometimes the man of the house said that his wife was sick, or that he was out of work himself; and sometimes they told me to "get out"—that they had already fed one tramp.

My fifth call was at the home of a German woman who claimed that she had fed beggars in the fatherland. She invited me in, placed a nice warm breakfast before me, and then we began a conversation in German about life, labor, and beggars. She was sorry for me, and said that I looked too young to be a beggar. I told her a tale. It was one of those stories in which the ghost of a truth still lingers—such as tramps know so well how to tell. I shall never know exactly how much of it she believed, or what she thought of me, as I told her that I was the outcast of a *hochwohlgeboren* family in Germany. I know, however, that she was sympathetic, and that she took me in, whether she did the same for my romance or not. Like too many of her countrymen, she was too kind-hearted. The Germans in America are the best friends that the tramps have, and I have never known one to refuse a hungry appeal.

After breakfast I started for Troy. I knew that I should meet with plenty of loafers during the walk, and I preferred chatting with them on or near the highway. For Albany has a penitentiary. There is not a well-informed



tramp in the United States that does not know about that prison, for it has punished many a vagrant, and the Albany policemen are no friends to beggars. Syracuse Tom will bear me out in this statement, for he winters in Albany with his "kid" every year. But he does this simply because he is so well posted. Of course other tramps visit Albany as well, for it is a well-known town for "refreshments"; but only a few can thrive long there by begging only for money.

On my way to Troy I found a camp of thirty-three tramps. They were living off the charity of Albany. They had all been in for breakfast, and were now returned to the "hang-out" to chat and scheme. Some were discussing Albany prisons, its policemen, saloons, and general hospitality. Others had built a fire, and were boiling their shirts in a borrowed kettle to kill the vermin. Many of the rest were planning Southern tours. Some had decided to winter in St. Augustine, some in Jacksonville, and others were talking of the best routes to New Orleans. It seemed to be the general opinion that the Illinois Central Railway was the easiest road to beat.

One of the fellows recognized me. He must needs know where I had been so long, and why my hands were so white. "Cigarette," he said, "have you been a-doing time? Where did you get yer white colors?" I told Yorkey that I had been sick, and had been back "on the road" only a few days. He would n't believe me, and I am afraid he thinks me a "crooked man," for he said: "Cig, you've not been in the sick lugger all this while, and I hain't seen yer register for many a day. No, my young bloke; you can't jigger the old boy. You've been up a tree, and you can't mooch out of it."

I could n't convince him of my innocence, so we let it pass, and I told him that I was bound for Buffalo, where I had friends who would help me to brace up and get "off the road." I assured him that I knew now what a foolish business "bumming" was, and that I was going to make a grand effort to get work. Even this he would not believe, and he insisted that I was going West to some town where I knew that the tramps were going to have a drunk. He tried to persuade me to go South with him, and claimed that Yonkers Slim was going to meet him in Washington with some money, and that the "bums" intended to have a great "sloppin'-up" (drinking-bout). I made him understand that I was determined to go West. Then he gave me some advice which was typical.

"Young feller, you're goin' to a pretty poor country. Why, when I left Buffalo two weeks ago, the bulls [police] were more than pinch-

in' the tramps right in the streets, and givin' them ninety days. The only decent thing about a journey up that way is the New York Central Railway. You can ride that to death. That's the only godsend the country has. Jes let me tell you, though, what towns it cuts through, and then you'll squeal. Now, there's Schenectady. You can chew all right there, but divil a cent can you beg. Then comes Fonda, and you must know what a poor town that is. Then you've got Utica, where you can feed all right, for any fool can do that, but you can't hit a bloke for a dime in the streets without a bull seein' ye and chuckin' ye up for fifty-nine days in Utica jail. And you must know well enough what that jail is this time o' year—it's jes filled with a blasted lot of gay-cats [men who will work] who've been on a booze. After Utica there's Rochester, a place that oncet was good, but is n't worth pawnin' now since that gay-cat shot a woman there some time ago. After Rochester, what ye got? You've got Buffalo, the most God-forsaken town a bum ever heard of."

Here I interrupted my lecturer to say that I had heard of Buffalo as a good "chewing town." He turned upon me fiercely. "What d'yer want? D'yer only want to chew? Don't ye want boodle, booze, togs, and a good livin'? Of course ye do, jes like ev'ry genooine hobo. It's only a blasted gay-cat that'll fool around this country now. Cig, you'd better come South with us. Why, las' year the blokes more than sloughed in money around the Ponce de Leon hotel in St. Augustine. We ken git there in a week if we ride passenger-trains. You'll hustle for an overcoat if you stay yer much longer, an' I'll bet my Thanksgiving dinner that every cad you meet up the road is bound South. You'd better foller their coat-tails." I thanked Yorkey, but satisfied him that I was determined to get to Buffalo. "Well, so long, blokie," he said, when I left the camp for Troy.

Between Troy and Cohoes I found another camp of tramps. Here were forty-two men and boys who were enjoying what tramps term a "sloppin'-up." Some of them had just returned from the hop country, and had gathered together the fellows in their vicinity, and were now drinking keg after keg of beer. Thirteen kegs had already been emptied. These men seemed well satisfied with their treatment around Troy, and the majority of them had been there for nearly a week. One half-drunken loafer from Milwaukee was so anxious to praise the town's hospitality that he was haranguing some of his comrades most zealously. "I've boozed around this town," he said, "off and on for the last seven years, and I've not been sloughed up yet. There's only one or two bulls in the town that's after tramps, and if a



bloke is anyway foxy he can slip them all right. Two years ago I fooled around here for two months, and had my three square meals every day, and booze too, and I was never touched. You can't hustle pennies, of course, as well as you can down in the city [New York], but you can batter for clothes, chuck, and booze all right enough. I know as many as ten saloon-keepers in the town that'll give me a drink and ask no questions. Yes; Troy's all right, and it's only a rotten gay-cat that 'u'd say it wa'n't. The only mean thing about the town is that it's slow. Us hobos must be on the march, and it's not in us to fool round a jerk town like this un too long. It's tiresome, Jack."

A hunt for supper in Cohoes afforded me a great deal of amusement, for I was entertained by an alderman's wife. At any rate, she told me while I was eating my supper in the large restaurant dining-room that her husband, eating his supper in a private room on the floor below, was a village father and a hater of tramps. "But don't worry," she said; "he shall not bother you while I'm around. I always feed a hungry man, and *I always shall*. I can't understand how some people can turn away from the door any one who claims to be hungry. If I should do this, I would expect to be hungry myself ere long." A freight-train passed by the house while I was at the table, and my hostess immediately noticed my anxiety to be aboard of it. "Never mind," she said; "there'll be plenty of freights along a little later, and this is a good place to catch them, for there is a grade here, and you can keep away from the station, where you might be arrested." I remembered this woman throughout my journey, and every tramp that I met bound in this direction was advised of her house. I think it would hardly be so "good" another year.

From Cohoes to Schenectady is only a short ride, and it seemed as if I had been asleep in the box-car only a few minutes when Ohio Red, who was with me, cried out, "Jack, we're in the yards; let's get out." We slept in a box-car over night. This is an odd way of resting. The coat, vest, and shoes are taken off, then the shoes are made into a pillow, the vest is laid over them, and the coat is thrown over the shoulders. So sleep most of the tramps. After our night's rest and an early breakfast, we went over to the "hang-out" on the eastern side of the town. Thirteen rovers were already there, cooking a conventional meal. They had begged meat, potatoes, bread, and coffee, and had stolen some other vegetables, besides a kettle, and were now anxiously watching the fire. Two more vagrants, who had been looking for cigar-stubs in the town, came in later. Their pockets were well filled, and they divided equally their findings. This

"snipe" chewing and smoking is the most popular use of tobacco in trampdom, and is even preferred to "store brands" of the weed, which are easily begged. About dinner-time a man came out to the camp, and offered every one of us the job of shoveling sand for a dollar and a half a day, the work to continue into November. Hemight better have stayed away. The tramps told him that they had just left as good a job as that in Buffalo, and were now looking for three dollars a day!

At nightfall sixteen tramps, including myself, boarded a freight-train bound west. I was now on the main line of the New York Central, and had no further need to fear any large amount of walking. During the night-ride I had a very pleasant talk with the brakeman at my end of the train. I was in a "gondola" (open car), and he espied me from the top of a box-car, and came down. "Hello, Shorty," he said, "where are you goin'?" "Just up the road a bit, boss," I answered. "Well, let's go to the other end of the car, where we won't catch the cinders; I've got one in my eye now filin' it to pieces. Can you take it out, d'ye think?" he asked. I held his lantern on my arm, and looked for the cinder, which was soon out. Just then the train whistled for Fonda, and the brakeman said: "You want to lay low here, for there's a watchman in the yards. I'll bring you a bit to eat out of my pail after we pull out." He returned, when we were again started, with a parcel of food, and began to speak of the towns up the road. "Utica," he said, "if you intend gettin' your breakfast there in the mornin', is sort of a snide place, this time of the year. You see, the hop-pickers are around there, and the police always arrest a lot of 'em, and you fellows are likely to be jugged too. This town that we've just left, however, is the meanest one on the road. I was comin' through there about a week ago, and did n't know there was a bum on the train. The watchman scouted around, and found three of 'em in a box-car, and yanked 'em all up. If I'd known they were round, I'd posted 'em about this town, but I had n't an idea they were there. I hate to see a lad get pulled for ridin' a train, because I've been broke myself, and I know what it is to be on the road. I'll always carry a man on my train if I can. But of course you know, Jack, that sometimes the 'con' is a mean devil, and we can't do anything that'll give him a grudge ag'in' us; if he should see a bum on the train, he might report us. So you see what risks we run. But I've given many a lad a ride, and I'm always willing to be square to a square plug" (fellow). This is a typical kind-hearted Eastern brakeman, and the tramps like him.

In Utica I made the acquaintance of a

roadster called Utica Biddy. I met him at the tramp-camp just outside of the town, near the R. W. & O. R. R. tracks, where twenty-six other loafers were waiting for three of their fellow-travelers to return from the hop-country, in order to help spend their money. Biddy is one of the best-known tramps on the New York Central, and he gave me more information about the districts around Syracuse and Utica than I could possibly have accumulated single-handed. While riding in a box-car from Utica to Syracuse we had a long conversation, and the following is the substance of what he told me:

"I've been a bum on the division of this railway from Albany to Syracuse for the last four years. I've had my three squares every day, and in winter I've had a bed every night. I know you'll hardly believe this, for some of you beggars come up to this country and curse it because you don't get on the spot what you want. Now, I'll give you a few pointers about these towns. Now, we've just left a town [Utica] where I can go to over a score of houses and get a square meal whenever I want it. Of course I was born there, and that may make a bit o' difference, but I can do the same in Rome, Albany, and Syracuse. I've been on this beat so long, and have watched my chances so carefully that I know now just where to go when hungry. I hear a great many tramps kick about Utica, its policemen, and snide houses. But if a lad will just knuckle down for a month or so and hunt out the good houses, make himself acquainted with the tough policemen and keep out of their way, find good barns for a doss at night, and make a business of bumming carefully, there's not a town on the Central road but that is good. The trouble with you strange blokes is this: you come up here, booze, draw your razors when drunk, do a little too much crooked work, and of course the people get hostile. Why, see how many lads are working my racket over in Pennsylvania. You know yourself that on the Pennsylvania line there are tramps who not only bum within a division, but inside of sub-divisions, and can chew whenever they like. But they do this 'cause they're foxy, and have had their boozing knocked out of them. Now, those lads that we left back in Utica will more than get sloughed into jail when they get to boozing. You can't expect the people to stand such stuff as that. And these are the kind of fellows, too, who jigger our riding on this railroad. They get drunk, and if they want to ride and can't find an empty car, they buck a seal, and then there's the devil to pay about the tramps trying to rob the cars. If the bums would only keep sober once in a while, there would n't be a tramp pinched or in jail once a

month. The bulls around here don't care to yank a tramp unless they have to. But what can they do when they find some bloke parading the streets with a jag on? They pull him in, of course, or else the people would kick. I'll gamble that he would n't be touched, though, if he were simply hunting a meal."

In Syracuse, Biddy, in order to prove his acquaintance with the town, told me of a house where I was certain of getting something to eat. I followed his instructions, and got exactly what I went for—a good dinner. The great excitements in Syracuse, I found, were a big drunk and the State fair. I have never seen such a number of tramps together at one time. Between DeWitt and Syracuse there was a camp of fifty, and there were twenty empty beer-kegs lying around in the grass. Some of the fellows were sick, others had sick clothes, and many of the rest were in fine shape for a free fight. There were two well-dressed tramps whom I immediately recognized as "fawny men"—fellows who sell bogus jewelry for more than it is worth. One of these men was a notorious roadster of American birth, who, for purposes best known to himself, went by the name of Liverpool George. He is the most successful fawny man that I have ever met. He earned twenty-two dollars in one day at the fair by selling for two dollars apiece rings which can be bought in Buffalo for two dollars a dozen. The tramps call this worldly success.

Before I left Syracuse there came to the camp another batch of tramps numbering sixteen. They had just returned from the hop-country, and their money was well poised for another "shot at the growler." During my stay of three days at the camp and vicinity, the men were intoxicated almost all the time. They would even go into town half-drunk to look for something to eat. Yet I heard of no arrest while I was there. About a mile from the hang-out, and east of Syracuse, there were two barns in which the tramps slept. It was most amusing to see the loafers returning to their nests in the hay-loft night after night. Sometimes I listened to comical and ragged tales until the early hours of the morning. I was also the spectator of a number of fights. One particular barn where I spent two nights, near Syracuse, was a regular arena for fisticuffing and squabbling. The men were so cross and ill-tempered after their recent galas that they would quarrel on the slightest pretext. One fellow gave his companion a black eye because he told him that he "ought to hustle better togs" (clothes). Another poor excuse for a knock-down was that a fellow had said that "tramps were bug-house" (crazy).

The journey from Syracuse to Buffalo was very prosaic. I rode from Syracuse to Roches-

DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAGE.

THE TRAMP HANG-OUT.





DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER.

A FAWNY MAN.

ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTHAM.

ter with a kid and two colored tramps. The boy was in search of his principal, or protector, whom he had lost in Albany. From various registries at watering-tanks, he expected to find him in Canal street, Buffalo. At Port Byron a female tramp, with her companion, Milwaukee Jim, entered the box-car in which we were riding. I learned from him that I must be very careful in my conduct at Rochester. I decided to leave the town as quickly as possible after arrival. On the eastern outskirts of the place I met a gang of twenty-three tramps walking to Fairport, ten miles distant, in order to escape any possible arrest in the Rochester railway yards while catching a freight-train bound east. Between Rochester and Churchville I found still another frightened crowd numbering twenty-seven. They were waiting for night-fall before entering the city to board a train for Albany.

The kid continued with me on the journey to Buffalo, and I enjoyed a talk with him in

the car about his life on the road and what inducements it offered. He was only sixteen years of age, but as bright and well versed in tramp-lore as many an aged roadster. But he has a most menial position in the tramp social scale, as have all others of his age. He must not only beg the food for his older companion with whom he travels, but he must also find the tobacco, the casual newspapers, sometimes the "pennies," besides the pails for carrying beer, needles and thread, buttons, and all sorts of articles which may be suggested to him. In exchange for this labor, he has the privilege, as he considers it, of traveling with a professional beggar. That is all. I tried to sound the boy's reasons for continuing on the road, and to learn what first started him to tramping. It seems he became interested in tramp-life in the Illinois Reformatory. Some of his companions at the school, who had been with tramps, told him of their experiences, and he never rested until he had satisfied himself with

his own. Now, I learned, he was willing to continue an idler. "It ain't such a bad lot," he said; "I chew every day, get a big swag of booze once in a while, and when I'm travelin' with Slim [his protector] I have a purty excitin' time." The boy found his man in Canal street, just as he had expected.

Buffalo did not interest me. There was nothing new in the tramp line. I counted sixty-seven roadsters, found that there was plenty to eat and drink and a little money also, if looked for very diligently in the main streets

means good tramp territory, but has been searched with the lighted candle of the law with intent to seize and shut up every offender. The State of Pennsylvania supports three times as many vagrants as New York will tolerate.

Two extenuating statements ought to be made. In the first place, the Central Railway is a very easy one to beat, and probably half of the tramps that I met were "residents" of other States, and were on their way West to make connection with the Illinois Central, Railway to go South. Secondly, a great many tramps



DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER.

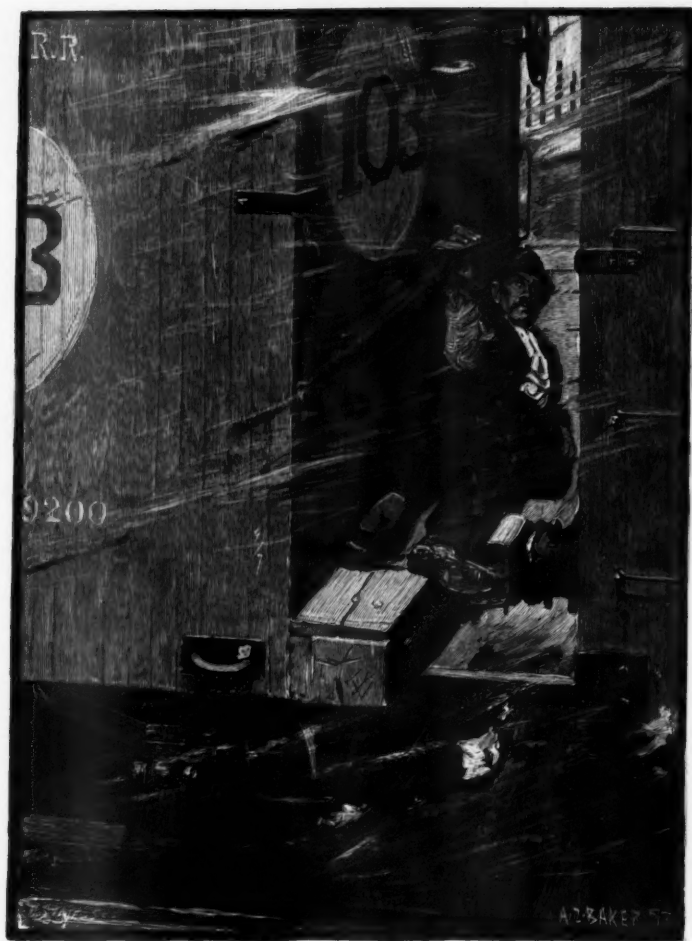
A DIVISION.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

and offices; but there was nothing unique. My journey, when I arrived in Buffalo, had extended over three hundred miles (from Albany). I had had three meals every day, excepting the loss of a dinner while traveling from Rochester to Buffalo, and I had met three hundred tramps, who had probably had their meals just as frequently as I had had mine. This number does not include, of course, those who may have been traveling behind or before me, so that, not counting men who were certainly on the road, but out of my sight, here was a voluntary vagrant for every mile of the road between Albany and Buffalo. Further, I did not see a train going west on the Central Railway that was not carrying at least one tramp, and I have often seen a car passing by which appeared simply alive with dead-beats. The reader must remember withal that New York State is by no

loaf around the hop-country in the vicinity of Syracuse and Utica this time of the year, in order to drink at the expense of the too light-hearted hop-pickers. The nationality of these men, so far as I could judge from pronunciation, some of their own statements, and their professional names, was almost entirely American. I met one German loafer called Dutchy, and he was the only recognized foreigner that I found. The others may have had parents born in other countries, but they themselves were certainly Americanized. A sure test of a tramp's nationality is his professional name. For every genuine begging traveler couples the name of his birthplace with whatever other name he chooses, and the reader will find, if he will visit watering-tanks or other available stationary railway-property in his vicinity, like section-houses, shanties, etc., where tramps "sign," that the





DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER.

RIDING ON THE BUMPERS.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

names registered there indicate, in almost every case, a birthplace in the United States.

My return journey to New York is worthy of comment only because its quick performance may possibly interest the reader. I was desirous of learning how quickly a tramp can make a journey if he desires. And it being to my interest to be in New York at an early date, I decided to forego any specific study of tramp-life on the Erie Railway and simply to hurry over its tracks, if haste should prove possible. I left Buffalo for New York on the night of the 16th, and arrived on the morning of the 19th, although I took a very circuitous route. I traveled from Buffalo to Corry, Pa., over the W. N. Y. & P. R. R.,

and from Corry I rode to Binghamton over the Erie road. From this place I made a detour to Voorheesville, and then down the West Shore route to Weehawken, in order to confirm certain rumors that I had heard of its hostility to tramps. The entire trip was very tiresome and difficult, because, in order to travel rapidly, I was compelled to ride on top and on the "bumpers" of freight-trains, and on the trucks of passenger-trains. My companion, Pennsylvania Whitey, and I rode after the latter fashion from Elmira to Binghamton. It was a terrible ride. We made the mistake of getting on the trucks of the rear car — a Pullman sleeper — instead of a baggage-car. In doing this we suffered almost beyond descrip-

tion. The gravel and dust flew about our faces until the exasperation and pain were fearful. When I arrived in Binghamton my eyes were actually filled with dust, and I suffered with them for days after I arrived in New York. There are tramps, principally in the West, who are much more skilful truck-riders than I can claim to be. But then they have to excel in this mode of traveling, or they could not get over the country. For in the far West the brakemen have no scruples about throwing tramps off freight-trains. In the East more civilized customs prevail, and the tramp is politely asked to "jump off" after the train has stopped." Because railway civilization is so backward in the West, the tramps have invented a seat which greatly aids their truck-riding. They call it a "ticket," but it is only a small piece of board, with two cleats nailed on one side, which fit over a rod and keep the seat firm. Some of these tickets are quite elaborate, and are made to fold into a coat pocket.

The journey from Voorheesville to Weehawken proved interesting. My friend Whitey and I left Voorheesville for Coeyman's Junction on a local freight-train. We were on a flat car, and entirely open to view, but were not once molested. During the ride I got a cinder in my eye, which my companion could not find. The pain was intense, and when we stopped next at a small station we jumped off in order that Whitey might inspect it more conveniently. He was still unsuccessful, and the station-master

standing by beckoned me toward him and offered to take the cinder out, which he did very skilfully. The train was just ready to start when he called out, "Boys, don't miss your train." We followed his advice.

From the Junction down to Weehawken we underwent many trials. We left Coeyman's with fifteen other tramps on a through freight-train. All of us were huddled together in an open car, and of course the brakeman saw us. After finding out that none of us had any money to give him in aid of his collection for a "pint" (of whisky), he said: "You lads want to look out at Kingston. It's all right until Catskill, but you'll get collared at Kingston unless you're careful." The minute the train slackened its speed at the hostile town, the roadsters jumped off *en masse*. Whitey suggested that we separate from the crowd, run around to the other end of the railway yards, and catch the train again when it came out. We arrived there just in the nick of time, and rode away again triumphant. The next stop was Newburg, and just before we arrived the brakeman again warned us. "Look out here," he said, from the top of a car; "if you get pinched here, you're sure for the Albany pen." We left the train again, and manœvered in the same way as at Kingston. Again we traveled on without fear until nearing Haverstraw, and then came that same warning from the top of a car: "Look out, you lads down there on the bumpers; Haverstraw is a hostile town." This was



DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER.

ASLEEP IN A FREIGHT-CAR.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

sickening. I had not complained before, but now I told Whitey that if ever I arrived in Weehawken safely I should forever forbid myself to "tramp" near the Hudson River. We were eventually successful in passing Haverstraw, and then the brakeman assured us that there was a safe route into Weehawken. His words proved true, and we arrived there at three o'clock in the morning. The puzzling question that I put to Whitey now was how to get over to New York without a cent of money. He told me not to worry, and that he would "work it all right." He spoke the truth, for we slipped into the ferry-house from the West Shore Railway yards, and so eluded the sleepy gate-keeper. When we were on the ferry I noticed four more tramps that I had met in Syracuse, and of course there was a general laugh.

On landing at Jay street, Whitey asked me where I was going. I told him that I was afraid we must part company, and that I should

have to walk up to Harlem. "I hate to see you do that," he said, "for it's ag'in' the tramp natur' to like to hear of drilling. If you'll wait for me up here on Broadway, I'll go over to the Post Office and hustle your car-fare." I thanked him, and waited on a corner for about five minutes, when, true enough, he returned with sufficient money for car-fare and slight refreshments over in the Bowery together. "Whitey, so long," I said; "be good to yourself." "So long, Cigarette; hope I'll see you again." I left him standing in front of the Old Tree House, our ways henceforth forever separate, but as kindly sentiments inhabiting our bosoms as ever fell to the lot of Knights of the Road.

For every voluntary vagrant there is a voluntary tax-payer, and in the persons of these three hundred tramps I met three hundred voluntarily taxed citizens of the State of New York.

*Josiah Flynt.*



## LE ROSSIGNOL.

BEHIND the dusky pines at eventide,  
 At Avignon, the sky was rosy-pale,  
 And the large stars seemed fallen to the vale,  
 When first that music on my senses died.  
 "And is it bird or troubadour?" I cried.  
 "It is the rossignol—the nightingale,  
 As you would say," said the fair Provençale;  
 "He sings with heart and voice all that we hide."  
 Enchanted bird, in immemorial trees  
 Or ruins hid, or spelled by some bright star,  
 For me thy song has language to appease  
 Deep yearnings for expression, prophecies  
 Of dawning hope—and, sadder, sweeter far,  
 Voices of new and ancient memories.

*Henry Tyrrell.*



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

A WOMAN, PAINTED BY LOUIS LOEB.

# A ROMANCE OF THE FAITH

A. CASTAIGNE. 19.



WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



HE house of Terakh was astir. Feverish activity was manifest from the outer court to the inner sanctuary. Black slaves from Cush hurried noiselessly: they carried food for the family; they sprinkled the floors with perfumed water: a few paced the high wall that surrounded the house. Of these the chief was watching for the rising of the sun, while

the others peered down the dark street toward the bridge and the city wall as if awaiting an honored guest.

It was the month of the Altar of Righteousness, and the fourteenth day of that month was nearly at hand. That was the day and night of all the year dedicated to the worship of the moon-god Hurki. Thousands were already encamped within and about the gates of Ur, the capital city of the Chaldeans, ready to participate in the splendid ceremonials of the sacred time.

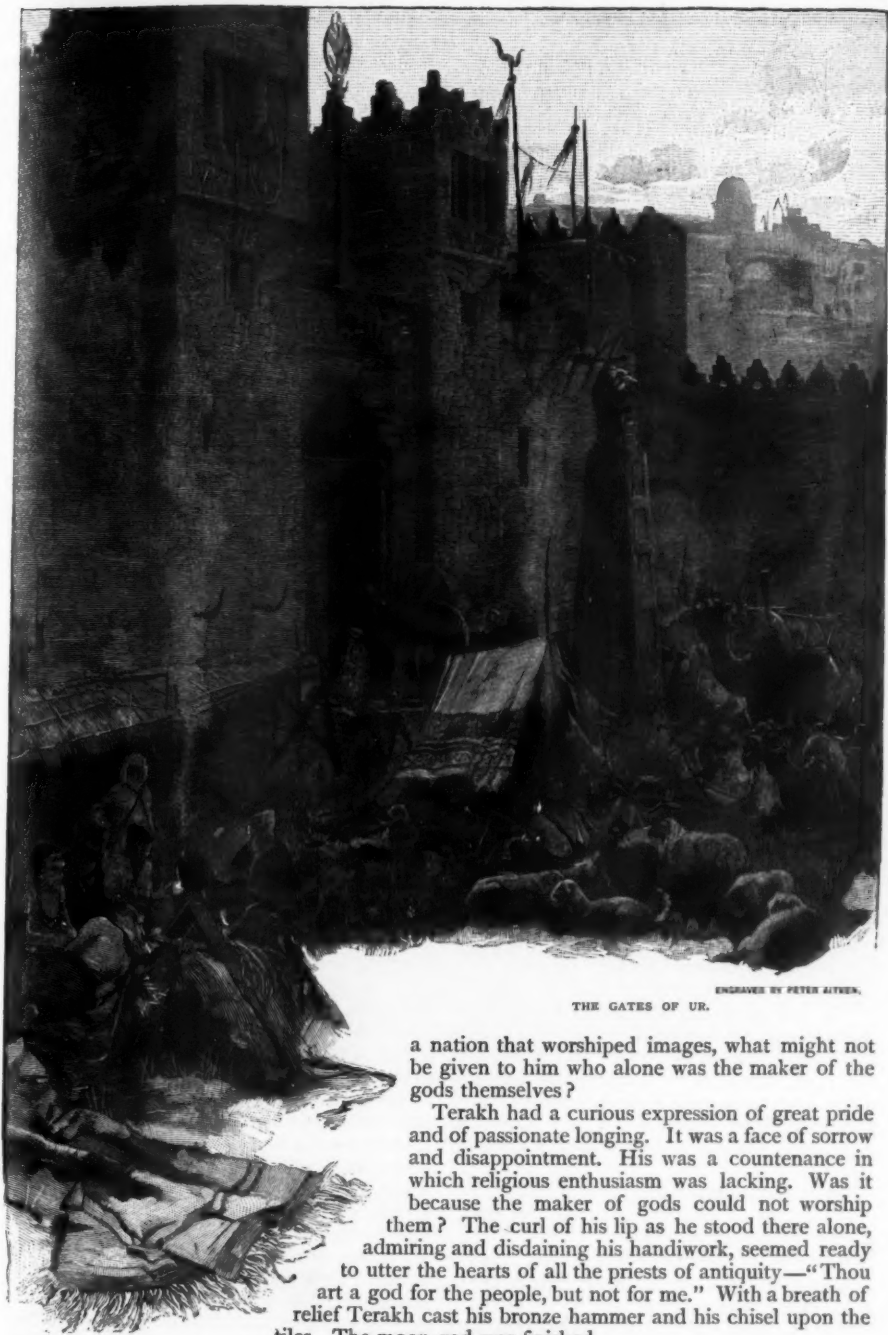
The worship of the gods demanded a profession which has gradually faded away until it has become extinct. It was an occupation which was the very foundation of the arts of painting and of sculpture; it was a mystery rather than a craft; it was a charge that the state committed to the hands of one family only; it was a vocation that demanded a rigid adherence to rules the origin of which was lost in the mists of history. It also called for a creative fancy that was fitted to inspire the fervor of a fanatic people. He who followed its pursuits, though admitted to the esoteric secrets of a jealous idolatry, did not share in its administration. He

inspired the influence of an erosive priesthood, but did not wield it. Without him even the gods were impossible, and religion was dead. Men must see what they worship, and Terakh, like his family before him for many generations, was a carver of wood, a hewer of stone, a maker of gods. Even now, in the black of the day, while it was yet cool, he was standing before a terrible image in stone upon which he was chiseling the finishing touches.

The room was square and high. A flickering lamp suspended from the ceiling made the grotesque face of the sitting statue scowl and grimace as if it were alive. Its life-size stone arms were extended with a gesture at once horrible and caressing. Its stone face, bending forward, had been cut into ferocious lines by Terakh, and was as much the embodiment of malignity as rude art could make it. A blood-thirsty god, this Hurki, impatient for the ghastly sacrifice which every year placed upon his arms a living babe, the first-born of a helpless household, the darling of some doomed home.

The old man stepped back, viewing his masterpiece with a grave smile of satisfaction. He was a tall man, as lean as a lost ideal. His straight white beard swept his waist; his low cap, which had been at one time ornamented with two red horns that stood upright, had lost one altogether, while the other had a listless droop; his robe had been originally an elegant garment, flounced and striped and fringed, but now it was dingy and frayed, and the hole through which his left arm protruded had a gaping rip. It was the costume of a man indifferent to opinion, too old to make dress a matter of moment, who lived for achievement rather than for luxury. Yet Terakh was one of the princes of Ur. He was a friend and counselor of the great king, he was beloved by the priests, he was a patriarch in the land, and his family had preferment among the people. In





ENGRAVED BY PETER ALTHEA.  
THE GATES OF UR.

a nation that worshiped images, what might not be given to him who alone was the maker of the gods themselves?

Terakh had a curious expression of great pride and of passionate longing. It was a face of sorrow and disappointment. His was a countenance in which religious enthusiasm was lacking. Was it because the maker of gods could not worship them? The curl of his lip as he stood there alone, admiring and disdaining his handiwork, seemed ready to utter the hearts of all the priests of antiquity—"Thou art a god for the people, but not for me." With a breath of relief Terakh cast his bronze hammer and his chisel upon the tiles. The moon-god was finished.

And now, before the dawn, a caravan could be heard

approaching the house of Terakh. Riders on velvet-footed camels preceded the motley cavalcade with great dignity; while behind them wild-looking retainers upon stallions drove a cloud of sheep and goats up the narrow streets, until they huddled, trembling and panting, before the gate that shut off the huge court and the house of Terakh from the city. Situated next to the temple wall, Terakh's establishment was a village in itself. It had courtyards, a large inn for guests, a garden, and fountains—enough room for a regiment of men and cattle.

By this time the city was awake, and the sun was about to arise. Citizens gaped at the unusual sound.

"It is the son of Terakh from the desert," they said one to another.

"It is he! It is he!" cried the slaves on the lookout.

In the confusion of answering shouts the gate opened. A young man upon the foremost camel rode impatiently in. His retinue remained impatiently behind. With the ease of an athlete he swung himself from his high seat before the camel had time to kneel. When he touched the ground he was seen to be a mighty man. Even in the dark of the dawn he was seen to be a man of beauty. His face quivered with expression. He had the eyes of a thinker; some might have called them the eyes of a mystic. These were set deep, after the manner of those who meditate on the problems of life. They indicated a nature that was contemplative, and at the same time capable of great practical force, in all ages a rare combination. Bounding to the threshold, he fell upon his knees before a woman. "My mother!" he cried in tones of Oriental reverence.

"Arise, my son. Thou comest with the blessing of the light of the gods."

"Shamshu is arisen!"

"The Lord of Fire liveth!"

"Great is Shamshu!"

The cry went from mouth to mouth. Instantly men and women, free-born and slaves, struck attitudes of devotion, and worshiped the risen sun. Like a miracle the Oriental dawn had come and gone. Suddenly, as if awakened from a trance, the birds started to sing, and the life of another day in sacred Ur began.

"My brethren, are they well?"

"They are at worship, and they are well," said Antelai, wife of Terakh.

"And my father, is he well? His name is last upon my lips, for my heart faileth me to ask. Is my father well?"

"He is well, my son, and waiteth for thee in the presence of his latest god."

"May Ilu be thanked for thy good words,

dear mother. I go to my father. Behold, I have brought five hundred of the first-born of my flocks for my father and for the sacrifice." He waved his hand toward the bleating herd which the men were penning in its quarters.

"Thine hands drop fatness," said Antelai, adoringly.

Her son strode over the threshold. As he did so, Antelai poured water upon the sill as an omen of prosperity, and muttered an invocation. Through well-known passages the young man hurried. His heart beat high as he stopped before the entrance and the familiar tapestry. The old man, who had controlled his own impatience almost to bursting, waved the curtain aside with slow dignity.

"O my father!"

"My son!"

Before the statue of Hurki—before the grinning god—Terakh and Abu-ramu, kneeling, clasped and kissed.

"Haran is my eldest, Nakhor is my youngest, but thou art the mightiest and the best-beloved of them all," said Terakh, with a gesture of blessing and with much emotion.

Twelve times the moon had encircled the earth since Abu-ramu had visited his father's house. Ten years ago he had besought Terakh for his portion of the inheritance. This he had taken, and had changed into flocks the rugs and robes, the slaves and lands, the wheat and barley, the gold and silver, that had come to him, and had gone to the desert. There, sheltered by his roving tent, and protected from robbers by the courage which he taught his followers, he had increased his wealth tenfold, and had made his influence among the wandering tribes of the region so powerful that they called him Abu-ramu, the "exalted father." This name clung to him during all his stirring adventures until his death. For by birth, by intelligence, by imagination, and by fortune, the son of Terakh was a prince among the people; and Amraphel, the king of Ur and of Shinar, feared the independence of no other man in his kingdom as he did that of the young owner of man-servants and maid-servants, and of cattle like the stars in number, who already, in his youth, was respectfully called "the father" of the plains of Shinar. Even Terakh felt a secret awe of his son when he looked into the young man's unfathomable eyes—eyes fearless under the might and blight of a priesthood that multiplied omens and incantations and gods until the people trembled under a despotism more withering than that of the whip. It was even possible for a man to flee from the slavery of Amraphel; but who could escape the curses of Hea, or Ishtar, or Zamama, or Nebo, or Shamash, or Hurki, and the persecutions of a hundred other minor gods, who made themselves



BEFORE THE STATUE OF HURKI.

dreaded and dreadful under the rapacious guidance of the priests?

"It is my will that thou serve Hurki, the god of the gods, in the great temple," Terakh had said to his son when the lad ceased to cut his forelock and attained his majority. The youth had looked at Terakh searchingly, and for a while remained silent. Then he said slowly, and with the reverential accent due to his father, who had over him the power of life and death:

"O my father, is it not enough for thee to make the gods? When I see from what thou

makest them a voice within me forbids me to interpret them to the people. Indeed, I know not how. I would be a shepherd, unconfused by many gods, or else I would depart to a far country."

This remarkable reply was not braggadocio, but the expression of a heroic conviction; and Terakh, being a wise man, had given his son his own way.

Now Terakh turned to the completed statue and looked at it significantly. He was a man vain of his skill. He was the greatest sculptor

of his race, and his gods commanded fabulous prices.

Abu-ramu understood what was expected of him, and inspected Hurki attentively. He regarded the god as a man might a toy that he had once played with and caressed.

"He is a very terrible god. I should think that he was your best." The son, thinking that he had done his duty, turned from the god he despised to the father he loved.

did not ask. He changed the conversation, but questioned himself whether he had what is worse than the overflow or the drought—a heretical son.

"Iskah becometh a priestess of Hurki—that is the only new thing I have to relate." Terakh looked upon his statue doubtfully and lovingly as he spoke. His son also looked upon the god, but darkly.

"I have not seen the little maiden for many



ABU-RAMU IN THE DESERT.

"You did not bow before him when you entered," said Terakh, trying to look sternly at his favorite boy. "It is well that only I noticed the neglect, for the king enforces his decree against those who do not bow down and worship Hurki, the shining lord of the month."

Abu-ramu turned his penetrating gaze upon the old man. Terakh had not the moral courage of his son. Abu-ramu had known the emancipation of solitude; he had the education of the desert.

"Hurki has not yet been set upon his throne, my father. And thou, O my father, ought to know Hurki's power, for thou hast made him. As for the king—a greater one than Amraphel or Hurki is my guide. I am not afraid." As Abu-ramu said this, he made a sudden and beautiful obeisance to something invisible that silenced the elder man. What new god had Abu-ramu discovered? Terakh

years. She was visiting Sippara when I was here last. Where is she?"

"She is no longer a little maid. She is as stately as a royal palm, and as beautiful as a lily. She heedeth not command or advice. She will not bend to her parents, nor to thy mother, nor to me. Haran hath given her to Hurki. He can do naught with her."

Abu-ramu smiled. The old man had evidently found out that it was easier to mold a god than a girl. Abu remembered a dark skin and a darker eye, a light laugh and lighter feet, and gestures and smiles that had mocked him for his gravity; and yet he thought that Iskah, his half-brother's daughter, had always respected his preferences after her own way. He used to play with her and fondle her as he would one of his greyhounds. She used to be a wild, pretty thing, with once in a while a look as if longing to be tamed. The recollection of

those days was pleasant to Abu-ramu. He had man-servants and maid-servants, and they had wives and husbands, but the "exalted father" of Shinar had neither wives nor concubines. "What a priestess!" he repeated to himself with a twitching lip. "What will Hurki think of her?" Aloud he said again:

"Where is she, my father?"

"Haran is within the gate, and Iskah is here, too. She feedeth the birds in the garden about this hour. Go and seek her, for I think that in her heart she heedeth thee." And Abu-ramu went into the paradise of palms to look for Iskah.

Shamshu, the morning sun of life, had arisen only a few minutes, but the sacred city of Ur already smoked with the heat. To-morrow was the seventh day, the white day of the year, and thin columns of incense ascended like dark petitions from the huge ziggurat. The house and the courts and gardens of Terakh adjoined the vast inclosure of the temple of Hurki. Already the confused cries of merchants and votaries, and the authoritative shouts of priests and soldiers, were shrill upon the motionless air. To-morrow would come the ceremonies, the sacrifices, the dedication of the new god miraculously bestowed upon the temple; to-morrow the full moon and the incarceration of Iskah.

As Abu-ramu advanced, tall and commanding, through the court to the inclosed garden, his retainers one by one saluted him with affectionate reverence. They had the air of men ready to forego life or faith for their master. Their hands twitched with lawlessness, and their beards trembled with wild daring that even Abu-ramu had found it hard to subject.

"He ought to be king of Shinar and of Ur. Who is there like unto him?" they whispered, nodding at one another and at him, as the son of Terakh, clad in a sheepskin, with a turban of camel's hair, and with bare feet, strode into history.

The paradise was cool. Grateful shades lay under the stately date-palms. The garden was intersected by flowing canals, and the growth of flowers, of lotus, almonds, pomegranates, and acacias was intoxicating. Unexpectedly, one would find an altar hidden in a grove. Yonder an open space was tiled for a bathing-pavilion. The garden was two acres in area,—a princely size for a town garden,—and every foot of it was busy with growth. Only the family of Terakh and his intimate friends had access to the spot. Melons, citrons, figs, and grapes were carefully reared, and abundant. Rare odors of spices and imported flowers traveled lazily about the inclosure. Ah, the contrast to the desert! What a relief from the withering

sky and the brazen battle with the sun! Abu-ramu drank in the cool fragrance that leaped to meet him. He loved this paradise almost as much as he did his father. His senses, refined by the renunciation of the desert, by the mystic thoughts that are inspired through solitude, responded not to women, nor to the sensuous luxuries of wealth, but to perfumes and to natural shade.

"I do not think," he said in an undertone, as if talking to a blue lotus in the water by his side, "that Hurki is here."

"Aha, O Abu! Shall I tell the king?"

The son of Terakh stopped as if a javelin had whirled past his ear. He recognized the musical laugh, the tones of semi-sarcasm, which used to nettle or amuse him. But he was under the narcotic influence of the garden, and he forgot his natural dignity in the pleasure of seeing his little friend again. No rebuke sprang to his lips.

"It is Iskah," he said to himself, looking around. Then aloud: "Where art thou, Iskah? Show thyself, child. Come!"

The last exclamation of impatience was met with a mad, ringing shout. A white cloud seemed to arise from behind a cluster of pomegranates. It fluttered to his side.

"Child? O Abu!" it said in reproachful tones. "Behold!"

Iskah with a deft motion unwound a light veil that protected her from the heat. Her head, neck, and right arm blazed bare in the filtered sun. Abu-ramu started back with a rueful expression as he confronted the most beautiful woman in Ur.

"Iskah, my child—can it be thou?" he stammered.

The girl uttered another merry laugh.

"Tell me, O most ancient patriarch, am I a child?" As she said this, Iskah drew herself up superbly. A toss of her head, and her black hair formed a frame for her face. Her ruddy lips were slightly parted in an irresistible smile. Her olive skin, upon the delicate surface of which emotions had not yet left their imprint, was now dimpled with witching lines of laughter. Her eyes bubbled like springs. Her figure was as stately as a palm. Thus, after years of separation, Iskah, the daughter of Haran, confronted her kinsman.

While Abu gazed upon her beauty in a helpless way, she too looked upon him. And as she looked, his high stature, the comeliness of his features, the fire of command that quivered in his nostrils and shone in his eyes, above all, a spirituality that was foreign to her own nature, and which seemed to cover him like a precious ointment—these caused Abu-ramu to find renewed favor in the eyes of the maiden.

"There is none like unto him in Shinar," she



thought; "but he shall never know it from me." Then she said aloud:

"Why dost thou not salute me? Am I not a priestess of the house of Hurki? Thou must do me reverence." She advanced a step, cast from her countenance all girlishness, and assumed an expression of such pious dignity, that Abu-ramu involuntarily brought his right hand up in the recognized attitude of devotion. At this moment her eyes seemed to communicate secrets to the stars.

"Art thou a woman, Iskah, or a goddess?" asked Abu-ramu. He did not yet understand that modesty as well as caprice can, at a moment's notice, convert a guileless maiden into a consummate actress. The girl looked at him softly. To-morrow she was the moon-god's and the king's. Henceforth she would be imprisoned within the court of the mighty ziggurat. She dared not question herself as to the full meaning of this immurement. But at this hour she was free, and her favorite kinsman was with her. She said gently, with a sigh:

"To-day, O Abu, I am a woman; to-morrow a goddess, if thou wilt. Come to the birds; I fear they will starve when I go. I feed them for the last time." With a sad smile she turned, and he followed.

Could this be Iskah? Abu-ramu felt himself confused. Was this the child he had chased like a butterfly through the paradise, and who fitfully allowed herself to be caught? He counted up the years. She could not be more than sixteen. Sixteen? Impossible!

Now Abu-ramu watched Iskah feeding her pigeons; her motions had matchless grace, her body undulated in perfect curves, and he remembered the ferocious leer of the stone god Hurki. His father was proud of it. The more horrible the god, the greater the art. But Abu-ramu's heart, cultivated in the loneliness of the desert to gentle thoughts, shrank from the hideous thing. In silence he continued to observe the maiden. Her slender height, her suppleness, and, above all, the queenliness of the pose of her head and neck, began to act upon him like fermented wine.

"Shall symmetry serve the misshapen? Shall beauty be priestess to a monster? Shall a white soul redden before nameless mysteries? Shall Iskah be a bond-slave to Hurki?" Such questions effervesced in his heart. His grasp tightened upon the bow that he carried in his left hand. He seethed to fight. But with whom should he do battle? Hurki? The king? The city? The nation? And for whom? Iskah? Why, ah, why, indeed?

"Thou lookest at me strangely," said the maiden, suddenly turning to him.

"Because thou wilt be priestess," answered Abu-ramu, simply. Though his words were re-

strained, nevertheless, his eyes betrayed his new feeling.

The girl looked at him gravely. Her levity had already fled like the lizard at her feet. His color had deepened under his beard. He appeared to her like a son of the morning. Iskah's heart almost suffocated her. True, she had prayed for him every day at her altar, that feverish winds and spells and malign gods might spare him; she had secretly gloried in his reputation and influence and wealth. He was as her pride would have him. And few are the noble women who find their soul's desire. Heart's peers do not often meet. Why did the words of her kinsman give her such dangerous pleasure? Iskah was troubled because she could not understand her own emotions. She would be priestess—yes, die before he should suspect them.

"My father does not think that way," she said coldly, "nor Terakh, nor my kinsmen. They say the god thirsteth for me. The will of my father is my law." She repeated the last slowly like an oracle.

"His will is abomination!" he cried.

"Hurki is a mighty god, and jealous of other gods," said Iskah in a reverent voice, but with a veiled twinkle as she saw his wrath on the increase.

"Hurki is a stone, and I will smite him!"

Abu-ramu, forgetting himself, uttered the treason and heresy of his heart as carelessly as the tamarisk blooms.

At this word the girl, well knowing the horrible punishment meted out to those who did not bow down and worship the popular god, sprang forward, and with a cry of fear put her hand upon his mouth.

"O Abu, the desert hath made thee mad!" She trembled, panting as she spoke. "Peace!" she said, still holding her perfumed hand to his lips. "I fear some slave may hear thee, and tell the high priest, and thou diest."

"Dost thou care?" he whispered. Agitations new to him swept over him like the khamsin.

"O Ishtar!" she exclaimed, throwing her head back, forgetting herself.

At this artless mention of the goddess of love, the veil dropped from Abu-ramu's heart, and in that moment was revealed to him his soul's desire. His blood surged to his ears and deafened him. It mounted to his eyes and blinded him. He shivered like the motionless water when a stone falls upon it.

"Iskah," he said softly.

"Let me go!" She drew back, trying to unclasp his hands. "I did not mean it; Hurki would not do this."

"Iskah, I have need of thee," he whispered in a penetrating, low voice.

"And Hurki of me," she gasped.

"Hurki," he blazed, "shall have no part in thee, Iskah, for my love hath seized thee to be my wife."

He said this solemnly, like an oath, pointing, according to ancient custom, toward the rising of the moon as witness. The swift Oriental way of loving had taken him. He did not withstand such an intoxicating fate. Iskah repulsed him with her eyes, straightened herself with pretty hauteur, relaxed, and, mastered by his love, melted into his arms. Then did the two understand the meaning of the ancient proverb which tells us that a minute in the tent of the beloved one is equal to an eternity within the gate of the king. Gently Abu-ramu raised her face to his, and gazed into it with the intensity of an astrologer seeking for a sign in the heavens:

"Thou art more beautiful than the herald of the morning," he said reverently. "Thy word is the breath of the gods. Thou enchainest me."

Iskah returned his look in rapture. Then her face trembled from her chin unto her eyes. Her tears began to fall slowly.

"Abu," she said, trying to hide her face in his mantle, "how didst thou know that I loved thee? For I put mine eyes in bond, and my lips were sealed, that no love might escape them. Why didst thou not come sooner, Abu? For my freedom taketh wings on the rising of the sun, and it is death for the priestess of Hurki the Brilliant to look upon men."

"Iskah," he said in a tone of command, "dost thou love me?"

She answered steadily:

"Now thou knowest it, my lord. Thy yoke is upon my soul until my breath passeth to the west. Perhaps," she added, with inspired eyes, "until the gods are dead; but, alas! my body is Hurki's!"

When he heard these words, Abu-ramu expanded as if Nergal, the god warrior, had challenged him. Iskah looked at him in wonder. He seemed to grow in stature, and lightning played over his brow. He drew a long breath:

"Iskah, my beloved, now I will tell thee the hidden thing of my life. A new God hath sent his command unto me in dreams." He stopped, for his voice, charged with energy, choked him. Iskah stared at her lover incredulously, but his high mien constrained her respect.

"A new god!" she repeated. "Such a thing has not been heard of since the great gods fashioned men with the faces of ravens."

"There can be—there are no other gods besides him," Abu-ramu continued hoarsely. "His countenance is as blinding as the sun. His voice is as soft as a whisper. I worship no other gods

but him, not even Hurki. My God, he is not stone. He is a spirit."

What was the meaning of these words? Iskah's beautiful face expressed a bewilderment which it was hard to enlighten. But she loved like the women of her race and time, who did not protest, but accepted the faith and will of a lover with his first kiss.

"What is his name?" she asked in an awed tone. "Thou art his priest?"

"His name he has not revealed to me," answered Abu, reverently. "He is the everlasting: Ilu Shaddai, the God Almighty. Harken unto me," he continued with a steady, rising voice, and clasping her hands tightly; "forget it not, fear not, tremble not, for my God,—the father of the great gods, whom diviners and augurs and soothsayers have never seen, for he is not made with hands, nor fashioned from stone or clay,—the supreme Ilu, shall establish my seat. He will build up my might. He will increase my papyri, my corn, my silver, my cattle, my furniture, and my servants in my hands. He will guide me to a better land. With the fruit of my loins he will enrich the four corners of the earth—for thou wilt be my wife."

Iskah was filled by the sound of these words, as a person standing in a belfry tower is filled with the sound of a great bell. Great hearts in all ages have made religion love, and love religion.

"Art thou greater than Hurki, O my lord?" asked Iskah, clinging to him in an ecstasy of terror.

"I have prayed to the great gods—to Ishtar, to Hea, to Anunit, to Nebo, to Shamash, and to the great moon-god Hurki, and verily my prayers are dust. I am greater than Hurki."

He uttered this mighty heresy slowly, with the conviction of a man who had thoroughly tested the subject. He had a grand look. The two trembled with the consciousness that this unique apostasy meant an epoch in Shinar.

"Thou art a god, O Abu, but art thou mightier than the king?" This Iskah said, with the enlightenment of one who perceives the difference between the spiritual power of a stone god and the temporal power of a despot.

In answer the man of the desert grasped his weapon, and shook it exultingly.

"I have stretched the arch of the bow once, and King Amraphel has trembled. I have stretched it twice, and he has turned. The third time I stretch the wood a god shall tumble to the earth, and a king shall topple from his throne."

"Abu," said the woman, hiding her face, "boast not for my sake! Spare thyself! The god claimeth me."

"If I smite the god, wilt thou be my wife?" he demanded imperiously.



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE MEETING IN THE GARDEN.

"If thy god is greater than my god, and thy hand heavier than the king's, and thou win me from the high altar of Hurki, thy will shall be my will, and thy handmaid will follow thee as thy nod leadeth her."

A shrill voice from the other end of the garden interrupted their whisper.

"At the hour of sacrifice I will call upon my God," whispered Abu-ramu, significantly. "Be thou ready, and fear not."

They clasped, they kissed, they parted. Like a white bird, or like the princess that she was, Iskah swept away. Even at the gate of the women's court their eyes embraced. The great love she gave bore Iskah along on the torrent of Abu-ramu's conviction. In those old days women gave themselves blindly when they loved. They did not reason about it.

"My love, Abu—O terrible Hurki!" she cried, flinging herself exhausted before her inner sanctuary. "O thou new God, if it be in thy power, make me his wife!"

THE morning of the full moon opened as softly as the leaves of a sensitive-plant. It was in truth the "white day" of the year. Even Hurki, the lord of building and of rest, must have been proud in his granite heart of this perfect day, set like an emerald in the jeweled month of Sin. Not a leaf stirred in the limpid air. Even the dizzy radiations caused by the heat were absent on the near horizon. It was as if a cool glamour had descended from heaven to earth to vivify men's bodies and to bless the sacrificial day. The sun, like its priests and its temple, was bereft of malignant influence, and the strength of the full moon seemed to carry the value of the night into the richness of the morn. The magnificent and awful ceremonies that began with the rising of the sun, and that were to last seven days without intermission, meant many different things to the participants.

To Amraphel, the high priest, the king, the despot, they renewed a soul jaded with adoration and power. Interpreting Hurki, he became the central disk of the day.

To a father and mother forced into a hateful honor the white day became the black day. It had already snatched from their kisses their first-born baby boy. The modern imagination refuses to dwell upon the ghastly fate of the child. To the great throng in the temple court this was the opportunity of the year to show loyalty to the religion of their forefathers, to worship, to gossip, and to trade.

Terakh's statue of Hurki had been placed upon a huge altar facing the throne of the king. Surmounting a pyramid beside the tall ziggurat, it rose to a height of twenty feet. It towered above the other altars that smoked

with the burnt-offerings of bullocks and rams slaughtered at daybreak. Priests flitted here and there within the sacred inclosure, performing their complex and mysterious duties. At dawn the multitude had taken its position, ranged by families and tribes. The most eminent occupied the places nearest to the altars and to the sacrifices. Even now they began to be impatient for the ceremony of the festivity. The chief actors in the occasion were only two, the highest in the land—Amraphel, the priest-king, and Iskah, the new high priestess.

In the vast multitude that gaped at the high altar a spectator from the top of the ziggurat might have noticed several groups of scowling men. They seemed to shun observation and to be disguised. These were priests from the rival temples of Nana and Nebo, dressed in the garb of the common people. The worship of Hurki had engulfed all other religions in Ur, as well as the state itself. When the king gave a palmful to Hurki, he gave a pinch to Nana, and a cold nod to Nebo. Hurki's priests were fat, but Nana's were lean, and Nebo was oppressed with debt. To raise a disturbance in the courts of Hurki at the supreme sacrifice of the year was dangerous business, but it might be interpreted as an ill omen, and divert Amraphel from his religion. One mad devotee had actually raised the falsetto cry, "Beautiful is Nana, the goddess of Ur," but he had barely escaped with his life. These priests, banded together in a desperate alliance, pretended to be zealous for the sacrifices, while in reality they were only waiting for a favorable opportunity to start a riot.

In due time the omens were declared propitious for the sacrifice. Hurki was not as bloodthirsty as Nergal, god of the fierce midsummer sun, but once a year the king himself must place in his stone arms the first-born of a noble family. The priestess lighted the consuming fire.

"Look," said a citizen, nudging another; "look at the house of Terakh. They occupy the nearest place. He is in high favor. Behold the height of Abu-ramu, his son. What wild-looking men his servants are! There must be five hundred of them or more. Their faces are as the sons of thunder. Even the king scowls upon them."

"I understand," interposed his neighbor, "that Amraphel is jealous of the wealth of the son of Terakh. They say he meditates a descent upon his flocks in the desert. There will be a pretty fight. Hush! Give me room to fall on my nose, for the cry is ready."

The chant of the priests of Hurki now swelled to a deafening shout. In the midst stood the king, stretching out his right arm, on



which a gold bracelet glittered. Upon his head a royal miter rose like a column to a commanding height. The hymn of praise clashed to a climax of triumph:

"Thou through heaven and earth extendest goodness, not remembering wrong!

"Thou! thy will who knowest? Who with aught can it compare?

"Lord! in heaven and earth thy lordship! Of the gods none equals thee!"

When the magnificent ode to Hurki came to this supreme end, stillness settled like an eclipse upon the thousands in the gate of the temple. With one accord the eyes of the multitude were raised to the statue of the god. In this oppressive silence the king mounted upon the steps of the stages that led to the summit of the altar. He cast a critical eye upon the fagots of precious wood heaped with frankincense that were to consume the poor babe, and a haughty look upon the expectant populace. As his gaze roved over the swaying multitude it was arrested by a strange sight. Beneath him and the altar, where an open space should have been left unimpeded, the tribe of Abu-ramu had advanced upon the priests. The shepherds had forced themselves inward almost to the sacred place itself. Fierce faces full of hate looked up to Amraphel. The king's practised eye discerned the outline of a bow here, of a javelin there, and of quivers hidden beneath the ceremonial robes. A priest who had been haughtily shoved aside by this rudeness was fiercely reciting an imprecation against the men of the desert. These sleek servants of Hurki, ready to smite an inhabitant of the city, did not dare to meet with force the roughness of vulgar shepherds.

The people at a distance could not notice the insult to the sacredness of Hurki; only a few priests and the king comprehended the enormity of the insolence.

There was no time now for punishment. The sacrifice must be offered on the ordained minute. The art of the diviner was inexorable.

"His trunk shall I cast to the dogs; of his man-servants will I make me slaves; his cattle will I eat. I hold them here in a net," Amraphel muttered to himself, as he frowned upon Abu-ramu. But the son of Terakh was not looking at the king. With a disdainful brow he was measuring the stone god.

And now a murmur arose among the multitude. Then suddenly, like the appearance of a white meteor overshadowing all stars in a moonless night, riveting attention, compelling admiration, inspiring awe, there was seen beside the stone god Hurki a dazzling figure. It was the high priestess, and how she came there no man knew. A magnificent miter arose from her head. This sacrificial ornament did not lend

dignity to her royal figure: it confirmed it. Her robe, elaborate with flowers, fell like a cascade of white foam to her feet. In her arms she bore a babe. She carried it with the pride of a queen who presents the heir to her subjects for the first time. Her presence distilled solemnity. The glory of a pure heart shone about her. Before her the king was a dwarf. Beside her Hurki squatted like a toad. What woman, what priestess, what goddess, was there in Shinar like unto Iskah, the daughter of Haran? Standing before the people, carrying the child, in an attitude of unearthly repose, she gave to Abu-ramu's imaginative mind the impression of eternal motherhood. But her eyes were as restless as a bride's upon the marriage-eve. The king turned to her. At the first sight of her supreme beauty he gave a low exclamation of surprise. This Abu-ramu heard, and his breath came hot; he forged close to the altar.

As the priestess, with grave obeisance, gave the doomed infant into the hands of the king, the child cried. This penetrating wail was answered by a groan from the crowd. But the herald drowned the father's despair as he made proclamation:

"Whosoever at the sound of cymbal doth not fall down upon his face and worship the moon-god Hurki, the god of gods, he shall be cast alive into the fiery furnace. Thus saith Amraphel, his high priest."

During the delivery of this time-worn proclamation Terakh had been casting uneasy glances at his son. Somehow he felt anxious about the outcome of the day. Whither might not fanaticism lead his impetuous and popular boy? Terakh had no real objection to a few heretical doubts as to the deity of Hurki, but he disapproved strongly of their expression. It was undiplomatic, nay, dangerous in the extreme. Open heresy might even involve his own home. Therefore, as a pillar of the state, as the maker of the god he worshiped, he watched Abu-ramu narrowly, with a growing sense of fear. In his heart of hearts the old image-maker had none too much of the national respect and adoration for Hurki; nevertheless, he was not ready to be burned alive. He turned from his dissenting son, and made dignified preparations to fall upon his face.

Now, as the king could not take his eyes from the beautiful priestess, he did not observe the effect of the herald's conventional announcement upon the men of the desert.

These suddenly assumed the desperate and consecrated air of those who court martyrdom. Some flung their cloaks aside, and grasped their weapons. Each glued his eyes upon their chief. It was remembered that many of the household of Terakh joined in this unique demonstration.



As the last word of the crier died upon the stagnant air the multitude fell with a groan upon their knees, and hid their faces in the dust. Priests, soldiers, commoners, joined greedily in the abasement. At this supreme moment, with a bound Abu-ramu cleared the space between himself and the altar. He leaped from stage to stage, and with marvelous power and dexterity he flung himself at and swung himself upon the altar beside Iskah. In his right hand he brandished a bronze mallet. It was the hammer with which Terakh had fashioned the stone god. The priestess did not curse the sacrilegist; she did not move; but a smile of welcome as evanescent as a northern light upon a southern sky passed over her lips. Then, with an exultant cry, the men of Abu-ramu swept like a sand-storm into the sacred circle, and inclosed the altar behind and in front.

As yet the worshipers did not know the extent of the awful sacrilege. But it happened that one looked, and then another, and before the breath grows cold, the mad multitude arose. They stood stupefied. A few cried, and execrated the profaners. But some looked on warily and silently. Many pressed forward; others turned to flee. Terakh, his household, and his slaves, with the tribal instinct, formed ranks to await the onset. They had seen the making of many gods, and were pious only as far as the law required.

"Men of Ur! Inhabitants of Shinar!" — Abu-ramu raised his voice like a hurricane, and dominated the vast temple court — "a God whose breath is mightier than the gods of Ur hath commanded me. Behold, I smite." With that incisive word he grasped the mallet in both hands, poised it on high, and then brought it with a crash upon the head of Hurki. Even where the mighty god sat, there he crumbled into dust.

The populace uttered a great cry. They grew into the ground with terror. Weak women fainted. Strong men became cold. Priests dropped to their faces, and, gasping, awaited the vengeance of the outraged god. But the zealous priests of Nana and of Nebo signaled to one another with exultant looks, and locked their fingers on weapons concealed under their garments. With this blow against the superstition and the magic of the Akkadian priesthood perpetrated under the yoke of a ravaging despotism, in the heart of the mightiest temple of the mightiest city of the Chaldeans, under the beard of the king himself, surrounded by walls and guards and priests and power, Abu-ramu towered above the wrath of gods and men.

Then, in the face of Ur, the son of Terakh committed his last and final enormity. A step brought him to the side of Iskah. Ignoring

Amraphel, and casting a contemptuous glance upon the shattered god, he clasped her consecrated waist, and whispered in her ear:

"Is not my God mightier than this Hurki? Maiden, follow me!"

For answer she thrust from her head the miter of priestesshood; with a beautiful gesture she crossed her arms upon her breast, and bowed before him. Still her face sought his as if they were alone. Unutterable love leaped from each to each. Knowing that they were to die, she accepted his doom; he received her sacrifice.

For an instant the two stood out before the world upon the desolate altar, as clean-cut as figures upon a signet. Then Amraphel the despot discovered his power. With a voice that carried its speaker's jealousy and terror and hatred and revenge, as the wind drives the rain, he cried out:

"Priests of Hurki! Soldiers of Shinar! Away with them to the consuming furnace! Smite the house of Terakh! Consume the tribe of Abu-ramu! Even where they stand, smite ye them!" With that, forgetting the sacrifice in his arms, he dropped the babe, and stretched out his hand to arrest the son of Terakh.

Iskah swooped down upon the infant which fell lightly upon the scented fagots. She seized it to her bosom, and unconsciously scattered the wood and heaping frankincense over the edge of the altar. Then she cast upon her lover the solemn and significant smile of one who believed herself to have dispersed the last remnant of an enslaving superstition. It was the first smile of a free soul.

"Stay me not, Amraphel, for my God leadeth me!" Abu-ramu shook off the king's hand. Then with bow and quiver upon his shoulder, with the hammer in his hand, he gathered Iskah in his arms, and with her the babe, gift of Hurki, and leaped from the edge of the altar, past the steps of ascent, over the heads of many of his own tribe, to the pavement below. Not for centuries, until the final destruction of Ur, did the legend of that leap cease to make the blood of strong men start. It was afterward whispered that the strange God whom he served upheld his feet that they were not dashed to certain death.

Then suddenly, at that moment, as if tortured to the deed, a priest of Nana plunged his knife into the back of a worshiper of Hurki. It was the madness for sublime suicide which sometimes seizes a fanatic. A servant of Nebo caught the fury, and courted the same fate for the sake of his neglected god. But the near multitude, horrified and cowed by Abu-ramu's deed, fled like sheep before the murderous priests. Farther away men caught the groans, and looked upon one another with suspicion. Then a swift

delirium seized upon them. The familiar smell of human blood expanded over the air, and intoxicated the devotees, who now became wild beasts. A frenzy, not uncommon in that wild age, possessed the people. They fell into indiscriminate massacre. Soldiers attacked priests, and priests turned upon the unarmed populace. The fury of an unknown god caused the parent to kill his son, and the son to spring upon the throat of his father.

All the while Nana and Nebo, seated upon their distant thrones of diorite, stared straight before them—and saw nothing.

Many centuries later all the Jewish families in Egypt did a strange thing. Supernaturally guarded amid the wild terrors that were stalking through the land, they sprinkled blood upon the door-posts. By this mysterious means their first-born are said to have escaped the destroyer. By a like power, inexplicable, irresistible, the house of Terakh and the followers of Abu-ramu evaded the madness that smote the children of Ur. What led them unscathed through the midst of frightful confusion? It was as if they were protected by an invisible cloud. Only Amraphel glared at them from his lonely altar. At his incoherent shouts his people set upon one another the more savagely.

"My son, thou hast undone me!" cried Terakh, as the tide of fate swept them in one channel.

"My father, my God will protect thee. Follow thou him." So answered Abu-ramu, shortly and sternly.

"His will be done. I suppose I must." The old man said this with a wry face, thinking little of the danger to his life, but much of the loss of his art.

Antelai, his wife, struggling behind the old man, shed no tears. She obeyed her husband, but she adored her favorite son. Haran, the father of Iskah, and Nakhor, his brother, drawn into the retinue by tribal gravitation, marched with sullen faces. They did not share Abu-ramu's heresy, and it takes time for a superior man to compel the admiration of his kinsmen.

Like a torrent within a seething whirlpool the men of the desert advanced. They did not know much about this new God of Abu-ramu's. Their views of any assistance they were likely to receive from him were most uncertain. Thunderstruck at the sudden carnage about them, they awaited the expected assault. In a solid phalanx, frowning, resolute, unwavering, they divided the storm that waged about them.

"Father, we protect the princess!" shouted the warriors to their chief. "These citizens are as ants to our feet. This day shall we make thee king!"

For answer Abu-ramu pointed to the altar already in the distance. Upon it Amraphel still stood raving at his subjects. He dared not trust himself in the court lest his perverted people slaughter him in their blind wrath. The nation would easily accept a revolution, this Abu-ramu well knew; but the desecration of the god of the land, that could be atoned only by blood.

"To the house of Terakh—and then to the desert!" he commanded.

But thereupon, as if stung by a sudden impulse of revenge, Abu-ramu stood, and stretched his bow, and aimed an arrow at the monarch. Had his heart failed?—for his bow rested. Again the chief of shepherds stretched the arch, and for the second time a voice within bade him take the life of no man. Now for the third time he set his teeth, and raised his bow, and with an arm that knew not its own might drew the arrow to its head. The men of the desert and of the household of Terakh held their breaths to see Amraphel pierced. What a sight! What an opportunity! Even the king, by that horrible attraction which science ignores, stopped his execration, and, leaning forward, with hands apart, with body bent, with mouth open, and with eyes staring in terror, incapable of motion, awaited his death. A swift triumph lighted the features of Abu. After all, he felt that it was manlier to smite the king than the helpless god. Just as his forefinger was dropping the bowstring, Iskah raised the babe on high until its body touched the sharp, bronze of the arrow.

In a country where life was a play, and in an age when murder was as common as a feast, Iskah uttered a phrase, memorable because of its originality, and which became a watchword of the new religion:

"Abu-ramu, thou shalt not kill!" The priestess spoke. The lover obeyed. Overwhelmed by the revulsion of his escape, Amraphel, speechless, dropped upon the fragments of his god.

Thus the men, a thousand in number, of the united houses of Terakh and Abu-ramu swept unharmed past the murdering populace, the butchering priests, the red-handed guards, the venerable temple gate—desecrated for the first time, and leaving their old religion forever behind, outcasts from Hurki and Ur, into the silent street and down it they marched silently until they reached the mansion of Terakh.

Strange though it be to relate, the servants of Terakh and of his son killed none in that onset. The followers of a new God did not usher in their new religion by the death of even one man. But the votaries of Hurki, struggling under a nameless delirium, slaugh-



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE LEAP.

tered one another until exhaustion and night ended the unparalleled carnage.

Now, in the midst of this scene, Iskah felt a touch upon her garment,—a motion like the sleight of a sorcerer, and no more,—and when she looked, behold, the babe was gone from her arms.

A wild-eyed man was winding his way out of the retinue adroitly, like a sacred snake, and if any observed him, no man withstood him. A woman's cry of ecstasy from beyond, in the street, reached up to Iskah; for her ears and her heart were fine. "That poor mother hath found her babe," she said to Antelai. She did not mention the matter to Abu-ramu. He had forgotten about the child.

In the early starlight a great caravan wound its unmolested flight from out the gate of Terakh, past the unguarded fortifications of Ur, into the gray sands.

"Blessed be the One God! He leadeth. I follow. Dost thou love me?" Thus whispered the chief; for he was but a lover, and the maiden clung to his bosom.

"As thou livest, let me live: when thou diest, I will die." So said Iskah, gently.

THE grand vizier and the general of the right aroused the king from his stupor.

"Arise, O king, and pursue them, and kill them, for their power is small, and their booty is great. Even Hurki, the shining one, commands it."

"Let them go," answered the king, slowly. "I have seen a god greater than Hurki. He hath protected them. Pursue not, and let them go."

FAR into the night, with the apprehensive look of flight, the caravan hurried on until the dawn. Seated upon one camel, Iskah and Abu-ramu mutely communed with the future. With welded hands, with a touch that told their hidden thoughts, the prince and the princess passed their first night together as in a sacred dream.

"Thy God shall be my God," whispered the Chaldean bride. "Thou mightier than Hurki, thou hast snatched me as a panther doth his prey—O my lord!" Her voice thrilled with the pride that the weak feel in the strong.

"This day hath my God done mighty things in Ur. Whither he leadeth me, I know not. But this I know—I will obey him, and love thee, until my death."

"Hush!" said Iskah, her eyes roving over the horde. "For behold, Terakh approacheth."

They had been riding alone behind the tents and household goods. As the old man approached them a close observer would have noticed that his venerable face was much

changed. A contest had passed over him that had left deep marks. Forced by fate into heresy which his courage never would have led him to champion, but of which he approved in the innermost vaults of his heart, his features had now that cast of decision which was needed to make his countenance strong.

A God whom he had seen to be mightier than the god he had made had taken him by the hand, and Terakh was astonished that he had offered his palm in return. But Terakh was an old man, and he was weak with much emotion.

"Now thou art the 'exalted father' of the people," said the aged man, bending humbly before his son. "Thy men inquire whether they shall offer sacrifice to Shamash or to Hurki."

"Tell them," said Abu-ramu without hesitation, in a tone of authority, "that they offer neither to the sun, nor to the moon, nor the stars, nor to any graven images, but let them consume a sin offering to the One God."

"His name?" inquired Terakh, politely.

"He is called Ilu Shaddai, the God Almighty." Abu-ramu crossed his arms, and bent his head as he spoke. Awe covered his face like a mantle. Reverence settled upon it like a mist.

Moved as he had never been before, the old maker of gods, who knew his own images only too well, bowed and departed. "Verily," he thought, "my son loveth in might, he believeth in wisdom, he speaketh in mystery."

"Iskah! Beloved!" Abu-ramu's voice sounded as if it spoke from a soul far away. "I know not the new God yet. But I shall know him as the son knoweth the father. But this I know, that my soul cleaveth to thee with a love vaster than the heavens above, deeper than the earth beneath, and broader than the waters over the earth."

Iskah's glance rested for a moment upon her lover's eyes, and then quickly passed to the jeweled sky with a modest motion rare in that age to her sex and nation. She felt Abu's arm encircling her with an imperious insistence. It was as if he had forged around her neck the collar of a sweet servitude.

"Stranger than the power that brought us alive out of the ziggurat of Hurki, and out of the city of Ur, is thy great love for me, O Iskah," he murmured.

"Teach thou me the new God. I will worship him. I find him very sweet." So said Iskah in a tired voice. Her head dropped upon his arm. She dreamed of a home with him. But his eyes sought the dark west. He was one of those who unite love and ambition into one emotion; he dreamed of founding a new nation by the help of a new God.

The dawn broke. Lifting up her hand to



ABU-RAMU AND ISKAH.



his lips, his eyes drew near and feasted upon her exquisite countenance. Her expression changed; as it did in the garden, from the priestess' to the woman's look, so now, with a sudden illumination, the woman's expression became that of the wife. Abu-ramu followed this beautiful transformation in rapture.

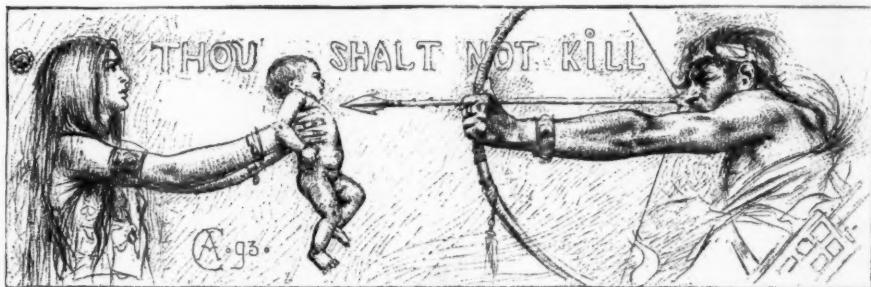
"My God," he cried out, "thou killest me with thy goodness!" Then he drew his wife toward him, and hid her in the folds of his mantle that his people might not see the meeting of their lips.

A book older than time, for it has proceeded

out of the mouth of God, has told of the wanderings of these seekers after the true Ilu through Kharran, through Egypt, until they found rest in the land of the Canaanites. For in that book, Abu-ramu, the son of Terakh, the inhabitant of Ur, a prince of the Casidu, is known as Abraham, the father of the Jews; and Iskah his wife is called Sarai, the princess. And from their heresy, their courage, and their love

. . . Sprang the race  
That with Jehovah parleyed face to face.

Herbert D. Ward.



## TWO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

### I. THE RAMAGE MINIATURE.

**P**RESENTED herewith is an engraving of the original portrait of General Washington painted from life by John Ramage for Mrs. Washington.

The following entry appears in Washington's diary under date of October 3, 1789. "Sat for Mr. Ramage near two hours to-day, who was drawing a miniature picture of me for Mrs. Washington." Until a comparatively recent date very little was known of Ramage, and that mainly through Dunlap, a contemporary. He was supposed to have died soon after painting this miniature. The following extract from a letter of the artist's grandson, Mr. Theron A. Ramage (now living), addressed to the writer, and dated March 31, 1892, shows that Ramage was living a good many years afterward, though the exact date of his death does not seem to be known:

He came from Dublin, Ireland, to Boston, and married a lady by the name of Liddell. He moved to New York, and lived at 25 William St., in a two-story brick building. [This is the place where Washington sat two hours for this picture.] His first wife having died, he married Catherine Col-

lins, daughter of John Collins, merchant, and had two sons, George C. Ramage and Thomas A. Ramage, my father, who was born in New York, Feb. 2, 1793, and died seventeen years ago. He has often told me that his father was a celebrated miniature-painter of his day, and had taken Washington's picture. . . .

John Ramage lived in New York until 1794, when, having indorsed for friends, he went to Canada. At that time they would imprison you for such kind acts. I have his letters, telling how he went by post from town to town, and finally arrived in Canada. He did not like the people, they were so averse to the Americans. Being a proud-spirited man, he was soon arrested for uttering language favorable to the Americans. In a letter he says: "I was arrested and taken before the provost-marshal, and charges were read to me that I had used language favorable to the American people. I told them I had, and reiterated it then and there. I was put under guard thirty days." He also says: "It would have been better for me had I remained in New York and went to the gaol; for then I could at least see my friends, as it was no fault of mine that in serving my friends they had not met their obligations; and I was their victim by my kindness." I have several miniatures and other beautiful work executed by him, and one that was obtained a short

time ago, having been out of the family over fifty years. John Ramage lived in Canada, and I supposed died in 1802. Of this I am not sure.

Washington is here represented in the full uniform of a general. The figure, in its blue coat with buff facings and epaulets, stands out clearly from a background of blue and green curiously blended. About the neck is a high white stock, from which the lace falls gracefully into the partly unbuttoned waistcoat. From the left lapel hangs the blue ribbon of the So-

original seal from which this monogram was copied was lost on Braddock's field, and was there found by Daniel Boone Logan in 1842.<sup>1</sup> At one time the writer was led to suppose the hair to be that of Martha Washington instead of the General's, from the fact that the secretary of a noted antiquarian claims to have seen a letter of Washington's dated October 14, 1789 (eleven days after the entry in the diary quoted above), in which he mentions the miniature, and says, "My dear lady's hair is to be placed in the back of the locket." I had no reason to doubt the



ORIGINAL MINIATURE ON IVORY, PAINTED BY JOHN RAMAGE IN OCTOBER, 1789. OWNED BY H. S. STABLER, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

ciety of the Cincinnati, of which order he was president.

The strength of the work, however, lies in the features. Here is the portrait of the man—not "the Father of his Country." Nothing approaching idealism can be discovered. The lines, especially about the lower part of the face, show great delicacy and power. The mouth lacks the disfiguring effect of the false teeth, as seen in the best-known portrait, and both mouth and chin express force and determination rather than placid dignity. The nose is strongly aquiline. The flesh-tints are perfect, and as soft as though painted yesterday. The eyes are dark blue. The setting, in the shape of a locket, is a charming specimen of the jeweler's art, made of old Guinea gold, richly chased and ornamented. In the back of the case is General Washington's hair, and upon it rests a facsimile of his monogram, now somewhat broken. The

truth of this until I was informed by the best authorities that Washington never, even when writing to members of his family, spoke of his wife other than as "Mrs. Washington." In all his writings no other term is used. There is no reason why her hair should have been placed there, unless perhaps they both wished to be represented. The most careful search has failed to bring to light the letter mentioned. The authorities are positive in asserting that the extract has been garbled. Glued to the ivory, for the purpose of stiffening it, is an old-fashioned playing-card, perhaps the seven or nine of hearts. Ramage's grandson says that the artist's desk contains similar playing-cards. All the examples of Ramage's work in possession of the grandson show the same unmistakable skill in detail, color, and workmanship.

<sup>1</sup> See "George Washington and Mount Vernon," published by the Long Island Historical Society, 1889.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DONE IN FINE BLACK SILK EMBROIDERY ON A WHITE SILK GROUND, BY ROWLINDA, DAUGHTER  
OF JAMES SHARPLESS, THE ENGLISH ARTIST. OWNED BY MRS. ELIZABETH  
BRAXTON TOMLIN, OF VIRGINIA.

The history of the miniature, as the writer's mother knew it, is as follows:

From Betty Washington, afterward Betty Lewis, it came to her daughter Betty, who married Charles Carter; thence to her daughter Otwayana Carter, who was the second wife of Dr. William Owen of Lynchburg, Virginia. She was without issue, and adopted a niece of her husband, Mrs. Thomas S. Stabler, from whom the writer and his two brothers, Owen and Robinson, inherit it. For many years the portrait was in the possession of Mrs. Stabler, having been given to her when a girl. It was owned by

Otwayana Carter many years prior to that. It has been suggested by a student of the history of Washington portraiture that as Betty Washington died before the General or his wife, it could not have come from her. The seemingly small value attached to contemporary documents relating to such things is surprising. They are, however, of minor importance, since the identity of the portrait has been fully established. There are, at most, only five links, inclusive, between the present owners and the one for whom it was originally executed.

*H. S. Stabler.*

## II. MISS SHARPLESS'S NEEDLE-WORK PORTRAIT.



HE portrait of General Washington by Miss Sharpless, printed on page 546, was presented to Mrs. Mary Grymes Braxton, wife of Colonel Carter Braxton, grandson of Carter Braxton, the signer, by Felix Sharpless, son of James Sharpless, while he was residing with the Grymes Braxton family at their noted colonial residence, Brandon, on the Rappahannock River, Virginia. This picture is the inheritance of Mrs. Elizabeth Braxton Tomlin of Virginia (daughter of Mrs. Carter Braxton), by whose courtesy *THE CENTURY* has made the first and only copy.

James Sharpless came to Virginia between 1794 and 1798 (the date is in doubt), and visited Mount Vernon, where he painted in

pastel two portraits of Washington, and one of Mrs. Washington, from life. He returned to England, and in 1809 came back with his family, and visited among the colonial homes, painting portraits. They were a family of artists. Mrs. Sharpless took portraits in pastel, as did her sons James and Felix, while her daughter Rowland occasionally made copies of her father's portraits with a fine needle, in black silk embroidery upon a white silk canvas, giving the effect of an etching. After the death of James Sharpless in New York, February 26, 1811, the family was broken up, and years afterward his son Felix, visiting Virginia, found a temporary home at Brandon. He remained there for a year, taking portraits in pastel of many members of the family and of other prominent people.

*Ella Bassett Washington.*

## A FRIEND.

MY Father, it has pleased thy love profound  
 (And since I know it for thy sovereign will,  
 I bid the heart that cries aloud be still)  
 To keep my days with narrow walls hedged round,  
 My fretting soul in such close fetters bound,  
 It bleeds beneath them. Thou hast made me fill  
 My cup with but such draught as I distil  
 From my own griefs, and find their memory drowned  
 In that poor Lethe. So, when I shall see  
 The dark-winged angel, he will seem to me  
 A friend who, smiling, thus might come to one  
 Imprisoned, take him gently by the hand,  
 And lead him out to some wide, beauteous land,  
 Where springs of life immortal seek the sun.

*Stuart Sterne.*



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

“ ‘ DOES YOU B’LIEVE ME WHEN I SAYS DAT? ’ ”



## PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

A TALE BY MARK TWAIN.

WHY is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral? It is because we are not the person involved.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

It is easy to find fault, if one has that disposition. There was once a man who, not being able to find any other fault with his coal, complained that there were too many prehistoric toads in it.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

## CHAPTER IX.



TOM flung himself on the sofa, and put his throbbing head in his hands, and rested his elbows on his knees. He rocked himself back and forth and moaned.

"I 've knelt to a nigger-wench!" he muttered. "I thought I had struck the deepest depths of degradation before, but oh, dear, it was nothing to this. . . . Well, there is one consolation, such as it is—I 've struck bottom this time; there 's nothing lower."

But that was a hasty conclusion.

At ten that night he climbed the ladder in the haunted house, pale, weak, and wretched. Roxy was standing in the door of one of the rooms, waiting, for she had heard him.

This was a two-story log house which had acquired the reputation a few years before of being haunted, and that was the end of its usefulness. Nobody would live in it afterward, or go near it by night, and most people even gave it a wide berth in the daytime. As it had no competition, it was called *the* haunted house. It was getting crazy and ruinous, now, from long neglect. It stood three hundred yards beyond Pudd'nhead Wilson's house, with nothing between but vacancy. It was the last house in the town at that end.

Tom followed Roxy into the room. She had a pile of clean straw in the corner for a bed, some cheap but well-kept clothing was hanging on the wall, there was a tin lantern freckling the floor with little spots of light, and there were various soap- and candle-boxes scattered about, which served for chairs. The two sat down. Roxy said—

"Now den, I 'll tell you straight off, en I 'll begin to k'leck de money later on; I ain't in no hurry. What does you reckon I 's gwine to tell you?"

"Well, you—you—oh, Roxy, don't make it too hard for me! Come right out and tell me you 've found out somehow what a shape I 'm in on account of dissipation and foolishness."

"Disposition en foolishness! *No* sir, dat

ain't it. Dat jist ain't nothin' at all, 'longside o' what *I* knows."

Tom stared at her, and said—

"Why, Roxy, what do you mean?"

She rose, and gloomed above him like a Fate.

"I means dis—en it 's de Lord's truth. You ain't no more kin to ole Marse Driscoll den I is!—*dat* 's what I means!" and her eyes flamed with triumph.

"What!"

"Yassir, en *dat* ain't all! You 's a *nigger*!—*bawn* a nigger en a *slave*!—en you 's a nigger en a slave dis minute; en if I opens my mouf ole Marse Driscoll 'll sell you down de river befo' you is two days older den what you is now!"

"It 's a thundering lie, you miserable old blatherskite!"

"It ain't no lie, nuther. It 's jes de truth, en nothin' *but* de truth, so he'p me. Yassir—you 's my *son*—"

"You devil!"

"En dat po' boy dat you 's be'n a-kickin' en a-cuffin' to-day is Percy Driscoll's son en yo' *marster*—"

"You beast!"

"En *his* name 's Tom Driscoll, en yo' name 's Valet de Chambers, en you ain't *got* no fambly name, beca'se niggers don't *have* 'em!"

Tom sprang up and seized a billet of wood and raised it; but his mother only laughed at him, and said—

"Set down, you pup! Does you think you kin skyer me? It ain't in you, nor de likes of you. I reckon you 'd shoot me in de back, maybe, if you got a chance, for dat 's jist yo' style—I knows you, tho' en tho'—but I don't mind gitt'n' killed, beca'se all dis is down in writin', en it 's in safe hands, too, en de man dat 's got it knows whah to look for de right man when I gits killed. Oh, bless yo' soul, if you puts yo' mother up for as big a fool as *you* is, you 's pow'ful mistaken, I kin tell you! Now den, you set still en behave yo'self; en don't you git up ag'in till I tell you!"

Tom fretted and chafed awhile in a whirlwind of disorganizing sensations and emotions,

and finally said, with something like settled conviction —

"The whole thing is moonshine; now then, go ahead and do your worst; I 'm done with you."

Roxy made no answer. She took the lantern and started toward the door. Tom was in a cold panic in a moment.

"Come back, come back!" he wailed. "I did n't mean it, Roxy; I take it all back, and I 'll never say it again! Please come back, Roxy!"

The woman stood a moment, then she said gravely:

"Dah's one thing you's got to stop, Valet de Chambers. You can't call me *Roxy*, same as if you was my equal. Chillen don't speak to dey mammies like dat. You 'll call me ma or mammy, dat's what you 'll call me—leastways when dey ain't nobody aroun'. Say it!"

It cost Tom a struggle, but he got it out.

"Dat's all right. Don't you ever forgit it ag'in, if you knows what's good for you. Now den, you has said you would n't ever call it lies en moonshine ag'in. I 'll tell you dis, for a warnin': if you ever does say it ag'in, it 's de *las'* time you 'll ever say it to me; I 'll tramp as straight to de Judge as I kin walk, en tell him who you is, en *prove* it. Does you b'lieve me when I says dat?"

"Oh," groaned Tom, "I more than believe it; I *know* it."

Roxy knew her conquest was complete. She could have proved nothing to anybody, and her threat about the writings was a lie; but she knew the person she was dealing with, and had made both statements without any doubt as to the effect they would produce.

She went and sat down on her candle-box, and the pride and pomp of her victorious attitude made it a throne. She said —

"Now den, Chambers, we's gwine to talk business, en dey ain't gwine to be no mo' foolishness. In de fust place, you gits fifty dollahs a month; you's gwine to han' over half of it to yo' ma. Plank it out!"

But Tom had only six dollars in the world. He gave her that, and promised to start fair on next month's pension.

"Chambers, how much is you in debt?"

Tom shuddered, and said —

"Nearly three hundred dollars."

"How is you gwine to pay it?"

Tom groaned out —

"Oh, I don't know; don't ask me such awful questions."

But she stuck to her point until she wearied a confession out of him: he had been prowling about in disguise, stealing small valuables from private houses; in fact, had made a good deal of a raid on his fellow-villagers a fortnight

before, when he was supposed to be in St. Louis; but he doubted if he had sent away enough stuff to realize the required amount, and was afraid to make a further venture in the present excited state of the town. His mother approved of his conduct, and offered to help, but this frightened him. He tremblingly ventured to say that if she would retire from the town he should feel better and safer, and could hold his head higher — and was going on to make an argument, but she interrupted and surprised him pleasantly by saying she was ready; it did n't make any difference to her where she stayed, so that she got her share of the pension regularly. She said she would not go far, and would call at the haunted house once a month for her money. Then she said —

"I don't hate you so much now, but I 've hated you a many a year — and anybody would. Did n't I change you off, en give you a good fambly en a good name, en made you a white gen'llman en rich, wid store clothes on — en what did I git for it? You despised me all de time, en was al'ays sayin' mean hard things to me befo' folks, en would n't ever let me forgit I 's a nigger — en — en —"

She fell to sobbing, and broke down. Tom said —

"But you know I did n't know you were my mother; and besides —"

"Well, nemmine 'bout dat, now; let it go. I's gwine to fo'git it." Then she added fiercely, "En don't you ever make me remember it ag'in, or you 'll be sorry, I tell you."

When they were parting, Tom said, in the most persuasive way he could command —

"Ma, would you mind telling me who was my father?"

He had supposed he was asking an embarrassing question. He was mistaken. Roxy drew herself up with a proud toss of her head, and said —

"Does I mine tellin' you? No, dat I don't! You ain't got no 'casion to be shame' o' yo' father, I kin tell you. He wuz de highest quality in dis whole town — ole Virginny stock. Fust famblies, he wuz. Jes as good stock as de Driscolls en de Howards, de bes' day dey ever seed." She put on a little prouder air, if possible, and added impressively: "Does you 'member Cunnel Cecil Burleigh Essex, dat died de same year yo' young Marse Tom Driscoll's pappy died, en all de Masons en Odd Fellers en Churches turned out en give him de big-ges' funeral dis town ever seed? Dat 's de man."

Under the inspiration of her soaring complacency the departed graces of her earlier days returned to her, and her bearing took to itself a dignity and state that might have passed for

queenly if her surroundings had been a little more in keeping with it.

"Dey ain't another nigger in dis town dat's as high-bawn as you is. Now den, go 'long! En jes you hold yo' head up as high as you want to—you has de right, en dat I kin swah."

## CHAPTER X.

ALL say, "How hard it is that we have to die"—a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have had to live.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

WHEN angry, count four; when very angry, swear.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

EVERY now and then, after Tom went to bed, he had sudden wakings out of his sleep, and his first thought was, "Oh, joy, it was all a dream!" Then he laid himself heavily down again, with a groan and the muttered words, "A nigger! I am a nigger! Oh, I wish I was dead!"

He woke at dawn with one more repetition of this horror, and then he resolved to meddle no more with that treacherous sleep. He began to think. Sufficiently bitter thinkings they were. They wandered along something after this fashion:

"Why were niggers and whites made? What crime did the uncreated first nigger commit that the curse of birth was decreed for him? And why is this awful difference made between white and black? . . . How hard the nigger's fate seems, this morning!—yet until last night such a thought never entered my head."

He sighed and groaned an hour or more away. Then "Chambers" came humbly in to say that breakfast was nearly ready. "Tom" blushed scarlet to see this aristocratic white youth cringe to him, a nigger, and call him "Young Marster." He said roughly—

"Get out of my sight!" and when the youth was gone, he muttered, "He has done me no harm, poor wretch, but he is an eyesore to me now, for he is Driscoll the young gentleman, and I am a—oh, I wish I was dead!"

A gigantic irruption, like that of Krakatoa a few years ago, with the accompanying earthquakes, tidal waves, and clouds of volcanic dust, changes the face of the surrounding landscape beyond recognition, bringing down the high lands, elevating the low, making fair lakes where deserts had been, and deserts where green prairies had smiled before. The tremendous catastrophe which had befallen Tom had changed his moral landscape in much the same way. Some of his low places he found lifted to ideals, some of his ideals had sunk to the valleys, and lay there with the sackcloth and ashes of pumice-stone and sulphur on their ruined heads.

For days he wandered in lonely places, thinking, thinking, thinking—trying to get his bearings. It was new work. If he met a friend, he found that the habit of a lifetime had in some mysterious way vanished—his arm hung limp, instead of involuntarily extending the hand for a shake. It was the "nigger" in him asserting its humility, and he blushed and was abashed. And the "nigger" in him was surprised when the white friend put out his hand for a shake with him. He found the "nigger" in him involuntarily giving the road, on the sidewalk, to the white rowdy and loafer. When Rowena, the dearest thing his heart knew, the idol of his secret worship, invited him in, the "nigger" in him made an embarrassed excuse and was afraid to enter and sit with the dread white folks on equal terms. The "nigger" in him went shrinking and skulking here and there and yonder, and fancying it saw suspicion and maybe detection in all faces, tones, and gestures. So strange and uncharacteristic was Tom's conduct that people noticed it, and turned to look after him when he passed on; and when he glanced back—as he could not help doing, in spite of his best resistance—and caught that puzzled expression in a person's face, it gave him a sick feeling, and he took himself out of view as quickly as he could. He presently came to have a hunted sense and a hunted look, and then he fled away to the hill-tops and the solitudes. He said to himself that the curse of Ham was upon him.

He dreaded his meals; the "nigger" in him was ashamed to sit at the white folks' table, and feared discovery all the time; and once when Judge Driscoll said, "What's the matter with you? You look as meek as a nigger," he felt as secret murderers are said to feel when the accuser says, "Thou art the man!" Tom said he was not well, and left the table.

His ostensible "aunt's" solicitudes and endearments were become a terror to him, and he avoided them.

And all the time, hatred of his ostensible "uncle" was steadily growing in his heart; for he said to himself, "He is white; and I am his chattel, his property, his goods, and he can sell me, just as he could his dog."

For as much as a week after this, Tom imagined that his character had undergone a pretty radical change. But that was because he did not know himself.

In several ways his opinions were totally changed, and would never go back to what they were before, but the main structure of his character was not changed, and could not be changed. One or two very important features of it were altered, and in time effects would result from this, if opportunity offered—effects of a quite serious nature, too. Under the influence

of a great mental and moral upheaval his character and habits had taken on the appearance of complete change, but after a while with the subsidence of the storm both began to settle toward their former places. He dropped gradually back into his old frivolous and easy-going ways and conditions of feeling and manner of speech, and no familiar of his could have detected anything in him that differentiated him from the weak and careless Tom of other days.

The theft-raid which he had made upon the village turned out better than he had ventured to hope. It produced the sum necessary to pay his gaming-debts, and saved him from exposure to his uncle and another smashing of the will. He and his mother learned to like each other fairly well. She could n't love him, as yet, because there "war n't nothing to him," as she expressed it, but her nature needed something or somebody to rule over, and he was better than nothing. Her strong character and aggressive and commanding ways compelled Tom's admiration in spite of the fact that he got more illustrations of them than he needed for his comfort. However, as a rule her conversation was made up of racy tattle about the privacies of the chief families of the town (for she went harvesting among their kitchens every time she came to the village), and Tom enjoyed this. It was just in his line. She always collected her half of his pension punctually, and he was always at the haunted house to have a chat with her on these occasions. Every now and then she paid him a visit there on between-days also.

Occasionally he would run up to St. Louis for a few weeks, and at last temptation caught him again. He won a lot of money, but lost it, and with it a deal more besides, which he promised to raise as soon as possible.

For this purpose he projected a new raid on his town. He never meddled with any other town, for he was afraid to venture into houses whose ins and outs he did not know and the habits of whose households he was not acquainted with. He arrived at the haunted house in disguise on the Wednesday before the advent of the twins — after writing his aunt Pratt that he would not arrive until two days after — and lay in hiding there with his mother until toward daylight Friday morning, when he went to his uncle's house and entered by the back way with his own key, and slipped up to his room, where he could have the use of mirror and toilet articles. He had a suit of girl's clothes with him in a bundle as a disguise for his raid, and was wearing a suit of his mother's clothing, with black gloves and veil. By dawn he was tricked out for his raid, but he caught a glimpse of Pudd'nhead Wilson through the window over the way, and

knew that Pudd'nhead had caught a glimpse of him. So he entertained Wilson with some airs and graces and attitudes for a while, then stepped out of sight and resumed the other disguise, and by and by went down and out the back way and started down town to reconnoiter the scene of his intended labors.

But he was ill at ease. He had changed back to Roxy's dress, with the stoop of age added to the disguise, so that Wilson would not bother himself about a humble old woman leaving a neighbor's house by the back way in the early morning, in case he was still spying. But supposing Wilson had seen him leave, and had thought it suspicious, and had also followed him? The thought made Tom cold. He gave up the raid for the day, and hurried back to the haunted house by the obscurest route he knew. His mother was gone; but she came back, by and by, with the news of the grand reception at Patsy Cooper's, and soon persuaded him that the opportunity was like a special providence, it was so inviting and perfect. So he went raiding, after all, and made a nice success of it while everybody was gone to Patsy Cooper's. Success gave him nerve and even actual intrepidity; insomuch, indeed, that after he had conveyed his harvest to his mother in a back alley, he went to the reception himself, and added several of the valuables of that house to his takings.

AFTER this long digression we have now arrived once more at the point where Pudd'nhead Wilson, while waiting for the arrival of the twins on that same Friday evening, sat puzzling over the strange apparition of that morning — a girl in young Tom Driscoll's bedroom; fretting, and guessing, and puzzling over it, and wondering who the shameless creature might be.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THERE are three infallible ways of pleasing an author, and the three form a rising scale of compliment: 1, to tell him you have read one of his books; 2, to tell him you have read all of his books; 3, to ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. No. 1 admits you to his respect; No. 2 admits you to his admiration; No. 3 carries you clear into his heart. — *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

As to the Adjective: when in doubt, strike it out. — *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THE twins arrived presently, and talk began. It flowed along chattily and sociably, and under its influence the new friendship gathered ease and strength. Wilson got out his Calendar, by request, and read a passage



or two from it, which the twins praised quite cordially. This pleased the author so much that he complied gladly when they asked him to lend them a batch of the work to read at home. In the course of their wide travels they had found out that there are three sure ways of pleasing an author; they were now working the best of the three.

There was an interruption, now. Young Tom Driscoll appeared, and joined the party. He pretended to be seeing the distinguished strangers for the first time when they rose to shake hands; but this was only a blind, as he had already had a glimpse of them at the reception, while robbing the house. The twins made mental note that he was smooth-faced and rather handsome, and smooth and undulatory in his movements—graceful, in fact. Angelo thought he had a good eye; Luigi thought there was something veiled and sly about it. Angelo thought he had a pleasant free-and-easy way of talking; Luigi thought it was more so than was agreeable. Angelo thought he was a sufficiently nice young man; Luigi reserved his decision. Tom's first contribution to the conversation was a question which he had put to Wilson a hundred times before. It was always cheerily and good-naturedly put, and always inflicted a little pang, for it touched a secret sore; but this time the pang was sharp, since strangers were present.

"Well, how does the law come on? Had a case yet?"

Wilson bit his lip, but answered, "No — not yet," with as much indifference as he could assume. Judge Driscoll had generously left the law feature out of the Wilson biography which he had furnished to the twins. Young Tom laughed pleasantly, and said:

"Wilson 's a lawyer, gentlemen, but he does n't practise now."

The sarcasm bit, but Wilson kept himself under control, and said without passion:

"I don't practise, it is true. It is true that I have never had a case, and have had to earn a poor living for twenty years as an expert accountant in a town where I can't get hold of a set of books to untangle as often as I should like. But it is also true that I did fit myself well for the practice of the law. By the time I was your age, Tom, I had chosen a profession, and was soon competent to enter upon it." Tom winced. "I never got a chance to try my hand at it, and I may never get a chance; and yet if I ever do get it I shall be found ready, for I have kept up my law-studies all these years."

"That 's it; that 's good grit! I like to see it. I 've a notion to throw all my business your way. My business and your law-practice ought to make a pretty gay team, Dave," and the young fellow laughed again.

"If you will throw —" Wilson had thought of the girl in Tom's bedroom, and was going to say, "If you will throw the surreptitious and disreputable part of your business my way, it may amount to something"; but thought better of it and said, "However, this matter doesn't fit well in a general conversation."

"All right, we 'll change the subject; I guess you were about to give me another dig, anyway, so I 'm willing to change. How 's the Awful Mystery flourishing these days? Wilson 's got a scheme for driving plain window-glass out of the market by decorating it with greasy finger-marks, and getting rich by selling it at famine prices to the crowned heads over in Europe to outfit their palaces with. Fetch it out, Dave."

Wilson brought three of his glass strips, and said —

"I get the subject to pass the fingers of his right hand through his hair, so as to get a little coating of the natural oil on them, and then press the balls of them on the glass. A fine and delicate print of the lines in the skin results, and is permanent, if it does n't come in contact with something able to rub it off. You begin, Tom."

"Why, I think you took my finger-marks once or twice before."

"Yes; but you were a little boy the last time, only about twelve years old."

"That 's so. Of course I 've changed entirely since then, and variety is what the crowned heads want, I guess."

He passed his fingers through his crop of short hair, and pressed them one at a time on the glass. Angelo made a print of his fingers on another glass, and Luigi followed with the third. Wilson marked the glasses with names and date, and put them away. Tom gave one of his little laughs, and said —

"I thought I would n't say anything, but if variety is what you are after, you have wasted a piece of glass. The hand-print of one twin is the same as the hand-print of the fellow-twin."

"Well, it 's done now, and I like to have them both, anyway," said Wilson, returning to his place.

"But look here, Dave," said Tom, "you used to tell people's fortunes, too, when you took their finger-marks. Dave 's just an all-round genius—a genius of the first water, gentlemen; a great scientist running to seed here in this village, a prophet with the kind of honor that prophets generally get at home—for here they don't give shucks for his scientifics, and they call his skull a notion-factory—hey, Dave, ain't it so? But never mind; he 'll make his mark some day—finger-mark, you know, he-he! But really, you want to let him take a shy at your palms once; it 's worth twice the price of admission or your money 's returned at the door."



Why, he 'll read your wrinkles as easy as a book, and not only tell you fifty or sixty things that's going to happen to you, but fifty or sixty thousand that ain't. Come, Dave, show the gentlemen what an inspired Jack-at-all-science we've got in this town, and don't know it."

Wilson winced under this nagging and not very courteous chaff, and the twins suffered with him and for him. They rightly judged, now, that the best way to relieve him would be to take the thing in earnest and treat it with respect, ignoring Tom's rather overdone railery; so Luigi said—

"We have seen something of palmistry in our wanderings, and know very well what astonishing things it can do. If it is n't a science, and one of the greatest of them, too, I don't know what its other name ought to be. In the Orient—"

Tom looked surprised and incredulous. He said—

"That juggling a science? But really, you ain't serious, are you?"

"Yes, entirely so. Four years ago we had our hands read out to us as if our palms had been covered with print."

"Well, do you mean to say there was actually anything in it?" asked Tom, his incredulity beginning to weaken a little.

"There was this much in it," said Angelo: "what was told us of our characters was minutely exact—we could not have bettered it ourselves. Next, two or three memorable things that had happened to us were laid bare—things which no one present but ourselves could have known about."

"Why, it's rank sorcery!" exclaimed Tom, who was now becoming very much interested. "And how did they make out with what was going to happen to you in the future?"

"On the whole, quite fairly," said Luigi. "Two or three of the most striking things foretold have happened since; much the most striking one of all happened within that same year. Some of the minor prophecies have come true; some of the minor and some of the major ones have not been fulfilled yet, and of course may never be: still, I should be more surprised if they failed to arrive than if they did n't."

Tom was entirely sobered, and profoundly impressed. He said, apologetically—

"Dave, I was n't meaning to belittle that science; I was only chaffing—chattering, I reckon I'd better say. I wish you would look at their palms. Come, won't you?"

"Why, certainly, if you want me to; but you know I've had no chance to become an expert, and don't claim to be one. When a past event is somewhat prominently recorded in the palm I can generally detect that, but minor ones often escape me,—not always, of course, but of-

ten,—but I have n't much confidence in myself when it comes to reading the future. I am talking as if palmistry was a daily study with me, but that is not so. I have n't examined half a dozen hands in the last half dozen years; you see, the people got to joking about it, and I stopped to let the talk die down. I'll tell you what we'll do, Count Luigi: I'll make a try at your past, and if I have any success there—no, on the whole, I'll let the future alone; that's really the affair of an expert."

He took Luigi's hand. Tom said—

"Wait—don't look yet, Dave! Count Luigi, here's paper and pencil. Set down that thing that you said was the most striking one that was foretold to you, and happened less than a year afterward, and give it to me so I can see if Dave finds it in your hand."

Luigi wrote a line privately, and folded up the piece of paper, and handed it to Tom, saying—

"I'll tell you when to look at it, if he finds it."

Wilson began to study Luigi's palm, tracing life lines, heart lines, head lines, and so on, and noting carefully their relations with the cobweb of finer and more delicate marks and lines that enmeshed them on all sides; he felt of the fleshy cushion at the base of the thumb, and noted its shape; he felt of the fleshy side of the hand between the wrist and the base of the little finger, and noted its shape also; he painstakingly examined the fingers, observing their form, proportions, and natural manner of disposing themselves when in repose. All this process was watched by the three spectators with absorbing interest, their heads bent together over Luigi's palm, and nobody disturbing the stillness with a word. Wilson now entered upon a close survey of the palm again, and his revelations began.

He mapped out Luigi's character and disposition, his tastes, aversions, proclivities, ambitions, and eccentricities in a way which sometimes made Luigi wince and the others laugh, but both twins declared that the chart was artistically drawn and was correct.

Next, Wilson took up Luigi's history. He proceeded cautiously and with hesitation, now, moving his finger slowly along the great lines of the palm, and now and then halting it at a "star" or some such landmark, and examining that neighborhood minutely. He proclaimed one or two past events, Luigi confirmed his correctness, and the search went on. Presently Wilson glanced up suddenly with a surprised expression—

"Here is record of an incident which you would perhaps not wish me to—"

"Bring it out," said Luigi, good-naturedly; "I promise you it sha'n't embarrass me."

But Wilson still hesitated, and did not seem quite to know what to do. Then he said—

"I think it is too delicate a matter to—to—I believe I would rather write it or whisper it to you, and let you decide for yourself whether you want it talked out or not."

"That will answer," said Luigi; "write it."

Wilson wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to Luigi, who read it to himself and said to Tom—

"Unfold your slip and read it, Mr. Driscoll."

Tom read:

*"It was prophesied that I would kill a man. It came true before the year was out."*

Tom added, "Great Scott!"

Luigi handed Wilson's paper to Tom, and said—

"Now read this one."

Tom read:

*"You have killed some one, but whether man, woman or child, I do not make out."*

"Caesar's ghost!" commented Tom, with astonishment. "It beats anything that was ever heard of! Why, a man's own hand is his deadliest enemy! Just think of that—a man's own hand keeps a record of the deepest and fatalest secrets of his life, and is treacherously ready to expose him to any black-magic stranger that comes along. But what do you let a person look at your hand for, with that awful thing printed in it?"

"Oh," said Luigi, reposefully, "I don't mind it. I killed the man for good reasons, and I don't regret it."

"What were the reasons?"

"Well, he needed killing."

"I'll tell you why he did it, since he won't say himself," said Angelo, warmly. "He did it to save my life, that's what he did it for. So it was a noble act, and not a thing to be hid in the dark."

"So it was, so it was," said Wilson; "to do such a thing to save a brother's life is a great and fine action."

"Now come," said Luigi, "it is very pleasant to hear you say these things, but for unselfishness, or heroism, or magnanimity, the circumstances won't stand scrutiny. You overlook one detail: suppose I had n't saved Angelo's life, what would have become of mine? If I had let the man kill him, would n't he have killed me, too? I saved my own life, you see."

"Yes; that is your way of talking," said Angelo, "but I know you—I don't believe you thought of yourself at all. I keep that weapon yet that Luigi killed the man with, and I'll show it to you some time. That incident makes it interesting, and it had a history before it came into Luigi's hands which adds to its interest. It was given to Luigi by a great Indian prince, the Gaikowar of Baroda, and it had been in his

family two or three centuries. It killed a good many disagreeable people who troubled that hearthstone at one time and another. It is n't much to look at, except that it is n't shaped like other knives, or dirks, or whatever it may be called—here, I'll draw it for you." He took a sheet of paper and made a rapid sketch. "There it is—a broad and murderous blade, with edges like a razor for sharpness. The devices engraved on it are the ciphers or names of its long line of possessors—I had Luigi's name added in Roman letters myself with our coat of arms, as you see. You notice what a curious handle the thing has. It is solid ivory, polished like a mirror, and is four or five inches long—round, and as thick as a large man's wrist, with the end squared off flat, for your thumb to rest on; for you grasp it, with your thumb resting on the blunt end—so—and lift it aloft and strike downward. The Gaikowar showed us how the thing was done when he gave it to Luigi, and before that night was ended Luigi had used the knife, and the Gaikowar was a man short by reason of it. The sheath is magnificently ornamented with gems of great value. You will find the sheath more worth looking at than the knife itself, of course."

Tom said to himself—

"It's lucky I came here. I would have sold that knife for a song; I supposed the jewels were glass."

"But go on; don't stop," said Wilson. "Our curiosity is up now, to hear about the homicide. Tell us about that."

"Well, briefly, the knife was to blame for that, all around. A native servant slipped into our room in the palace in the night, to kill us and steal the knife on account of the fortune incrustated on its sheath, without a doubt. Luigi had it under his pillow; we were in bed together. There was a dim night-light burning. I was asleep, but Luigi was awake, and he thought he detected a vague form nearing the bed. He slipped the knife out of the sheath and was ready, and unembarrassed by hampering bed-clothes, for the weather was hot and we had n't any. Suddenly that native rose at the bedside, and bent over me with his right hand lifted and a dirk in it aimed at my throat; but Luigi grabbed his wrist, pulled him downward, and drove his own knife into the man's neck. That is the whole story."

Wilson and Tom drew deep breaths, and after some general chat about the tragedy, Pudd'nhead said, taking Tom's hand—

"Now, Tom, I've never had a look at your palms, as it happens; perhaps you've got some little questionable privacies that need—hel-lo!"

Tom had snatched away his hand, and was looking a good deal confused.

"Why, he's blushing!" said Luigi.

Tom darted an ugly look at him, and said sharply—

"Well, if I am, it ain't because I'm a murderer!" Luigi's dark face flushed, but before he could speak or move, Tom added with anxious haste: "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons. I did n't mean that; it was out before I thought, and I'm very, very sorry—you must forgive me!"

Wilson came to the rescue, and smoothed things down as well as he could; and in fact was entirely successful as far as the twins were concerned, for they felt sorrier for the affront put upon him by his guest's outburst of ill manners than for the insult offered to Luigi. But the success was not so pronounced with the offender. Tom tried to seem at his ease, and he went through the motions fairly well, but at bottom he felt resentful toward all the three witnesses of his exhibition; in fact, he felt so annoyed at them for having witnessed it and noticed it that he almost forgot to feel annoyed at himself for placing it before them. However, something presently happened which made him almost comfortable, and brought him nearly back to a state of charity and friendliness. This was a little spat between the twins; not much of a spat, but still a spat; and before they got far with it they were in a decided condition of irritation with each other. Tom was charmed; so pleased, indeed, that he cautiously did what he could to increase the irritation while pretending to be actuated by more respectable motives. By his help the fire got warmed up to the blazing-point, and he might have had the happiness of seeing the flames show up, in another moment, but for the interruption of a knock on the door—an interruption which fretted him as much as it gratified Wilson. Wilson opened the door.

The visitor was a good-natured, ignorant, energetic, middle-aged Irishman named John Buckstone, who was a great politician in a small way, and always took a large share in public matters of every sort. One of the town's chief excitements, just now, was over the matter of rum. There was a strong rum party and a strong anti-rum party. Buckstone was training with the rum party, and he had been sent to hunt up the twins and invite them to attend a mass-meeting of that faction. He delivered his errand, and said the clans were already gathering in the big hall over the market-house. Luigi accepted the invitation cordially, Angelo less cordially, since he disliked crowds, and did not drink the powerful intoxicants of America. In fact, he was even a teetotaler sometimes—when it was judicious to be one.

The twins left with Buckstone, and Tom Driscoll joined company with them uninvited

In the distance one could see a long wavering line of torches drifting down the main street, and could hear the throbbing of the bass drum, the clash of cymbals, the squeaking of a fife or two, and the faint roar of remote hurrahs. The tail-end of this procession was climbing the market-house stairs when the twins arrived in its neighborhood; when they reached the hall it was full of people, torches, smoke, noise, and enthusiasm. They were conducted to the platform by Buckstone—Tom Driscoll still following—and were delivered to the chairman in the midst of a prodigious explosion of welcome. When the noise had moderated a little, the chair proposed that "our illustrious guests be at once elected, by complimentary acclamation, to membership in our ever-glorious organization, the paradise of the free and the perdition of the slave."

This eloquent discharge opened the flood-gates of enthusiasm again, and the election was carried with thundering unanimity. Then arose a storm of cries:

"Wet them down! Wet them down! Give them a drink!"

Glasses of whisky were handed to the twins. Luigi waved his aloft, then brought it to his lips; but Angelo set his down. There was another storm of cries:

"What's the matter with the other one?"

"What is the blond one going back on us for?"

"Explain! Explain!"

The chairman inquired, and then reported—

"We have made an unfortunate mistake, gentlemen. I find that the Count Angelo Capello is opposed to our creed—is a teetotaler, in fact, and was not intending to apply for membership with us. He desires that we reconsider the vote by which he was elected. What is the pleasure of the house?"

There was a general burst of laughter, plentifully accented with whistlings and cat-calls, but the energetic use of the gavel presently restored something like order. Then a man spoke from the crowd, and said that while he was very sorry that the mistake had been made, it would not be possible to rectify it at the present meeting. According to the by-laws it must go over to the next regular meeting for action. He would not offer a motion, as none was required. He desired to apologize to the gentleman in the name of the house, and begged to assure him that as far as it might lie in the power of the Sons of Liberty, his temporary membership in the order would be made pleasant to him.

This speech was received with great applause, mixed with cries of—

"That's the talk!" "He's a good fellow, anyway, if he is a teetotaler!" "Drink his health!" "Give him a rouser, and no heel-taps!"

Glasses were handed around, and everybody on the platform drank Angelo's health, while the house bellowed forth in song:

For he 's a jolly good fel-low,  
For he 's a jolly good fel-low,  
For he 's a jolly good fe-el-low,—  
Which nobody can deny.

Tom Driscoll drank. It was his second glass, for he had drunk Angelo's the moment that Angelo had set it down. The two drinks made him very merry—almost idiotically so—and he began to take a most lively and prominent part in the proceedings, particularly in the music and cat-call and side-remarks.

The chairman was still standing at the front, the twins at his side. The extraordinarily close resemblance of the brothers to each other suggested a witticism to Tom Driscoll, and just as the chairman began a speech he skipped forward and said with an air of tipsy confidence to the audience—

"Boys, I move that he keeps still and lets this human philopena snip you out a speech."

The descriptive aptness of the phrase caught the house, and a mighty burst of laughter followed.

Luigi's southern blood leaped to the boiling-point in a moment under the sharp humiliation of this insult delivered in the presence of four hundred strangers. It was not in the young man's nature to let the matter pass, or to delay the squaring of the account. He took a couple of strides and halted behind the unsuspecting joker. Then he drew back and delivered a kick of such titanic vigor that it lifted Tom clear over the footlights and landed him on the heads of the front row of the Sons of Liberty.

Even a sober person does not like to have a human being emptied on him when he is not doing any harm; a person who is not sober cannot endure such an attention at all. The nest of Sons of Liberty that Driscoll landed in had not a sober bird in it; in fact there was probably not an entirely sober one in the auditorium. Driscoll was promptly and indignantly flung on to the heads of Sons in the next row, and these Sons passed him on toward the rear, and then immediately began to pummel the front-row Sons who had passed him to them.

This course was strictly followed by bench after bench as Driscoll traveled in his tumultuous and airy flight toward the door; so he left behind him an ever lengthening wake of raging and plunging and fighting and swearing humanity. Down went group after group of torches, and presently above the deafening clatter of the gavel, roar of angry voices, and crash of succumbing benches, rose the paralyzing cry of

"FIRE!"

The fighting ceased instantly; the cursing ceased; for one distinctly defined moment there was a dead hush, a motionless calm, where the tempest had been; then with one impulse the multitude awoke to life and energy again, and went surging and struggling and swaying, this way and that, its outer edges melting away through windows and doors and gradually lessening the pressure and relieving the mass.

The fire-boys were never on hand so suddenly before; for there was no distance to go, this time, their quarters being in the rear end of the market-house. There was an engine company and a hook-and-ladder company. Half of each was composed of rummies and the other half of anti-rummies, after the moral and political share-and-share-alike fashion of the frontier town of the period. Enough anti-rummies were loafing in quarters to man the engine and the ladders. In two minutes they had their red shirts and helmets on—they never stirred officially in unofficial costume—and as the mass meeting overhead smashed through the long row of windows and poured out upon the roof of the arcade, the deliverers were ready for them with a powerful stream of water which washed some of them off the roof and nearly drowned the rest. But water was preferable to fire, and still the stampede from the windows continued, and still the pitiless drenchings assailed it until the building was empty; then the fire-boys mounted to the hall and flooded it with water enough to annihilate forty times as much fire as there was there; for a village fire-company does not often get a chance to show off, and so when it does get a chance it makes the most of it. Such citizens of that village as were of a thoughtful and judicious temperament did not insure against fire; they insured against the fire-company.

*Mark Twain.*

(To be continued.)





## MR. EBENEZER BULL'S INVESTMENTS.

### A STORY OF PHILEMON PERCH.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)  
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

BEPP0.

I.



SOMETIMES, when I hear people speaking of investments, I am reminded of some that, to a limited degree and without great ostentation, were wont, when I was a schoolboy of thirteen and there along, to be hazarded by a gentleman of our village; in one of which, apparently promising quick and good dividends, I ventured to take a chance for myself.

The Dukesborough school, kept by Mr. Whitcomb, a gentleman from Vermont, had a hundred pupils, boys and girls, the greater portion of whom were boarders. Although neither very strong nor well grown, I had been, during all the previous session, the swiftest runner among the boys, and it pleased me much to coincide with the general belief that I could not be overcome in a foot-race by any other boy near my age, no matter where he came from. Among the new boys who had come in at the opening of the present term was Jack Withers, a year older than myself, but not any taller. He had been reared thus far upon a plantation bordering on Fulsom's Creek, seven or eight miles south of the village. If it had not been that I had come to like him so well before our trial of speed, I might have enjoyed more keenly the certain prospect of the defeat which must befall this champion of the new boys, between whom and the old there always was a rivalry which was as animated as it was brief in duration. He proved himself to be such a fine fellow that afterward I was thankful for having been so courteous in my first attentions. Having showed himself the equal of the best of the "olds" at all other sports, he beat, but only by a neck's length, the second best of our runners. After this he was notified that on the following Friday evening, if he should choose to do so, he might contest with the best nag that the "olds" had to present. The liking I had for this new boy led me to say to my friends that I hoped the contest might be had quietly beneath the red-oaks and hickories in the academy yard. But no. A champion, however inclined to be modest and forbearing, cannot control the solemn

behests and mandates of his party, especially when it is ruled by such a man as Mr. Ebenezer Bull.

Since that time, long ago, I have traveled somewhat extensively both in the United States and abroad, and I can say, with assurance, that I have never made acquaintance with a longer, slimmer, straighter, darker, more solemn-looking and more solemn-speaking person than Mr. Ebenezer Bull. Not that, in point of fact, he was so very, very solemn. On the contrary, he was fond of fun, especially that of schoolboys, to whose vagaries he invariably was indulgent, and for which he was ever ready to bespeak indulgence from their parents and teachers. He professed to glory in witnessing trials of prowess of every kind. Mrs. Bowden, wife of the postmaster, with whom he boarded, used to tell how he would sit in her back porch and watch the contests of young pigs and of roosters of every age, and banter her husband, who was a semi-religious man, to make what he called "a' investment" on the several issues. Claiming to be unambitious, yet he was free to speak of himself as sufficiently knowing upon subjects historical, political, agricultural, mercantile, mechanical, and others, including religious (though not a church-member) and even matrimonial, albeit a bachelor on the shady side of forty. When asked why he had never married nor joined the church, he winked slowly, looked compassionately upon married men and church-members who happened to be present, and mumbled a few words intended to express the profundity with which he had searched into the depths of human nature. The solemnity of his speech was deepened by a habit of imparting a sighing and nasal preface to the beginning of his sentences and to other chosen words in them which made them sound as if the painful elaboration of his thoughts had induced asthma or some kindred pulmonary infirmity. An avowed patron of the "olds," he was yet quick to admit and receive into his confidence real manifest excellence among the "news." He liked my family much, and used to speak in highest praise of my fleetness. When he heard that the decisive race, in accordance with my wishes, was to be had on the academy grounds, he said to Tom Gatlin, our leader:

"Hum! Tom, let 'em take it out up here at



Bland's, whar everybody can see Phil run away from that chap from Fulsom's Creek. Phil Perch is entirely too modest; and you tell him I say so."

That settled it, and after the school was dismissed Friday afternoon, we all repaired to Bland's, whose store was half-way down the only street of which Dukesborough had to boast. I look back now to that scene with some sadness at the contempt I felt for myself after I had been so beaten. When Jack reached the goal, I, fifteen yards behind, put my hand to my heart, turned, and, coming back, looked at no face save one, which I could have avoided no more than a bird avoids the snake by whose charm it has been enchanted. Mr. Bull, having withdrawn to the steps of the piazza, stood and regarded me silently with his great black eyes, and, as I went on home, I could feel them shooting upon my back, not pity for my defeat, but anger, dire and deadly, for the dishonor of my friends and antecedents. I have lived to suffer the defeat of many a dear hope, but not one of them has ever inflicted a pain like that. Yet, when afterward I found that Jack said openly that he would fight any boy approximating his size who should taunt me, I loved him more than before. When I had left the field, Mr. Bull said to him:

"N—h, don't say nothin' 'bout it, Jack; but I invessed two dollars along of Jeemes Bland on that boy, and I 've got to git back the invessment from Jeemes or somebody."

The friendship between Jack and me grew more and more fond, and it consoled me to reflect that the garland I had worn could have been snatched only by him who proved to be as gentle and manly as he was stalwart and agile. In my mind I compared him with the most famous runners of whom I had been reading in Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary," particularly Milanion, who, by the help of Venus, had run the race with Atalanta. If not the first runner in the Dukesborough school, I was second, I thought, to the best in the world—and he my friend.

A mile and a half beyond the Ogeechee, which was equidistant from our village, dwelt Mr. Jones Huckaby, friend of Mr. Bull. A justice of the peace and a farmer, he sought to supplement the income from his office and farm with a small store, and with occasional, moderate, cautious investments, like those of Mr. Bull, on neighborhood nags, game chickens, and other animals, when discussions upon their comparative excellences became to that degree animated. Occasionally the two made joint investments of from half a dollar to five dollars. More often, however, they had been opposed. It so happened that the balance just now was in Mr. Huckaby's favor to the amount

of six dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents—a balance which Mr. Bull thought that he owed it to himself to remove. People on the other border of the river often visited Dukesborough, which was much nearer to them than their own county-seat. Mr. Huckaby, especially, was addicted to riding over, taking back in his saddle-bags papers of pins, strings of buttons, skeins of silk, and maybe half a dozen bunches of twine, that, after a fair discount from Mr. Bland, it would hardly have paid to send for all the way to Augusta. But his main purpose in such visitations was to have chattings with his friend, Mr. Bull.

"I 'm always glad to see Jones Huckaby," Mr. Bull often remarked kindly; "the poor feller is natchul fond of news, and he unfortunate live whar they ain't any, or mighty little to be had."

During one of these visits Mr. Bull spoke of Jack Withers, and intimated a willingness to invest in him on proper conditions. Mr. Huckaby then remarked that there was a boy over on his side of the river who, people said, could get over ground right well, and he would not be surprised if he could beat the Fulsom Creek boy.

"Feel like invessin' anything on that, Jones?"

He spoke as carefully as possible, meaning to hide his eagerness. Mr. Huckaby named a dollar, but, forced by the other's contempt for small figures, and in view of the advantage to the store, where the race must be had, of collecting a considerable number from both sides of the river, rose to ten. From his huge pocket-book Mr. Bull took out and threw down a ten-dollar bill upon the counter of Mr. Bland, who was to be stake-holder. From many a pocket Mr. Huckaby eked out what would cover it, sighing the while with painful apprehension.

"Eb Bull," he said, in humble but manly sense of every freeman's right to utter his mind even in the presence of men enjoying society advantages so far superior, "you town people has a contempt of country folks like me that has to make their livin' by the sweat o' their brow"; but then Mr. Huckaby shook his head, as if there were a few things in rural existence that the proudest city aristocrat could have no just occasion to despise.

"M—no, Jones," answered Mr. Bull; "there you 're mistaken, and it 's because of our manner. M—of course we has our privileges, n—and our advantages, n—and—but yit we has our respects of some country people, n—that they has the ambition like you has, to git out, or try to git out, of their ign'ance."

Talking to Jack Withers afterward, Mr. Bull said: "I had to flatter up Jones Huckaby powerful before I could git the fellow up to the p'int of invessin' to a figger as would make

it worth while to cross over the river 'n' that fur. Them country people is awful skeery. My money is invested in you, boy, and when the thing 's over, we 'll all try n- and see if we can't have some fun in a way not too public and p'inted."

## II.

THE race was set for the Saturday following the next ensuing, Mr. Huckaby asking, and Mr. Bull allowing, the intervening days for getting in such new supplies as were likely to be in demand at the store. Our boys were elated. Only Jack Withers, noble fellow that he was, declined to indulge triumph in advance over a boy that he had heard was quite poor.

A mile beyond the river was an outlying field of fifty or more acres covered with a growth of "old-field" pines, beneath which were innumerable strawberry-vines. Thither, during the season of that fruit, young persons in the neighborhood often repaired. In the early part of the week it was given out that several gentlemen were to make an excursion to this field, and were willing to take with them as many of the schoolboys as could get leave. The solemn mystery with which this announcement was repeated several times by Mr. Bull was the subject of some pleasant comment among the ladies.

It happened at the time that I was indebted to the amount of twenty-five cents to Sally Burch, a decent, elderly colored woman who made and vended ginger-cakes at her home near the church. This sum had been overdue longer than she or I had expected when the credit was given. In those times pocket-money was not at all usual among planters, even those with large plantations, because, getting their income from cotton only once in the year, after the payment of store-accounts, the rest — except a reservation nearly always too little for contingent cash expenses — was invested in other property. We boys had our allowance on Christmas and Fourth of July, but not many were able usually to make both ends meet at the recurrence of one of these happy seasons, so remote from its predecessor. On this occasion it occurred to me that an investment of a quarter quietly put upon Jack Withers might not be too grossly improper, would be entirely safe, and would enable me to square my account with Sally Burch, into whose eyes, for some time past, I had not been able to look with composure. Therefore, at nightfall on Friday, I approached Uncle Gill, our head man-servant, for a loan. Preliminary to the application, I carried to the stable corn from the crib and fodder from the loft, and, after getting a word of praise, spoke my mind.

"Marse Philly," answered the old man,

pausing, with currycomb in hand, "Whut, name o' goodness, you want wid money more 'n whut your pappy 'low you?"

"I want to make an investment, Uncle Gill," I replied.

"A wes—you want make me believe your ma don't make wes'co'ts enough for you?"

I made him understand that, instead of a waistcoat, I had heard of something that was going very cheap, for nothing indeed, as it were, and which I should like to buy with as little noise as possible made about it. After some reflection, taking from his home-knit woolen purse a quarter, he handed it to me, saying:

"I done made up my mine not to bodder myself lendin' to white boys, ev'y sence de trouble I had 'long wid two un 'em, which I loant one un 'em a thrip en 'nother a seb'n pens, en dee kep' on puttin' me off, en puttin' me off, whell I had to make out like I gwine to dey pappies; en dee knowed dey pappies would mighty nigh burn 'em up wid de hick'ry for borrowin' money en not payin' back, en special from niggers, en all dat, befo' I could killect my debt. But I know you ain' gwine projick wid me if you can he'p it. Take de quarter, en go 'long wid you, en mayby de man, when he sees de money in your hand, he 'll fall yit furdur. People, when dey gwine tradin', dee has to study 'bout sich things, mon."

Many another coin of that and less volume was gotten in that and similar ways before the eventful day. Not that we were led by any special words of Mr. Bull, who was not a man to urge children to go directly against the known wishes of their parents and teachers; but the deep solemnity of his words and looks, imparting great contentment, the sarcastic pity he expressed for the ignorant temerity of Mr. Huckaby — these and other things made us note that his mind was enjoying an assurance which victory already achieved and acknowledged could not have enhanced. Along with this was our confidence in Jack, which was as boundless as the skies.

Our party decided not to visit the strawberry-fields until after the race. All of the boys except Jack traveled on foot, Mr. Bull, for the sake of keeping him entirely fresh, taking him over in a gig. We found quite as large a company as we were already gathered. Among them I noticed, moving about apparently with some anxiety, a pitiful-looking boy of about my height, but thinner. On a sort of sugar-loaf head was an irregular crop of hair of every shade of white, surmounted by a wool hat the rim of which in front for the breadth of his forehead had been torn away. His upper lip made a sort of arch over two of the biggest, longest, whitest teeth I have ever seen. His

copperas-dyed, home-made clothes, short in the legs and arms, were out at the knees and elbows. His bowed legs looked like two long parentheses.

"Pint out your nag, Jones," said Bull, when we had rested several minutes.

"Here, Peeky," called Mr. Huckaby, and the boy I had noticed came creeping. Mr. Huckaby whispered to Mr. Bull that he was very timid, and was afraid that if he should be beaten, as he expected, the town boys might bully and otherwise maltreat him. Indeed, he would not consent to make the race until assured that the goal should be in the direction of his own home, so that he might avoid more easily the consequences of defeat.

"This him?" asked Mr. Bull, seeming to be rather taken aback by the strange figure that presented itself.

"That 's him," answered Mr. Huckaby. Then he said to the boy: "Need n't be oneasy, Peeky. These is all good friendly people, and would n't hurt nary ha'r on your head."

After inspecting him for some time with severest scrutiny, as a philosopher might ponder withal a newly discovered, unique, abnormal specimen of animate existence, Mr. Bull, in a very deep tone, asked:

"W—what 's your name, my son?"

"Fee—Feecky Gwiz—Gwizzle, sir." It sounded much like the whining of a cat.

Mr. Bull grunted painfully, and involuntarily took a step backward; recovering himself, he said, "Feefee who?"

"His name is Peeky Grizzle, Eb," Mr. Huckaby answered for him. "He have a kind of stoppage in his speech, and are ruther tonguetied; but them don't hender Peeky from bein' of a nice, smart, good boy, not they don't."

"How old you call yourself?" asked Mr. Bull.

"Mam—mammy say I fo'teen; dad—daddy say I worse 'n dat."

"That 's jest about my ric'lection of Peeky's age," said Mr. Huckaby. "My opinion of Peeky Grizzle is, he's jest about fourteen year old, and a leetle on the rise, and a more biddable boy than him I don't know nowhars."

Peeky glanced with rapid alternation toward Mr. Huckaby and Mr. Lazenberry, a neighbor and special friend, and nervously awaited Mr. Bull's further interrogatings. Mr. Bull slowly lifted his head, looked up toward the zenith, and with the most solemn thoughtfulness stroked his chin through the full length of his fingers. It was evident that some perturbation had come over his mind. At length he looked down again upon Peeky, and said:

"Ya-as. You ruther take me—by surprise. But don't you be oneasy, my son; h'm—them boys they ain't no harm in them, ef they is town boys. They jes come over here for a little fun;

that 's all. If you git beat, m- or if you beat, I 'll see to it myself that you ain't hurtid; and not only that, but you shall have a gingy-cake, and a segyar to boot, if you 've learnt how to smoke yit."

Then, taking Jack aside, he said darkly: "Jack, them legs o' yourn got to work every muscle in 'em. They ain't never any tellin' what 's in one o' these here wild old-field colts, special sech a ontimely-lookin' one as this here. M- Feefeecky, or whatsoever his name is, my opinion is that ef you git away from him m- you got to git away from him at the first jump."

When all preliminaries had been settled, a hundred yards were stepped off. The contestants were to break by me, Mr. Huckaby and one of our boys were to watch the starting, and Mr. Bull and a trans-Ogeechean went forward to stand at the farther end of the limit. Peeky gave a perceptible shiver as he and Jack joined hands. When the break was made, Peeky, who would not part from his hat, giving a momentary glance at Jack, made first for his own extreme side of the road, and then—for home. Call his movement running—that is, human running—I should not. It was flight. Yes, sirs, flight! Tucking low his back and shoulders, lifting his face aloft, he extended both his arms at length, and with his open hands, their palms turned backward, fanned behind him the air through which he sped like a swallow skimming a mill-pond. Jack, after taking not more than a dozen strides, convinced that he might as well try to overtake a frightened antelope, stopped, and, turning back, cried:

"Boys, why in thunder don't you all laugh? Don't you see that I 'm doing my level best to laugh myself, and can't? I know your money is all gone; but if you 'll join those other fellows, and raise a good laugh, I 'll treat the crowd to ginger-cakes."

He had refrained from investing in himself, as he said, out of decency. We raised a shout that was hoped to make up in sound what it lacked in heartiness, and the other side joined in deafening chorus. But that Peeky Grizzle! Ah, sirs, you should have seen him then! Turning back one eye momentarily at the sound, his legs and his hands seemed actually to flutter as he swept along. Dipping his head slightly as he passed by Mr. Bull, on and on he fled, along the level two hundred yards in further extent, up the hill of fifty or sixty in ascent, then disappeared from our view. Not less interesting was Mr. Ebenezer Bull. Urged by a necessity as stern as fate, when the fugitive passed, he turned and looked at him in silence as long as he could be seen. Then in the loudest tones I ever heard him employ, and as piteous as ever came from mouth of the most beseeching suppliant, he shouted:

"M- why don't—m- what make—m- can't the ongodly, everlastin' thing—m- can't it stop itself?"

With slow, offended majesty he stalked back toward the store. Jack, after handing Mr. Huckaby half a dollar for Peeky, hurriedly invested the balance of his money in cakes, and then said:

"Let 's be off from this place, boys. I would n't meet old man Bull now for five dollars, and I would n't ride back with him, even if he wanted me, for a hundred."

We heard the tittering behind us as we were hastening away. When we got out of sight we slacked our pace, and, taking out our cakes, ate them in humbleness.

"They don't make cakes over here like old Aunt Sally Burch," said Tom Gatlin, and there was not a dissentient voice.

We heard afterward of Mr. Bull's doings at the store. When he had reached it, he lifted his head heavily from the subdued attitude in which it had been hanging, and, looking around, inquired:

"M- whar 's all our boys?"

When told how and why Jack had hurried us away, he said, with a profound sigh:

"Need n't done no sich a thing. N- I 'd 'a' not scolded Jack Withers, h- not nary single word."

Turning upon Mr. Huckaby, he frowned dismally with what seemed to be the pain of suppressing his righteous indignation. In a few moments he said:

"M- Jones Huckaby, you took the 'vantage of me. N- that creetur ain't folks. M- blest if I believe it 's folks; n- that is, in the gen'l way of folks in gen'l. N- Jack Withers, nor nary 'nother human, they jest as well run ag'ins' thunder. My opinion is that sich a onreg'lar creetur as that, if it was left to a n- skidule o' men that make a practice o' understandin' and rig'latin' investments n- accordin' to the scale and the code o' honor, they 'd say, if not a forfeit, it ought leastways to be a draw."

"Oh now, come now, Eb, that 's your town, high—"

"Oh, I 'm not a-gwine to make a great to-do about it, exceptin' to express my n- opinions. I left down a gap in my calc'lations, and you stepped on me onexpected. Let her go. Whar you supposin' the thing tuck up at, n- Jones?"

"Home," answered Mr. Huckaby. "He 'll not take up this side o' thar."

"How fur 's that?"

"About four mile."

"M- well, it 's about thar by now. Did you know how it could git over ground?"

"Why, no; that is, not egzack, Eb. I has never see him run, not myself, tell to-day; but I 've heerd some o' his neighbors, special Jim Lazenberry here, talk about him, and which they perceeded on to say, that when him or his mammy want a rabbit, Peeky take out a little fise-dog he have to jump him, and then him pick him up. Whut make him keep on home, he were afeerd o' them town boys. He 's a ruther skeery kind o' boy, a not bein' so very peert in his mind."

"N- hit may n't be peert in what mind it have; m- but hit make up in hits laigs, which if I ever see a pa'r o' laigs the same as pot-hooks, hit 's his'n; tell the truth, I were ruther feard o' them laigs when I first lay eye on 'em."

After revolving with death-like solemnity a thought in his mind, he said:

"M- Jones Huckaby, and you Jeemes Lazenberry, n- and you gentlemen, and boys, n- one and all, you hear me. Hit 's my last and ownlest investment. If I got to git broke and busted to boot, hit 's got to come in a nat-chul way. Far' you well."

He kept his vow. Even down to old age he was a frequent admonisher against investing in feats or games of chance of every sort.

"N- no, sir," hundreds of times he was heard to say; "h- my advices is ag'ins' investment always. I has had the expe'unce of 'em. The de-ficulty about investments is, when a man is certain in his mind n- that he know every blessed thing about whut he 's invessin' on, n- them 's the very time when he don't know n- one cussed thing about it; and they bound to break whoever foller 'em."

Ay? You 'd like to hear how Uncle Gill's investment in me turned out? Well, I am glad to be able to make satisfactory answer. The matter was talked about so much that I soon confessed my part to my mother, and besought her forgiveness and protection against my father when it should get to his ears. After a serious, affectionate rebuke, I obtained both under a pledge not to do so again. Then with the half-dollar she gave me, I liquidated the debts owed to Uncle Gill and Sally Burch. My own reformation was as quick, and thus far has been as steadfast, as Mr. Bull's. From that day, borrowing that gentlemen's oft repeated asseveration, I have never "invested."

*Richard Malcolm Johnston.*



## OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

NICOLAAS MAES (1632-1693).



NICOLAAS MAES is prominent among the pupils of Rembrandt, and one of the most distinguished painters in the annals of Dutch art. He was born at Dordrecht, or Dort (where also Aelbert Cuyp, Ferdinand Bol, and Godfried Schalcken first saw the light), in the year 1632—the year in which Rembrandt produced his famous “Anatomical Lesson.” He entered the great artist's studio in 1650, when he was eighteen years old, remaining under Rembrandt's influence for four years, during which time it is conjectured that his best works were produced. Like Gerard Dou, he was an accomplished artist before going to Rembrandt, and like him he retained his peculiar individuality, gaining by the association only breadth of touch and fluency of handling. It is probable that Rembrandt received only very advanced students.

Nicolaas Maes, however, was a veritable prodigy in art at the age of sixteen, having at this tender age painted “Le Bénédicité,” a work so fine that it holds its own among the best creations of the Dutch school. His best work belongs to his very early years, but it is not known who were his early instructors. He left Rembrandt thoroughly equipped as a painter of portraits, and, confining himself to this branch, soon after abandoned that of genre-painting, in which course, however, the true path of his genius lay. He does not seem to have been aware of this; or, if so, he wilfully shut his eyes to the truth from worldly considerations. It was at a time when Rembrandt had lost favor, and such portrait-painters as Van der Helst and Dirk Hals were the lions of the day. Maes may have been desirous of emulating these fashionable painters. About 1660 he went to Antwerp, where the Flemish school was rapidly declining, and the field was comparatively clear. Jordaens and Teniers were then almost the only survivors of the great days of the art of Flanders. On visiting the studio of Jordaens, he was questioned by that artist as to what manner of painting he practised, and replied, “I am but a portrait-painter.” There seems to be a note of regret in this, a momentary reflection of his earlier and more poetical days. He remained at Antwerp upward of

eighteen years, and became, it was said, a “most successful portrait-painter.” He abandoned the good manner of his master, and took up with the prevailing Frenchified taste that was then becoming the style; and so great became the deterioration in his work that it has been supposed that portraits of more recent date are not by the same artist, but are the performances of some other Maes, a name not at all uncommon in Holland.

During his lifetime, and until the end of the last century, Maes was chiefly known as a portrait-painter; but his reputation now rests upon his few superb little pictures of everyday life. These evidently are the work of love, and have lived to make his name memorable. We are touched with emotions of tenderness on glancing at such subjects as “The Dutch Housewife” of the National Gallery at London, in which an old woman is silently engaged in scraping a parsnip, while a child, standing near by, is intently watching the operation. It is charming in its felicitous rendering of a trait of childhood. Or we are moved to solemnity in presence of his “Grace before a Meal,” a remarkably fine work, in which an aged housewife, all alone save for the society of her cat, with head raised and eyes closed, is giving thanks before a simple repast. This is in the Ryks Museum of Amsterdam, where there are also two other powerful representations of similar subjects. Both are spinners; one of them I have chosen to engrave, not as being the better of the two,—for I could not choose between them,—but because its color is better preserved. Most of the works of Maes have darkened much by time; but this little gem, for some unaccountable reason, seems to have retained its pristine freshness and purity. Then, too, being oblong, it is better suited to the shape of the magazine page, a consideration not to be lost sight of in making our selections.

This little “Spinner” is painted on wood, and measures sixteen and one fourth inches high by thirteen and three eighths inches wide. It unites subtlety of chiaroscuro, vigorous coloring, and great mastery in handling, with that true finish which never becomes trivial. Maes lights his subjects after the manner of his master, but the general tone of his coloring is cooler and more silvery, notably so in this



example. There is a high note of color in the rich and glowing red of the sleeves of the old woman, which illuminates the whole in a delightful way, and to which, as a culminating point, the harmonies of the surrounding tints, the warm depth of the background, the yellow of the wooden floor, the brown of the spinning-wheel, the richer and deeper hue of the skirt below, the brighter color of the red earthen jar, and the fine mellow tones of the flesh, all lead up. It is this final and glowing touch of red that makes the whole thing "sing," to use a studio word. There is a fine touch of warm blue introduced in a bit of drapery that falls over the bench of the wheel; and the whites of the apron and of the kerchief about the neck are of a very fine neutral shade in the half-lights. I like the action of the figure—its absorbed attentiveness, so simple, natural, and unaffected. Here we see an experienced Dutch housewife—a robust and beautiful old woman, and a type of her time; one of those kind, hale, thrifty souls whose mere presence breathes a sense of homeliness and serenity. Nothing, surely, could be finer than the breadth and simplicity with which the features are indicated; and the hand—how characteristic! Only a consummate master could attack such difficulties with the ease and suppleness of handling, and the exquisite delicacy and solidity of touch, that contribute to the charm and delight of this work.

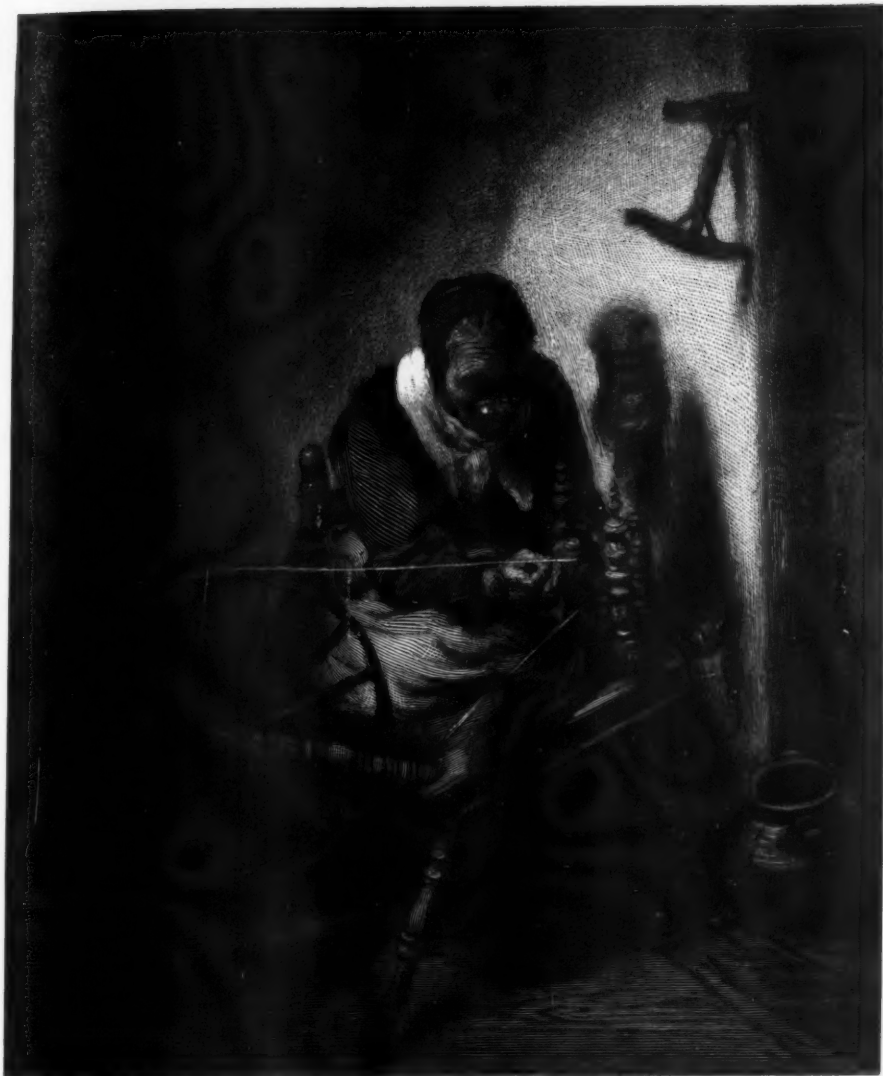
Maes thoroughly absorbed and assimilated the principles of his master—made them his own, yet was quite independent of him in his choice of subject, and imbued his creations with a fine depth of sentiment. In his "Reverie"—a life-size in the Ryks Museum—a beautiful girl leans from a window, gazing into vacancy, quite lost in delicious oblivion of the beholder. She is in the heyday of youth, and it is easy to see that she is dreaming of her lover. In the Louvre there is a work of quite opposite character, equally beautiful in sentiment, however, though more touching in its pathos; it is the only one possessed by that gallery. This is called "*Le Bénédicité*," and is the one I have referred to as being the work of a lad of sixteen years. It is in the La Caze collection, and is an oblong pic-

ture twenty-two inches high by sixteen wide, disclosing a charming Dutch interior in which an old woman, all alone, sits before a midday meal in the act of silent prayer. The arrangement is perfect. The light falls softly from an upper window,—which is out of the picture,—illuminating the principal figure and the table, which is simply laid with the loaf of bread, the cheese, the plate of pottage, and the large ornamental jug, all naturally disposed upon a white table-cloth. Behind the table rises the gloom of a high fireplace, from beneath the mantelpiece of which hangs a string of onions. In the shade of one corner of the room is a spinning-wheel, and a cat coils itself at the foot of the chair in which the old woman is seated.

The painting is of the utmost refinement and delicacy. The color, drawing, expression, and action are above all criticism, and the chiaroscuro is really wonderful. Everything displays the most sensitive observation, and a knowledge which forgets itself in the ingenious sincerity of depicting things as they really are: the modeling of the well-filled surfaces, the solid wall, and the delicacy of the light as it steals gently over it; the forms so firmly drawn, yet melting, airy, made mysterious by the light and shade and play of the surrounding air. It is the patient, religious effort of an unsophisticated youthful genius. Superlative as is the workmanship of this rare piece, it is yet the sentiment pervading it which holds one—the sincere, uplifted countenance of the sweet old woman, so touching in its aspect of devotion, the look coming from the soul within. The light, catching her eye and blurring it, gives to her vision a far-away cast—a kindling of the inward spirit. Her fragile frame, her clasped hands, and her loneliness raise in one a compassionate feeling. All this painted upon a board by a boy of sixteen! The panel is signed, and dated 1648. What a wonderful lad! He was, indeed, a worthy candidate for the tuition of a Rembrandt; but unlike that rugged spirit, he did not continue patiently in well-doing to the end. In 1678 Maes returned from Antwerp to Amsterdam, where he settled, and where he died of the gout in 1693.

T. Cole.



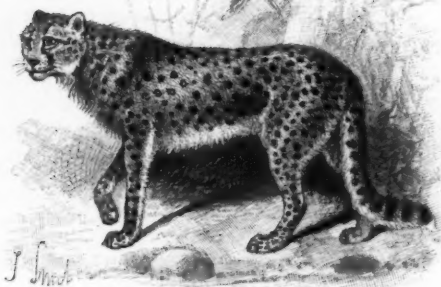


ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

T. COLE SCULPTOR AMSTERDAM MAR. 1833

THE SPINNER. BY NICOLAES MAES.





DRAWN BY J. SMIT.

THE CHETAH.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVID.

## HUNTING WITH THE CHETAH.

**T**HE employment of chetahs for hunting purposes is gradually dying out through all the East, this fact being especially apparent in India, which for many centuries past has been the true home of this form of sport. Not very long ago, quite within the memory of many hale and hearty Anglo-Indians, nearly every native ruler or wealthy landowner possessed, and habitually used, these hunting leopards. At the present day, however, the number of men who own them can be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. The intercourse between the two races inhabiting India is increasing, and assuming a more intimate or friendly character; hence English ideas regarding sport, as contrasted with purely Oriental ones, are being gradually adopted. Also, through some inexplicable cause, the mortality among the hunting chetahs has shown a marked tendency to increase, while at the same time greater difficulty is being felt, year by year, in procuring animals suitable for training. They are not bred in captivity, but have to be caught while young, and these leopards are to some extent sharing the fate now meted out by nearly every country of the world to its wild fauna. These facts, in conjunction with others operating in a minor degree, are gradually relegating the training of chetahs, and their employment in antelope-hunting, to the list of "the things that were."

At a few Indian courts, however, chetahs can still be seen, but in some places it is evident that their chief purpose is fulfilled by their being made ornamental rather than use-

ful. They lie about in the sun on the steps of the palaces guarded by their attendants, or are occasionally to be seen taken out for exercise by being led blindfolded through the crowds that perpetually throng the native bazaars. This kind of life, so totally different from that natural to them, cannot be conducive to longevity, and the excuse frequently given for their non-employment, that they are not well, has no doubt more truth in it than is generally to be found in the majority of similar native statements.

A man may live in India for many years and not get a chance of seeing a hunt with a chetah, and visitors whose experience of the country is confined to a few weeks' stay in the cold season can hardly expect to do so. It is, however, a form of sport so peculiarly Oriental and full of local color, so suggestive of past ages, and so illustrative in this respect of the conservatism of Eastern countries,—for the method of procedure has undergone but little change from that practised in the earliest periods,—that it is worth encountering some trouble in order to witness it. At the worst, it is a unique experience, not to be had nowadays elsewhere. Moreover, if a man has any partiality for animals, if he loves to study their peculiarities, to watch their individual characteristics, and to see exhibitions of their powers, then the sport has attractions beyond its historical interest, or even beyond the excitement attending the actual chase and killing.

Knowing this to be so, I gladly availed myself of a chance that came in my way to take part in a form of diversion peculiar to the East, and dating back for nearly a thousand years antecedent to the Christian era, and one that affords

an exciting spectacle of feline prowess which must always be a sight worthy of observation and study.

In our early morning drives outside the gates of Jeypore, during a late short residence in Rajputana, my wife and I had on several occasions taken a road that led past a spot where there was a large tree with heavy over-hanging branches. Under its shade, on a low platform, a handsome young chetah was always sitting or sleeping. By his side sat a man who fanned the flies away when they became troublesome, and whose sole occupation was to minister to the wants of the much-pampered animal. A short distance from the tree was the attendant's hut, and near by a rough flat-topped cart without sides, which was evidently the conveyance on which the animal was carried when being taken to the hunt. Upon inquiry we learned that this chetah belonged to the Maharajah of Jeypore, one of the most powerful reigning princes of India, and was the only one then living of several he had possessed. Subsequently, upon expressing a wish to see a chetah-hunt, the maharajah kindly placed all the facilities for so doing at our disposal.

Before narrating an account of what took place thereat, a few words respecting the natural history of the chetah may not be considered out of place, more especially as an animal of this species is not often seen in America, and very rarely even in Europe.

The chetah (meaning spotted), commonly known as the hunting leopard (*Felis jubata*), is no doubt correctly classified among the *Felidae*, which includes nearly all the more powerful and ferocious predatory animals. In some respects it differs, however, in outward appearance and in character from all the other varieties of this genus. Being such an aberrant member, certain naturalists regard it as a distinct species, and others as a link connecting the feline and the canine families. Nevertheless, it is a cat, and an exceptionally handsome one, besides being in many respects typical of its race. It stands very high on the legs, which are slender, a formation that enables it to capture its prey by speed rather than by bounds, in this peculiarity exhibiting one of the features in which it differs from lions, tigers, and other cats. The claws are only partly retractile, being always visible. They become, therefore, somewhat blunted, and this alone would render them unsuitable for the purely feline method of attack. The head is small and round, but the jaws show great muscular power; the neck, which is long for a cat, is sinewy; and the body is slender, and small in the loins, reminding one of a greyhound. Its general color is a fulvescent cream, or bright nankin, the coat being covered with numerous

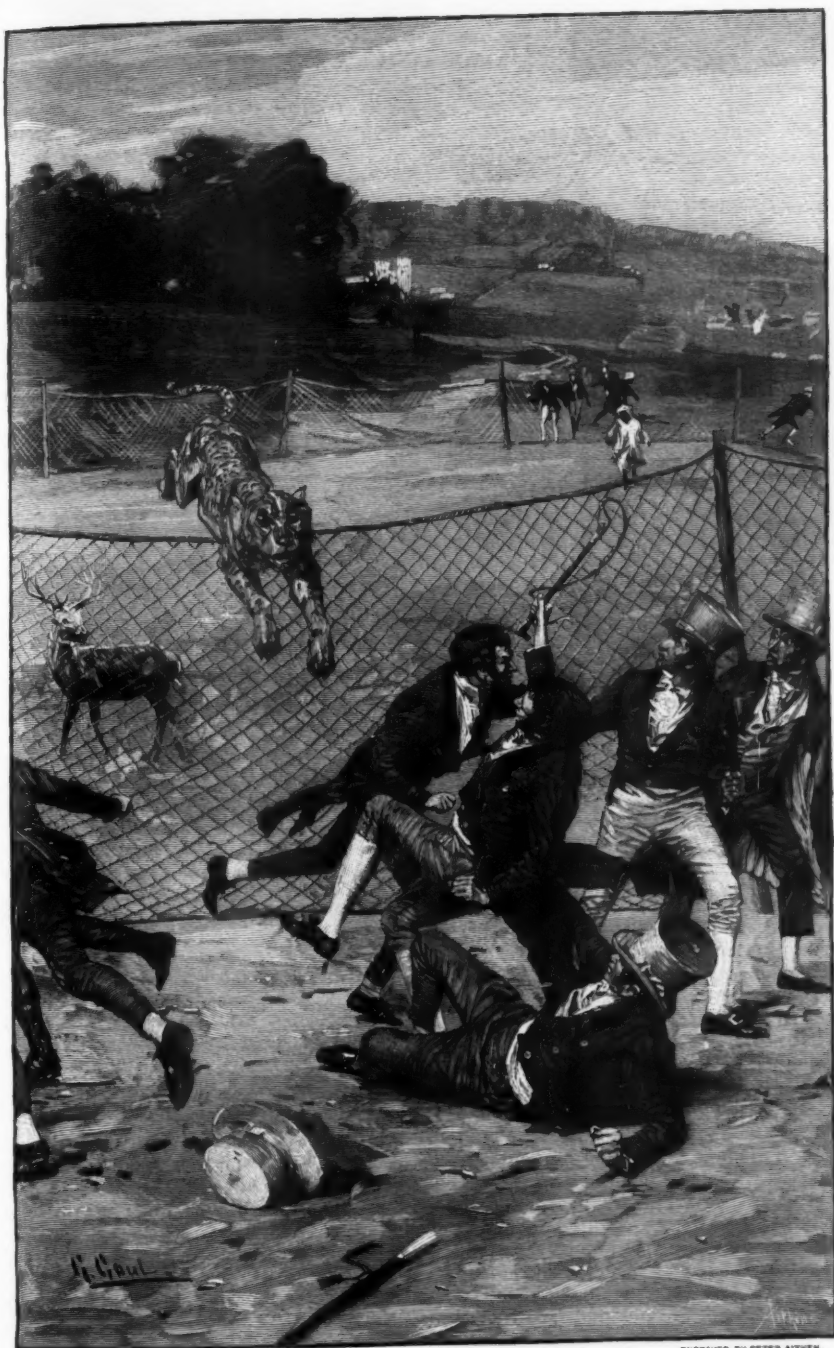
round black spots. A noticeable peculiarity is a black streak down the face, which starts off obliquely from the corner of each eye. The tail does not taper after the manner of an ordinary cat's terminal appendage, but gradually thickens toward the end. It is also exceptionally long, and, besides being spotted in the same way as the body, has three or four black rings at the tip; its absolute extremity is, however, always white. The chetah's fur lacks the sleekness generally admired in the other members of the family, for it is peculiarly crisp and coarse. The neck and shoulders are surmounted by long, stiff upright hairs that form a regular mane.

A chetah stands much higher than the common leopard of India, and specimens are frequently to be seen that measure very close upon three feet. The length of body is also noticeable, for, including the tail, seven feet would not be a very unusual length. In an animal of this size, the tail would be about two and a half feet long. The habitat of the chetah is an extensive one, for it is to be found in Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and in many parts of India; it is also an inhabitant of South Africa. It is only in Asia at the present day that it is caught and trained, but undoubtedly, in a past age, it was so used by the black races of the Upper Nile.

Sir William Jones states that the breeding of dogs and leopards for hunting purposes was introduced by Hushing, king of Persia, 865 B. C. The fashion subsequently spread all over the East, where it has continued to be a very popular form of sport. But the Persians did not invent this method of hunting, for on the Assyrian bas-reliefs a chetah is represented seizing an antelope, and on the walls in the tomb of Sheik Abd-el-Gurnah on the Nile, which dates about 1700 years before Christ, a chetah is portrayed. It is being led by a slip, and has a very ornamental collar. An Ethiopian, who has a large log of ebony upon his shoulders, is leading the animal, these two presents being tribute for the king of Thebes from some black tribes inhabiting the upper country. This scene is colored, but when I saw it three years ago, the Arabs had destroyed some portion of it with the tallow and smoke of the candles they light for its inspection.

Chetahs used at one time to be carried on horseback, sitting on a pillion behind the rider; at another period they were carried in cages on the backs of elephants. The sport they afford has not always been confined to Eastern countries, for in Europe Frederick II., king of Sicily, in the early part of the thirteenth century, introduced hunting with chetahs on his return from a journey he made to Jerusalem. And as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century the sport was revived in France, where at one time it had considerable popularity. In Eng-





DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

ENGRAVED BY PETER ATKER.

A CHETAH-HUNT IN WINDSOR PARK.



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

ON THE WAY TO THE HUNT.

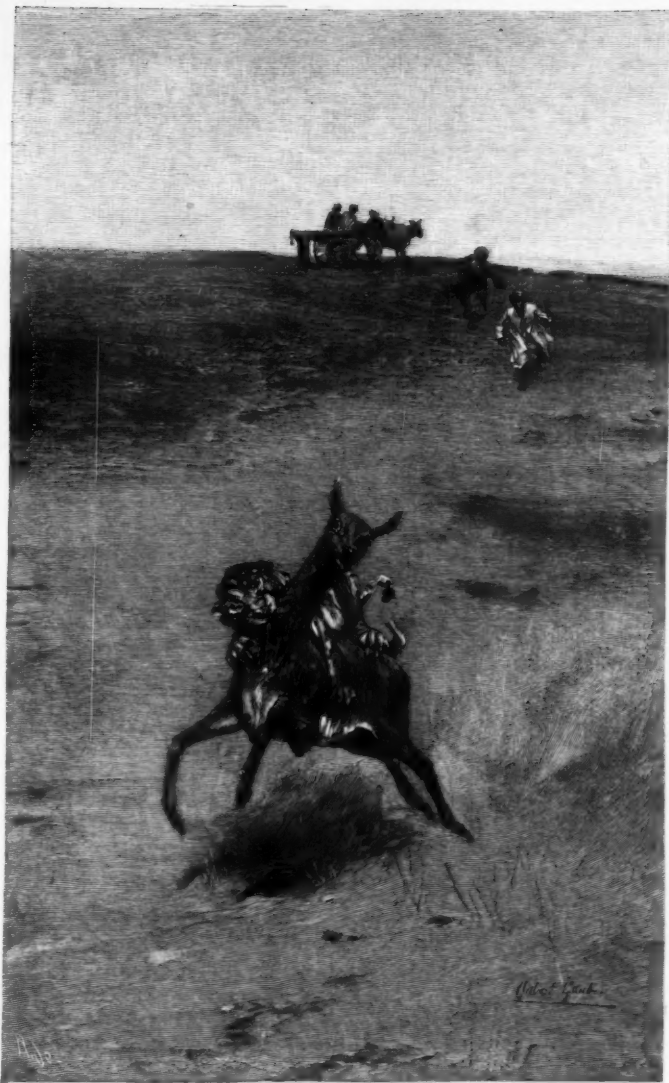
ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

land and Scotland it has also existed. The Duke of Cumberland, brother to George IV., had two chetahs presented to him by Sir Arthur Wellesley, but his attempt to hunt with them in Windsor Park ended in a fiasco. The animal refused to attack a stag which had been turned loose within an inclosure made by strong netting about fifteen feet high. When the stag, with lowered antlers, charged the leopard, he forced it to jump the netting to escape, and the consternation produced in the crowds of visitors assembled, who promptly fled in all directions, can easily be understood, when it is stated that the chetah was known to be a particularly ferocious specimen which had once savagely attacked and maimed a keeper. This is the last recorded chetah-hunt in Europe.

It was some hours before daybreak on the morning appointed for my initiation into the mysteries of the sport, that I was awakened by my native servant knocking at the veranda door, with the announcement that his highness's *shikari* (hunter) was outside and wished to see me. With a yawn I turned out, lighted the lamp, and, opening the door, stepped out to interview him. He was bare-legged, but his head, besides being enveloped in a voluminous turban, had numerous dirty-looking scarfs and articles of clothing wrapped around it. I could hardly repress a smile, for his highness's *shikari* at this early hour more nearly resembled a bundle of dirty clothes on two skinny black legs than anything human. The *shikari* caste is a low one. The night was shivering cold, with that piercing nip in the air which

prevails in nearly all hot countries an hour or two before dawn. The man looked all shriveled up with it, and the few minutes that I stood talking with him impressed me forcibly with the fact that even in India the weather is not always hot. The *shikari* informed me that two *tongas* (bullock-carts) from the maharajah's stables were now in the compound awaiting my party, that he had sent the chetah on two or three hours before to a spot some miles away, where he knew there were several very fine black-buck to be found, and he hoped the *sahibs* would be ready to start without any delay, or the sun would be too high by the time we reached the place for any sport to be had. Seeing the necessity for no loss of time occurring, I ordered the *tongas* to be sent on at once after the chetah, and two open *gharries* to be got ready for us, for by them we could get to the meeting-place as soon or before the slower-paced oxen could manage it, even if we started half an hour later. Hastily dressing, and swallowing the *chota hazri* (early breakfast) prepared for us, our party, which included, besides my wife and myself, a young guardsman and his mother, and our servants, was soon ready to start. As we emerged silently into the dark night, I prayed that the ladies, whose faces testified to their feelings, would be repaid for the discomfort they were experiencing in this unexpected, dreary middle-of-the-night work.

At first the road was too dark to see the way we were going, but as the dawn approached, the different objects by the wayside gradually



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

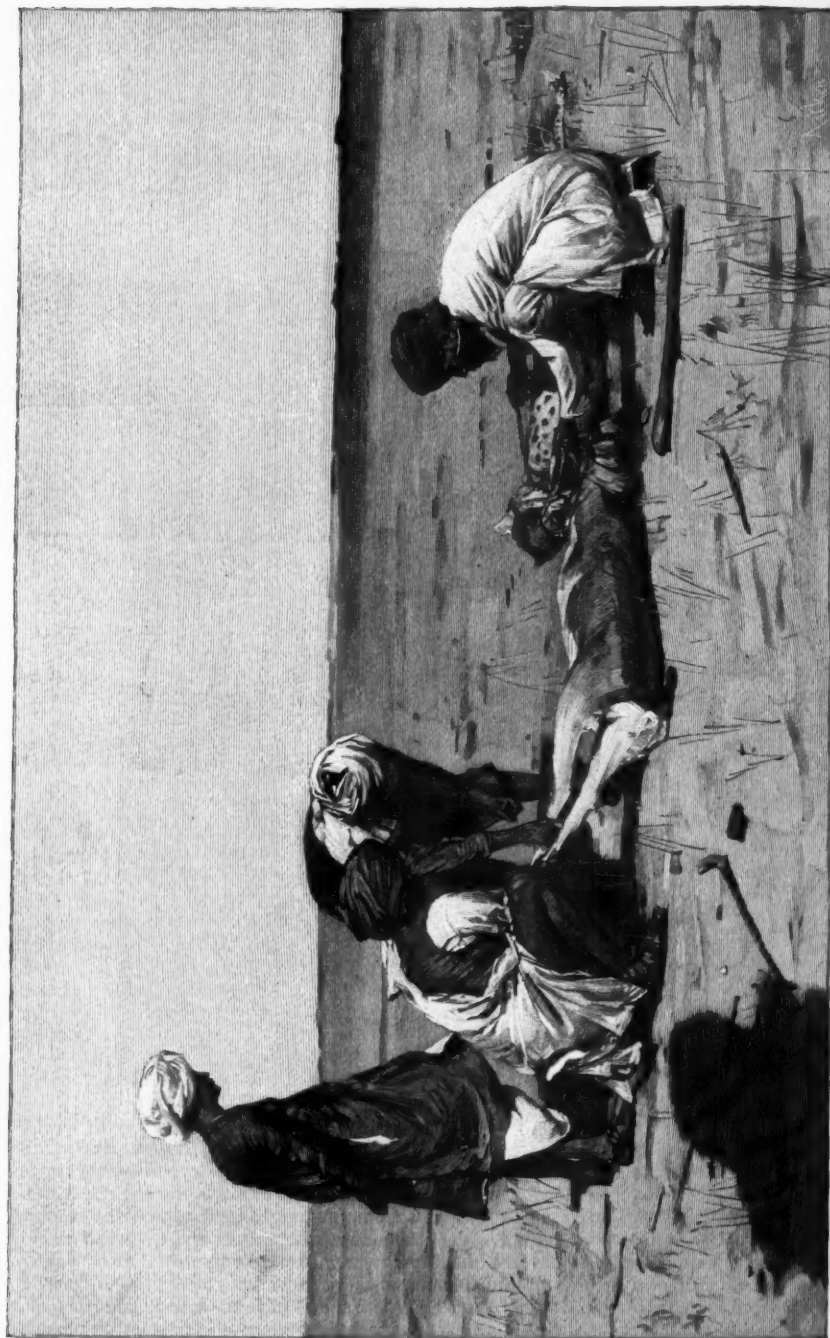
THE CHETAH'S ATTACK.

ENGRAVED BY E. A. ANDERSON.

became visible, and just as the sun rose, and bathed the whole landscape in light, we reached the appointed rendezvous. Here we found the chetah on his cart, with two attendants squatting alongside. The animal was hooded with a leathern hood that completely covered the upper part of his face, and had a strap around the loins, as well as a cord attached to his collar, by which he was bound to a rail on the cart. The vehicle was drawn by two handsome zebus, or humped oxen, which were driven by a ven-

erable-looking old man. A great deal of the success in a chetah-hunt depends on the tonga-drivers, for all the manœuvring has to be done by them. As might be expected, the maharajah, being a keen sportsman, would employ only men who were very skilful, and such we found them to be.

The method of procedure in using the chetah is for the men to get the carts as near the game as possible before liberating the animal. This is accomplished by driving around the



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAILL.

DISENGAGING THE CHETAH FROM ITS PREY.

ENGRAVED BY P. ATKIN.

antelopes in a circle, but making it gradually smaller and smaller, so that at last the requisite distance is attained. The accomplishment of this object requires some skill, but it is facilitated by the fact that over the lands on which the Indian antelopes, or black-buck, feed, the natives with their bullock-carts are perpetually passing and repassing. As these people never molest the animals, the antelopes get accustomed to their presence, and pay no attention to them. If, however, anything unusual in the appearance of their carts is discerned, then the fleet-footed creatures take instant alarm, and are off at a speed which soon carries them out of sight, leaving only a cloud of dust behind to mark the course they have taken.

Shortly after our arrival at the place where the chetah was awaiting us, the tongas arrived, and reluctantly we transferred ourselves from the comparatively comfortable carriages to the decidedly uncomfortable ox-carts. These tongas in no way differed from those in general use throughout India, but the oxen drawing them were of a finer breed, faster, and in better condition than those which the peasantry habitually employ and ill-treat. The Maharajah of Jeypore prides himself upon his oxen, as well as upon his large stud of elephants, camels, and thoroughbred Arabian horses.

On a tonga, Europeans have to sit *dos-à-dos*, similar to the position it is necessary to assume in an Irish jaunting-car. The feet rest upon a shelf hanging down over the wheel, and the legs and body are protected by guards. The back, however, is unsupported, for the seat is really intended to be used native fashion; that is, by squatting thereon, with the legs doubled up under the body. For Europeans, who cannot assume this attitude with any comfort, a shawl is folded up and made into an apology for a cushion; but as the cart has no springs, a long journey on a tonga is rather a miserable affair. Then one soon acquires some experience of oxen and their ways, and discovers that they have a decided inclination for rutty land with soft, heavy ground; these places they imagine to be easier on their feet. That this fact does not tend to lessen the inconveniences of tonga-riding is a piece of information we were destined to acquire on this occasion.

Shortly after we had fairly started on our way, the sun rendered the casting off of wraps and extra coats a necessity, and the comfort of our sun-helmets once more began to be felt. The chetah-cart led the way, our tongas followed in Indian file, and the shikari and servants brought up the rear on foot. The road soon struck off from the main highway over some cultivated land, then along very rough paths,

across a few dried-up river-beds, or *nullahs*, and ultimately emerged on to a large open plain, which extended as far as the eye could see, and in some respects suggested the prairies of America. The comparison, however, failed in certain details, for here the sky-lines were the hills of the Aravali range, small clumps of trees were to be seen dotted over the plain, and the vegetation, instead of being profuse, was scanty, for the most part being stunted shrubs, and tufts of coarse grass in a dry condition. In the far distance the castle and ruined encircling walls of Amber could be seen, and below in the valley some of the maharajah's troops were at exercise with their camel-guns and antiquated flint-lock muskets.

At last we sighted a small herd of antelope, but the shikari decided not to pay any attention to them, for none that could be discerned possessed horns fine enough to suit his idea of our requirements. He evidently knew well what he was about, for he soon brought us to a place where some fine heads could be seen. This herd we endeavored to approach, but its leaders either sighted something out of the common in the appearance of our cavalcade, or else they got wind of the chetah, for the animals were away like a flash, and we intently watched them bounding into the air, one after another, with graceful leaps, as they cleared the obstacles in their path until the distance hid them from view. Shortly afterward more animals were sighted, and this time our excitement was worked up to a state of intensity. Quietly but surely we circled nearer and nearer to the herd, but tried to appear as though we were paying no attention whatever to them. At last the distance was decreased to a little over a hundred yards, and we almost held our breath for fear of causing a stampede. Without the cart in any way stopping, the strap round the loins of the chetah was loosened, he was awakened by a vigorous twist of his tail, the cord was detached from his neck, and the hood slipped quickly from his eyes. The chetah sprang up, sighted his quarry, and with a bound, light, graceful, and soundless, sprang from the cart, and crouched low on the grass. Having got so far, however, for some reason not immediately evident, he refused to go any farther, and simply rolled round on his back and abandoned himself to the complete enjoyment of his liberty. With certain Hindustani oaths of so copious a character that they embraced the whole of that chetah's family for some generations back, one of the keepers got down and quietly approached the animal. On coming up to him the hood was deftly slipped over his eyes, the binding cord refastened, and the strap replaced round his loins. Although blindfolded, on being ordered, the animal leaped



back upon the cart with an easy bound that was grace personified, exhibiting the wonderful muscular agility he possessed.

The failure of the chetah in this case, we were told, was due to the antelope's getting too good a start; the animal's instinct guiding him under these circumstances. This may have been the case, for the efforts of nearly all members of the feline family, although rapid for short distances, are soon exhausted, and their instinct leads them to conserve their powers until all likelihood of failure in their attack is diminished. Then their movements are vigorous in the extreme. This fact we were to see displayed later on by our chetah. At first some of us were inclined to pronounce the animal too well fed or too lazy to work. We were assured, however, that it had not been given any food the day before, and must therefore be hungry, a necessary condition for it to hunt properly.

After this disappointment the tongas were again put in motion, and the men became more determined than ever that we should see some sport. We were jogged and jolted about over rough ground until our bodies were bruised and our backs tired. The sun also began to make itself felt in a way that was far from agreeable. Soon, however, we ceased to think of these small troubles, for on topping some rising ground, we again sighted antelope. Then again began the stalk, to end again, we thought, at one time, in renewed disappointment, for the herd, becoming uneasy, moved away. This they did very slowly, and without manifesting any great alarm, so off we started after them, but of course not in a direct line. In a few minutes, that to our anxious minds seemed interminable, we managed to diminish the distance to the requisite point, and again the straps were liberated. The hood was then slipped from the chetah's head. He saw the animals at once; his body quivered all over with excitement, the tail straightened, and the hackles on his shoulders stood erect, while his eyes gleamed, and he strained at the cord, which was held short. In a second it was unfastened, there was a yellow streak in the air, and the chetah was crouching low some yards away. In this position, and taking advantage of a certain unevenness of the ground which gave him cover, he stealthily crept forward toward a buck that was feeding some distance away from the others. Suddenly this antelope saw or scented his enemy, for he was off like the wind. He was, however, too late; the chetah had been too quick for him. All there was to be seen was a flash, as the supreme rush was made. This movement of the chetah is said to be, for the time it lasts, the quickest thing in the animal world, far surpassing the speed of a race-horse.

Certainly it surprised all of us, who were intently watching the details of the scene being enacted in our view. The pace was so marvelously great that the chetah actually sprang past the buck, although by this time the terrified animal was fairly stretched out at panic speed. This overshooting the mark by the chetah had the effect of driving the antelope, which swerved off immediately from his line, into running round in a circle, with the chetah on the outside. The tongas were galloped up, and the excitement of the occupants can hardly be described. In my eagerness to see the finish, I jumped off and took to running, but the hunt was soon over, for before I could get quite up, the chetah got close to the buck, and with a spring at his haunches, brought him to the ground. The leopard then suddenly released his hold, and sprang at his victim's throat, throwing his prey over on its back, where it was held when we arrived at the spot. The chetah was then crouching low, sucking the blood from the jugular vein, while tenaciously clinging with his mouth to the antelope's throat. The buck gave only a few spasmodic jerks and appeared to be dead, although probably not so in reality, but only paralyzed by fear. One of the men stooped down and plunged a knife into the buck's neck close to the spot where the chetah still held fast. This *coup de grâce* not only terminated the poor thing's existence, but caused the blood to flow freely, which one of the men proceeded to catch in a large wooden bowl with a long handle, that he had brought for the purpose. When this was full, the hood was thrust over the chetah's eyes, his fetters were replaced, and he was ultimately induced to let go his hold of the antelope by the bowl of steaming hot blood being slipped under his nose. Into this dainty reward for his trouble he at once plunged his head, and with ferocious eagerness lapped up the whole of it.

However, he did not submit to be led away from his prey without a protest, for he gave some low, ominous snarls, looked wicked, and tugged at the cords by which he was held. These proceedings on his part, together with the gory appearance he presented after his feast, drove the ladies from the scene. His head, limbs, and portions of his body were covered with the blood, and it was running out of his jaws. He was such a repulsive-looking beast that we were all glad when he had been taken back to the cart. The shikari, meanwhile, had been busy with the dead buck, getting it ready to be carried away, and his proceedings were not of a nature to allay the ladies' distaste for the whole affair, which, the excitement being all over, and the reaction setting in, they expressed in a decided manner.

As the sun was now like a ball of fire high

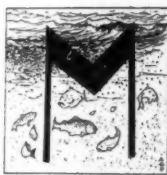
up in a steel-blue dome, and we were all hungry, thirsty, tired, and hot, we decided to return home without trying for another antelope. After a bath and tiffin we all felt in a different humor, but the consensus of opinion condemned hunting with the chetah as poor sport from a European standpoint. Its extraordinary attractions for the inhabitants of Eastern countries we could, however, well understand. It requires but little exertion on the part of the hunters themselves, and there are many different objects of intense interest to be followed—the careful manœuvring in stalking the game, the loosening of the subtle animal,

the excitement of watching its stealthy approach, in which a wonderful display of craft and agility is exhibited, then the lightning-like rapidity of its movements, and the flight of the terror-stricken antelope. Finally, the supreme moment having arrived, there comes the graceful but terrible spring which brings the quarry in the death-grip of the powerful cat. The whole sport is in fact an exhibition of animal powers exerted in the form most attractive to Oriental minds. But the day is not far off when hunting with the chetah will be a thing of the past, and there will be but few people left who will mourn the fact.

*J. Fortuné Nott.*

## THE GUESTS OF MRS. TIMMS.

### I.



RS. PERSIS FLAGG stood in her front doorway taking leave of Miss Cynthia Pickett, who had just been making a long call. They were not intimate friends. Miss Pickett

always came formally to the front door and rang when she paid her visits, but, the week before, they had met at the county conference, and had been sent to the same house for entertainment, and so had deepened and renewed the pleasures of acquaintance.

It was an afternoon in early June; the syringa-bushes were tall and green on each side of the stone doorsteps, and were covered with their lovely white and golden flowers. Miss Pickett broke off the nearest twig, and held it before her prim face as she talked. She had a pretty childlike smile that came and went suddenly, but her face was not one that bore the marks of many pleasures. Mrs. Flagg was a tall, commanding sort of person, with an air of satisfaction and authority.

"Oh, yes, gather all you want," she said stiffly, as Miss Pickett took the syringa without having asked beforehand; but she had an amiable expression, and just now her large countenance was lighted up by pleasant anticipation.

"We can tell early what sort of a day it's goin' to be," she said eagerly. "There ain't a cloud in the sky now. I'll stop for you as I come along, or if there should be anything un-

foreseen to detain me, I'll send you word. I don't expect you'd want to go if it wa'n't so that I could?"

"Oh my sakes, no!" answered Miss Pickett, discreetly, with a timid flush. "You feel certain that Mis' Timms won't be put out? I should n't feel free to go unless I went 'long o' you."

"Why, nothin' could be plainer than her words," said Mrs. Flagg in a tone of reproof. "You saw how she urged me, an' had over all that talk about how we used to see each other often when we both lived to Longport, and told how she'd been thinkin' of writin', and askin' if it wa'n't so I should be able to come over and stop three or four days as soon as settled weather come, because she could n't make no fire in her best chamber on account of the chimbley smokin' if the wind wa'n't just right. You see how she felt toward me, kissin' of me comin' and goin'? Why, she even asked me who I employed to do over my bonnet, Miss Pickett, just as interested as if she was a sister; an' she remarked she should look for us any pleasant day after we all got home, an' were settled after the conference."

Miss Pickett smiled, but did not speak, as if she expected more arguments still.

"An' she seemed just about as much gratified to meet with you again. She seemed to desire to meet you again very particular," continued Mrs. Flagg. "She really urged us to come together an' have a real good day talkin' over old times—there, don't le's go all over it again! I've always heard she'd made that old house of her aunt Bascom's where she

lives look real handsome. I once heard her best parlor carpet described as being an elegant carpet, different from any there was round here. Why, nobody could n't be more cordial, Miss Pickett; you ain't goin' to give out just at the last?"

"Oh, no!" answered the visitor, hastily; "no, 'm! I want to go full as much as you do, Mis' Flagg, but you see I never was so well acquainted with Mis' Cap'n Timms, an' I always seem to dread putting myself for'ard. She certain was very urgent, an' she said plain enough to come any day next week, an' here 't is Wednesday, though of course she would n't look for us either Monday or Tuesday. 'T will be a real pleasant occasion, an' now we've been to the conference it don't seem near so much effort to start."

"Why, I don't think nothin' of it," said Mrs. Flagg, proudly. "We shall have a grand good time, goin' together an' all, I feel sure."

Miss Pickett still played with her syringa flower, tapping her thin cheek, and twirling the stem with her fingers. She looked as if she were going to say something more, but after a moment's hesitation she turned away.

"Good afternoon, Mis' Flagg," she said formally, looking up with a quick little smile; "I enjoyed my call; I hope I ain't kep' you too late; I don't know but what it 's 'most tea-time. Well, I shall look for you in the mornin'."

"Good afternoon, Miss Pickett; I 'm glad I was in when you came. Call again, won't you?" said Mrs. Flagg. "Yes; you may expect me in good season," and so they parted. Miss Pickett went out at the neat clicking gate in the white fence, and Mrs. Flagg a moment later looked out of her sitting-room window to see if the gate were latched, and felt the least bit disappointed to find that it was. She sometimes went out after the departure of a guest, and fastened the gate herself with a loud rebuking sound. Both of these Woodville women lived alone, and were very precise in their way of doing things.

## II.

THE next morning dawned clear and bright, and Miss Pickett rose even earlier than usual. She found it most difficult to decide which of her dresses would be best to wear. Summer was still so young that the day had all the freshness of spring, but when the two friends walked away together along the shady street, with a chorus of golden robins singing high overhead in the elms, Miss Pickett decided that she had made a wise choice of her second-best black silk gown, which she had just turned again and freshened. It was neither too warm for the season nor too cool, nor did it look overdressed. She wore her large cameo pin,

and this, with a long watch-chain, gave an air of proper mural decoration. She was a straight, flat little person, as if, when not in use, she kept herself, silk dress and all, between the leaves of a book. She carried a noticeable parasol with a fringe, and a small shawl, with a pretty border, neatly folded over her left arm. Mrs. Flagg always dressed in black cashmere, and looked, to hasty observers, much the same one day as another; but her companion recognized the fact that this was the best black cashmere of all, and for a moment quailed at the thought that Mrs. Flagg was paying such extreme deference to their prospective hostess. The visit turned for a moment into an unexpectedly solemn formality, and pleasure seemed to wane before Cynthia Pickett's eyes, yet with great courage she never slackened a single step. Mrs. Flagg carried a somewhat worn black leather hand-bag, which Miss Pickett regretted; it did not give the visit that casual and unpremeditated air which she felt to be more elegant.

"Sha'n't I carry your bag for you?" she asked timidly. Mrs. Flagg was the older and more important person.

"Oh, dear me, no," answered Mrs. Flagg. "My pocket 's so remote, in case I should desire to sneeze or anything, that I thought 't would be convenient for carrying my handkerchief and pocket-book; an' then I just tucked in a couple o' glasses o' my crab-apple jelly for Mis' Timms. She used to be a great hand for preserves of every sort, an' I thought 't would be a kind of an attention, an' give rise to conversation. I know she used to make excellent drop-cakes when we was both residin' to Longport; folks used to say she never would give the right receipt, but if I get a real good chance, I mean to ask her. Or why can't you, if I start talkin' about receipts—why can't you say, sort of innocent, that I have always spoken frequently of her drop-cakes, an' ask for the rule? She would be very sensible to the compliment, and could pass it off if she did n't feel to indulge us. There, I do so wish you would!"

"Yes, 'm," said Miss Pickett, doubtfully; "I 'll try to make the opportunity. I 'm very partial to drop-cakes. Was they flour or rye, Mis' Flagg?"

"They was flour, dear," replied Mrs. Flagg, approvingly; "crisp an' light as any you ever see."

"I wish I had thought to carry somethin' to make it pleasant," said Miss Pickett, after they had walked a little farther; "but there, I don't know 's 't would look just right, this first visit, to offer anything to such a person as Mis' Timms. In case I ever go over to Baxter again I won't forget to make her some little present,

as nice as I've got. 'T was certain very polite of her to urge me to come with you. I did feel very doubtful at first. I did n't know but she thought it behooved her, because I was in your company at the conference, and she wanted to save my feelin's, and yet expected I would decline. I never was well acquainted with her; our folks was n't well off when I first knew her; 't was before Uncle Cap'n Dyer passed away an' remembered mother an' me in his will. We could n't make no han'some companies in them days, so we did n't go to none, an' kep' to ourselves; but in my grandmother's time, mother always said, the families was very friendly. I should n't feel like goin' over to pass the day with Mis' Timms if I did n't mean to ask her to return the visit. Some don't think o' these things, but mother was very set about not bein' done for when she could n't make no return."

"When it rains porridge hold up your dish," said Mrs. Flagg; but Miss Pickett made no response beyond a feeble "Yes, m," which somehow got caught in her pale-green bonnet-strings.

"There, 't ain't no use to fuss too much over all them things," proclaimed Mrs. Flagg, walking along at a good pace with a fine sway of her skirts, and carrying her head high. "Folks walks right by an' forgits all about you; folks can't always be going through with just so much. You 'd had a good deal better time, you an' your ma, if you 'd been freer in your ways; now don't you s'pose you would? 'T ain't what you give folks to eat so much as 't is makin' 'em feel welcome. Now, there 's Mis' Timms; when we was to Longport she was dreadful methodical. She would n't let Cap'n Timms fetch nobody home to dinner without lettin' of her know, same 's other cap'ns' wives had to submit to. I was thinkin', when she was so cordial over to Danby, how she 'd softened with time. Years do learn folks somethin'! She did seem very pleasant an' desirous. There, I am so glad we got started; if she 'd gone an' got up a real good dinner to-day, an' then not had us come till to-morrow, 't would have been real too bad. Where any body lives alone such a thing is very tryin'."

"Oh, so 't is!" said Miss Pickett. "There, I 'd like to tell you what I went through with year before last. They come an' asked me one Saturday night to entertain the minister, that time we was having candidates—"

"I guess we 'd better step along faster," said Mrs. Flagg, suddenly. "Why, Miss Pickett, there 's the stage comin' now! It 's dreadful prompt, seems to me. Quick! there 's folks awaitin', an' I sha'n't get to Baxter in no state to visit Mis' Cap'n Timms if I have to ride all the way there backward!"

## III.

THE stage was not full inside. The group before the store proved to be made up of spectators, except one man, who climbed at once to a vacant seat by the driver. Inside there was only one person, after two passengers got out, and she preferred to sit with her back to the horses, so that Mrs. Flagg and Miss Pickett settled themselves comfortably in the coveted corners of the back seat. At first they took no notice of their companion, and spoke to each other in low tones, but presently something attracted the attention of all three and engaged them in conversation.

"I never was over this road before," said the stranger. "I s'pose you ladies are well acquainted all along."

"We have often traveled it in past years. We was over this part of it last week goin' and comin' from the county conference," said Mrs. Flagg in a dignified manner.

"What persuasion?" inquired the fellow-traveler, with interest.

"Orthodox," said Miss Pickett, quickly, before Mrs. Flagg could speak. "It was a very interestin' occasion; this other lady an' me stayed through all the meetin's."

"I ain't Orthodox," announced the stranger, waiving any interest in personalities. "I was brought up amongst the Freewill Baptists."

"We're well acquainted with several of that denomination in our place," said Mrs. Flagg, not without an air of patronage. "They've never built 'em no church; there ain't but a scattered few."

"They prevail where I come from," said the traveler. "I 'm goin' now to visit with a Freewill lady. We was to a conference together once, same 's you an' your friend, but 't was a State conference. She asked me to come some time an' make her a good visit, and I 'm on my way now. I did n't seem to have nothin' to keep me to home."

"We're all goin' visitin' to-day, ain't we?" said Mrs. Flagg, sociably; but no one carried on the conversation.

The day was growing very warm; there was dust in the sandy road, but the fields of grass and young growing crops looked fresh and fair. There was a light haze over the hills, and birds were thick in the air. When the stage-horses stopped to walk, you could hear the crows caw, and the bobolinks singing, in the meadows. All the farmers were busy in their fields.

"It don't seem but little ways to Baxter, does it?" said Miss Pickett, after a while. "I felt we should pass a good deal o' time on the road, but we must be pretty near half-way there a'ready."

"Why, more 'n half!" exclaimed Mrs. Flagg.



"Yes; there's Beckett's Corner right ahead, an' the old Beckett house. I have n't been on this part of the road for so long that I feel kind of strange. I used to visit over here when I was a girl. There's a nephew's widow owns the place now. Old Miss Susan Beckett willed it to him, an' he died; but she resides there an' carries on the farm, an unusual smart woman, everybody says. Ain't it pleasant here, right out among the farms!"

"Mis' Beckett's place, did you observe?" said the stranger, leaning forward to listen to what her companions said. "I expect that's where I'm goin'— Mis' Ezra Beckett's?"

"That's the one," said Miss Pickett and Mrs. Flagg together, and they both looked out eagerly as the coach drew up to the front door of a large old yellow house that stood close upon the green turf of the roadside.

The passenger looked pleased and eager, and made haste to leave the stage with her many bundles and bags. While she stood impatiently tapping at the brass knocker, the stage-driver landed a large trunk, and dragged it toward the door across the grass. Just then a busy-looking middle-aged woman made her appearance, with floury hands and with a look as if she were prepared to be somewhat on the defensive.

"Why, how do you do, Mis' Beckett?" exclaimed the guest. "Well, here I be at last. I did n't know 's you thought I was ever comin'. Why, I do declare, I believe you don't recognize me, Mis' Beckett."

"I believe I don't," said the self-possessed hostess. "Ain't you made some mistake, ma'am?"

"Why, don't you recollect we was together that time to the State conference, an' you said you should be pleased to have me come an' make you a visit some time, an' I said I would certain. There, I expect I look more natural to you now."

Mrs. Beckett appeared to be making the best possible effort, and gave a bewildered glance, first at her unexpected visitor, and then at the trunk. The stage-driver, who watched this encounter with evident delight, turned away with reluctance. "I can't wait all day to see how they settle it," he said, and mounted briskly to the box, and the stage rolled on.

"He might have waited just a minute to see," said Miss Pickett, indignantly, but Mrs. Flagg's head and shoulders were already far out of the stage window—the house was on her side. "She ain't got in yet," she told Miss Pickett, triumphantly. "I could see 'em quite a spell. With that trunk, too! I do declare, how inconsiderate some folks is!"

"'T was pushin' an acquaintance most too far, wa' n't it?" agreed Miss Pickett. "There,

't will be somethin' laughable to tell Mis' Timms. I never see anything more divertin'. I shall kind of pity that woman if we have to stop an' git her as we go back this afternoon."

"Oh, don't let 's forgit to watch for her," exclaimed Mrs. Flagg, beginning to brush off the dust of travel. "There, I feel an excellent appetite, don't you? And we ain't got more 'n three or four miles to go, if we have that. I wonder what Mis' Timms is likely to give us for dinner; she spoke of makin' a good many chicken-pies, an' I happened to remark how partial I was to 'em. She felt above most of the things we had provided for us over to the conference. I know she was always counted the best o' cooks when I knew her so well to Longport. Now, don't you forget, if there's a suitable opportunity, to inquire about the drop-cakes," and Miss Pickett, a little less doubtful than before, renewed her promise.

#### IV.

"My gracious, won't Mis' Timms be pleased to see us! It's just exactly the day to have company. And ain't Baxter a sweet pretty place?" said Mrs. Flagg, as they walked up the main street. "Cynthy Pickett, now ain't you proper glad you come? I felt sort o' calm about it part o' the time yesterday, but I ain't felt so like a girl for a good while. I do believe I'm goin' to have a splendid time."

Miss Pickett glowed with equal pleasure as she paced along. She was less expansive and enthusiastic than her companion, but now that they were fairly in Baxter, she lent herself generously to the occasion. The social distinction of going away to spend a day in company with Mrs. Flagg was by no means small. She arranged the folds of her shawl more carefully over her arm so as to show the pretty palm-leaf border, and then looked up with great approval to the row of great maples that shaded the broad sidewalk. "I wonder if we can't contrive to make time to go an' see old Miss Nancy Fell?" she ventured to ask Mrs. Flagg. "There ain't a great deal o' time before the stage goes at four o'clock; 't will pass quickly, but I should hate to have her feel hurt. If she was one we had visited often at home, I should n't care so much, but such folks feel any little slight. She was a member of our church; I think a good deal of that."

"Well, I hardly know what to say," faltered Mrs. Flagg, coldly. "We might just look in a minute; I should n't want her to feel hurt."

"She was one that always did her part, too," said Miss Pickett, more boldly. "Mr. Cronin used to say that she was more generous with her little than many was with their much. If she had n't lived in a poor part of the town,



and so been occupied with a different kind of people from us, 't would have made a difference. They say she 's got a comfortable little home over here, an' keeps house for a nephew. You know she was to our meeting one Sunday last winter, and 'peared dreadful glad to get back; folks seemed glad to see her, too. I don't know as you were out."

"She always wore a friendly look," said Mrs. Flagg, indulgently. "There, now, there 's Mis' Timms's residence; it 's handsome, ain't it, with them big spruce-trees? I expect she may be at the window now, an' see us as we come along. Is my bonnet on straight, an' every thing? The blinds looks open in the room this way; I guess she 's to home fast enough."

The friends quickened their steps, and with shining eyes and beating hearts hastened forward. The slightest mists of uncertainty were now cleared away; they gazed at the house with deepest pleasure; the visit was about to begin.

They opened the front gate and went up the short walk, noticing the pretty herring-bone pattern of the bricks, and as they stood on the high steps Cynthia Pickett wondered whether she ought not to have worn her best dress, even though there was lace at the neck and sleeves, and she usually kept it for the most formal of tea-parties and exceptional parish festivals. In her heart she commended Mrs. Flagg for that familiarity with the ways of a wider social world which had led her to wear the very best among her black cashmeres.

"She 's a good while coming to the door," whispered Mrs. Flagg, presently. "Either she did n't see us, or else she 's slipped up-stairs to make some change, an' 's just goin' to let us ring again. I 've done it myself sometimes. I 'm glad we came right over after her urgin' us so; it seems more cordial than to keep her expectin' us. I expect she 'll urge us terribly to remain with her over-night."

"Oh, I ain't prepared," began Miss Pickett, but she looked pleased. At that moment there was a slow withdrawal of the bolt inside, and a key was turned, the front door opened, and Mrs. Timms stood before them with a smile. Nobody stopped to think at that moment what kind of smile it was.

"Why, if it ain't Mis' Flagg," she exclaimed politely, "an' Miss Pickett too! I am surprised!"

The front entry behind her looked well furnished, but not exactly hospitable; the stairs with their brass rods looked so clean and bright that it did not seem as if anybody had ever gone up or come down. A cat came purring out, but Mrs. Timms pushed her back with a determined foot, and hastily closed the sitting-room door. Then Miss Pickett let Mrs. Flagg precede her, as was becoming, and they

went into a darkened parlor, and found their way to some chairs, and seated themselves solemnly.

"T is a beautiful day, ain't it?" said Mrs. Flagg, speaking first. "I don't know 's I ever enjoyed the ride more. We 've been having a good deal of rain since we saw you at the conference, and the country looks beautiful."

"Did you leave Woodville this morning? I thought I had n't heard you was in town," replied Mrs. Timms, formally. She was seated just a little too far away to make things seem exactly pleasant. The darkness of the best room seemed to retreat somewhat, and Miss Pickett looked over by the door where there was a pale gleam from the side-lights in the hall, to try to see the pattern of the carpet; but her effort failed.

"Yes, 'm," replied Mrs. Flagg to the question. "We left Woodville about half-past eight, but it is quite a ways from where we live to where you take the stage. The stage does come slow, but you don't seem to mind it such a beautiful day."

"Why, you must have come right to see me first!" said Mrs. Timms, warming a little as the visit went on. "I hope you 're going to make some stop in town. I 'm sure it was very polite of you to come right an' see me; well, it 's very pleasant, I declare. I wish you 'd been in Baxter last Sabbath; our minister did give us an elegant sermon on faith an' works. He spoke of the conference, and gave his views on some o' the questions that came up, at Friday evenin' meetin'; but I felt tired after getting home, an' so I was n't out. We feel very much favored to have such a man amon'st us. He 's building up the parish very considerable. I understand the pew-rents come to thirty-six dollars more this quarter than they did last."

"We also feel grateful in Woodville for our pastor's efforts," said Miss Pickett, but Mrs. Timms turned her head away sharply, as if the speech had been untimely, and trembling Miss Pickett had interrupted.

"They 're thinking here of raisin' Mr. Barlow's salary another year," the hostess added; "a good many of the old parishioners have died off, but every one feels to do what they can. Is there much interest among the young people in Woodville, Mis' Flagg?"

"Considerable at this time, ma'am," answered Mrs. Flagg, without enthusiasm, and she listened with unusual silence to the subsequent fluent remarks of Mrs. Timms.

The parlor seemed to be undergoing the slow processes of a winter dawn. After a while the three women could begin to see one another's faces, which aided them somewhat in carrying on a serious and impersonal conversation. There were a good many subjects to

be touched upon, and Mrs. Timms said everything that she should have said, except to invite her visitors to walk up-stairs and take off their bonnets. Mrs. Flagg sat her parlor-chair as if it were a throne, and carried her banner of self-possession as high as she knew how, but toward the end of the call even she began to feel hurried.

"Won't you ladies take a glass of wine an' a piece of cake after your ride?" inquired Mrs. Timms, with an air of hospitality that almost concealed the fact that neither cake nor wine was anywhere to be seen; but the ladies bowed and declined with particular elegance. Altogether it was a visit of extreme propriety on both sides, and Mrs. Timms was very pressing in her invitation that her guests should stay longer.

"Thank you, but we ought to be going," answered Mrs. Flagg, with a little show of ostentation, and looking over her shoulder to be sure that Miss Pickett had risen too. "We've got some little ways to go," she added with dignity. "We should be pleased to have you call an' see us in case you have occasion to come to Woodville," and Miss Pickett faintly seconded the invitation. It was in her heart to add, "Come any day next week," but her courage did not rise so high as to make the words audible. She looked as if she were ready to cry; her usual smile had burnt itself out into gray ashes; there was a white appealing look about her mouth. As they emerged from the dim parlor and stood at the open front door, the bright June day, the golden-green trees, almost blinded their eyes. Mrs. Timms was more smiling and cordial than ever.

"There, I ought to have thought to offer you fans; I am afraid you was warm after walking," she exclaimed, as if to leave no stone of courtesy unturned. "I have so enjoyed meeting you again, I wish it was so you could stop longer. Why, Mis' Flagg, we have n't said one word about old times when we lived to Longport. I've had news from there, too, since I saw you; my brother's daughter-in-law was here to pass the Sabbath after I returned."

Mrs. Flagg did not turn back to ask any questions as she stepped stiffly away down the brick walk. Miss Pickett followed her, raising the fringed parasol; they both made ceremonious little bows as they shut the high white gate behind them. "Good-by," said Mrs. Timms, finally, as she stood in the door with her set smile; and as they departed she came out and began to fasten up a rose-bush that climbed a narrow white ladder by the steps.

"Oh, my goodness alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Flagg, after they had gone some distance in aggrieved silence, "if I have n't gone and forgotten my bag! I ain't goin' back, what-

ever happens. I expect she'll trip over it in that dark room and break her neck!"

"I brought it; I noticed you'd forgotten it," said Miss Pickett, timidly, as if she hated to deprive her companion of even that slight consolation.

"There, I'll tell you what we'd better do," said Mrs. Flagg, gallantly: "we'll go right over an' see poor old Miss Nancy Fell; 't will please her about to death. We can say we felt like goin' somewhere to-day, an' 't was a good many years since either one of us had seen Baxter, so we come just for the ride, an' to make a few calls. She'll like to hear all about the conference; Miss Fell was always one that took a real interest in religious matters."

Miss Pickett brightened, and they quickened their step. It was nearly twelve o'clock, they had breakfasted early, and now felt as if they had eaten nothing since they were grown up. An awful feeling of tiredness and uncertainty settled down upon their once buoyant spirits.

"I can forgive a person," said Mrs. Flagg, "but when I'm done with 'em, I'm done."

v.

"I do declare, 't was like a scene in *Scriptur*' to see that poor good-hearted Nancy Fell run down her walk to open the gate for us!" said Mrs. Persis Flagg later that afternoon, when she and Miss Pickett were going home in the stage. Miss Pickett nodded her head approvingly.

"I had a good sight better time with her than I should have had at the other place," she said with fearless honesty. "If I'd been Mis' Cap'n Timms, I'd made some apology or just passed us the compliment. If it wa' n't convenient, why could n't she just tell us so after all her urgin' and sayin' how she should expect us?"

"I thought then she'd altered from what she used to be," said Mrs. Flagg. "She seemed real sincere an' open away from home. If she wa' n't prepared to-day, 't was easy enough to say so; we was reasonable folks, an' should have gone away with none but friendly feelin's. We did have a grand good time with Nancy. She was as happy to see us as if we'd been queens."

"'T was a real nice little dinner," said Miss Pickett, gratefully. "I thought I was goin' to faint away just before we got to the house, and I did n't know how I should hold out if she undertook to do anything extra, and keep us a-waitin'; but there, she just made us welcome, simple-hearted, to what she had. I never tasted such dandelion greens, an' that nice little piece o' pork and new biscuit, why, they was just splendid. She must have an excellent good cellar, if 't is such a small house. Her potatoes was truly remarkable for this time o' year. I

myself don't deem it necessary to cook potatoes when I'm goin' to have dandelion greens. Now, did n't it put you in mind of that verse in the Bible that says, 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is'? An' how desirous she'd been to see somebody that could tell her some particulars about the conference!"

"She 'll enjoy tellin' folks about our comin' over to see her. Yes, I'm glad we went; 't will be of advantage every way, an' our bein' of the same church an' all, to Woodville. If Mis' Timms hears of our bein' there, she 'll see we had reason, an' knew of a place to go. Well, I need n't have brought this old bag!"

Miss Pickett gave her companion a quick resentful glance, which was followed by one of triumph directed at the dust that was collecting on the shoulders of the best black cashmere; then she looked at the bag on the front seat, and suddenly felt illuminated with the suspicion that Mrs. Flagg had secretly made preparations to pass the night in Baxter. The bag looked plump, as if it held much more than the pocket-book and the jelly.

Mrs. Flagg looked up with unusual humility. "I did think about that jelly," she said, as if Miss Pickett had openly reproached her. "I was afraid it might look as if I was tryin' to pay her for her kindness."

"Well, I don't know," said Cynthia; "I guess she'd been pleased. She'd thought you just brought her over a little present: but I do' know as 't would be any good to her after all; she'd thought so much of it, comin' from you, that she'd kep' it till 't was all candied." But Mrs. Flagg did n't look exactly pleased by this unexpected compliment, and her fellow-traveler colored with confusion and a sudden feeling that she had shown undue forwardness.

Presently they remembered the Beckett house, to their great relief, and, as they approached, Mrs. Flagg reached over and took her hand-bag from the front seat to make room for another passenger. But nobody came out to stop the stage, and they saw the unexpected guest sitting by one of the front windows comfortably swaying a palm-leaf fan, and rocking to and fro in calm content. They shrank back into their corners, and tried not to be seen. Mrs. Flagg's face grew very red.

"She got in, did n't she?" said Miss Pickett, snipping her words angrily, as if her lips were scissors. Then she heard a cry, and bent forward to see Mrs. Beckett herself appear in the front doorway, very smiling and eager to stop the stage.

The driver was only too ready to stop his horses. "Got a passenger for me to carry back, ain't ye?" said he, facetiously. "Them's the kind I like; carry both ways, make somethin'

on a double trip," and he gave Mrs. Flagg and Miss Pickett a friendly wink as he stepped down over the wheel. Then he hurried toward the house, evidently in a hurry to put the baggage on; but the expected passenger still sat rocking and fanning at the window.

"No, sir; I ain't got any passengers," exclaimed Mrs. Beckett, advancing a step or two to meet him, and speaking very loud in her pleasant excitement. "This lady that come this morning wants her large trunk with her summer things that she left to the depo' in Woodville. She's very desirous to git into it, so don't you go an' forgit; ain't you got a book or somethin', Mr. Ma'sh? Don't you forgit to make a note of it; here's her check, an' we've kep' the number in case you should mislay it or anything. There's things in the trunk she needs; you know how you overlooked stoppin' to the milliner's for my bunnit last week."

"Other folks disremembers things as well's me," grumbled Mr. Marsh. He turned to give the passengers another wink more familiar than the first, but they wore an offended air, and were looking the other way. The horses had backed a few steps, and the guest at the front window had ceased the steady motion of her fan to make them a handsome bow, and been puzzled at the lofty manner of their acknowledgment.

"Go 'long with your foolish jokes, John Ma'sh!" Mrs. Beckett said cheerfully, as she turned away. She was a comfortable, hearty person, whose appearance suggested the beauties of hospitality. The driver climbed to his seat, chuckling, and drove away with the dust flying after the wheels.

"Now, she's a friendly sort of a woman, that Mis' Beckett," said Mrs. Flagg, unexpectedly, after a few moments of silence, when she and her friend had been unable to look at each other. "I really ought to call over an' see her some o' these days, knowing her husband's folks as well as I used to, an' visitin' of 'em when I was a girl." But Miss Pickett made no answer.

"I expect it was all for the best, that woman's comin'," suggested Mrs. Flagg again, hopefully. "She looked like a willing person who would take right hold. I guess Mis' Beckett knows what she's about, and must have had her reasons. Perhaps she thought she'd chance it for a couple o' weeks anyway, after the lady'd come so fur, an' bein' one o' her own denomination. Hayin' 'll be here before we know it. I think myself, gen'rally speakin', 't is just as well to let anybody know you're comin'."

"Them seemed to be Mis' Cap'n Timms's views," said Miss Pickett in a low tone; but the stage rattled a good deal, and Mrs. Flagg looked up inquiringly, as if she had not heard.

*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

## NIKOLA TESLA.



SERVIAN poetry has so distinct a charm that Goethe is said to have learned the musical tongue in which it is written rather than lose any of its native beauty. History does not record, however, any similar instance in which the Servian language, though it be that of Boskovich, expounder of the atomic theory, has been studied for the sake of the scientific secrets that might lurk therein. The vivid imagination and ready fancy of the people have been literary in their manifestation and fruit. A great Slav orator has publicly reproached his one hundred and twenty million fellows in Eastern Europe with their utter inability to invent even a mouse-trap. They were all mere barren idealists. If this were true, to equalize matters, we might perhaps barter without loss some score of ordinary American patents for a single singer of Illyrian love-songs. But racial conditions are hardly to be offset on any terms that do not leave genius its freedom, and once in a while Nature herself rights things by producing a man whose transcendent merit compensates his nation for the very defects to which it has long been sensitive. It does not follow that such a man shall remain in a confessedly unfavorable environment. Genius is its own passport, and has always been ready to change habitats until the natural one is found. Thus it is, perchance, that while some of our artists are impelled to set up their easels in Paris or Rome, many Europeans of mark in the fields of science and research are no less apt to adopt our nationality, of free choice. They are, indeed, Americans born in exile, and seek this country instinctively as their home, needing in reality no papers of naturalization. It was thus that we welcomed Agassiz, Ericsson, and Graham Bell. In like manner Nikola Tesla, the young Servian inventor with whose work a new age in electricity is beginning, now dwells among us in New York.

Mr. Tesla's career not only touches the two extremes of European civilization, east and west, in a very interesting way, but suggests an inquiry into the essential likeness between poet and inventor. He comes of an old Servian family whose members for centuries have kept watch and ward along the Turkish frontier, and whose blood was freely shed that our western vanguard might gain time for its advance upon these shores. Yet, remote as such people and conditions are to us, it is with ap-

paratus based on ideas and principles originating among them that the energy from Niagara Falls is to be widely distributed by electricity, in the various forms of light, heat, and power. This, in itself, would seem enough to confer fame, but Mr. Tesla has done, and will do, much else. Could he be tamed to habits of moderation in work, it would be difficult to set limit to the solutions he might give us, through ripening years, of many deep problems; but when a man springs from a people who have a hundred words for knife and only one for bread, it is a little unreasonable to urge him to be careful even of his own life. Thirty-six years make a brief span, but when an inventor believes that creative fertility is restricted to the term of youth, it is no wonder that night and day witness his anxious activity, as of a relentless volcano, and that ideas well up like hot lava—till the crater be suddenly exhausted and hushed.

A Slav of the Slavs, with racial characteristics strongly stamped in look, speech, and action, Mr. Tesla is a notable exemplification of the outcropping in unwonted form of tendencies suppressed. I have never heard him speak of a picture or a piece of music, but his numerous inventions, and the noble lectures that embody his famous investigations with currents of high frequency and high potential, betray the poetic temperament throughout. One would expect the line separating fact from theory to fade at the altitudes of thought to which his later speculations reach; but this lithe, spare mountaineer is accustomed to the thin, dry air, and neither loses sharpness of sight nor breathes painfully. Has the Servian poet become inventor, or is the inventor a poet? Mr. Tesla has been held a visionary, deceived by the flash of casual shooting stars; but the growing conviction of his professional brethren is that because he saw farther he saw first the low lights flickering on tangible new continents of science. The perceptive and imaginative qualities of the mind are not often equally marked in the same man of genius. Overplus of imagination may argue dimness of perception; an ability to dream dreams may imply a want of skill in improving reapers. Now and then the two elements combine in the creative poet of epic and drama; occasionally they give us the prolific inventor like Tesla.

Jules Breton has spoken of the history of his life as being at the same time the genesis of his art. This is true of Nikola Tesla's evolution. His bent toward invention we may surely trace to his mother, who, as the wife of an eloquent



clergyman in the Greek Church, made looms and churns for a pastoral household while her husband preached. Tesla's electrical work started when, as a boy in the Polytechnic School at Gratz, he first saw a direct-current Gramme machine, and was told that the commutator was a vital and necessary feature in all such apparatus. His intuitive judgment or latent spirit of invention at once challenged the statement of his instructor, and that moment began the process of reasoning and experiment which led him to his discovery of the rotating magnetic field, and to the practical polyphase motors, in which the commutator and brushes, fruitful and endless source of trouble, are absolutely done away with. These perfected inventions did not come at once; they never do. The conditions that surrounded this youth in the airy fastnesses of the Dinaric Alps all made against the hopes he nursed of becoming an electrician; and not the least impediment was the fond wish of his parents at Smiljan Lika that he should maintain the priestly tradition, and benefit by the preference likely to come through his uncle, now Metropolitan in Bosnia. But Tesla felt himself destined to serve at other altars than those of his ancient faith, with other means of approach to the invisible and unknown. He persevered in mathematical and mechanical studies, mastered incidentally half a dozen languages, and at last became an assistant in the Government Telegraph Engineering Department at Buda-Pest. His salary was small enough to please those who hold that the best endowment of genius is poverty, and he would make no appeals to his widowed mother for help. Experimenting, of course, went on all the time; at this juncture it was on telephony that he wasted his meager substance in riotous invention. Desirous of going to a fête with some friends, and anxious not to spend on clothes the money that might buy magnets and batteries, the brilliant idea occurred to him to turn his only pair of trousers inside out and to disport in them on the morrow as new. He sat up all night tailoring, but the fête came and went before he could reappear in public. This episode is quite in keeping with his boyish efforts to fly from the steep roof of the house at Smiljan, using an old umbrella as aërostat; or with the peculiar tests, stopped by the family doctor before the results could be determined, as to how long he could suspend the beating of his heart by will power.

Naturally enough for a young inventor seeking larger opportunity, Tesla soon drifted westward from Buda-Pest. He made his way to Paris, where he quickly secured employment in electric lighting, then a new art, and encountered an observant associate of Mr. Edison. Almost before he knew it, he was on his

glad voyage across the Atlantic to work in one of the Edison shops, and to enter upon a new stage of development. He had profound faith in the value of the principles first meditated in the silence of the sterile mountains that border the Adriatic, and he knew that in a country where every new invention in electricity has its chance, his turn would come also, for he now had demonstrated his theories in actual apparatus.

If anything were needed to confirm Mr. Tesla in his hopes and enthusiasm, it would have been the close relation that he was thus thrown into with the robust, compelling genius who has created so many new things in electricity. Emerson has said that steam is half an Englishman; may we not, in view of what such men as Edison have done, add that electricity is half an American? The fiery zeal with which this young recruit flung himself on the most exacting tasks matched that of his chief. It went the length of a daily breakfast of Welsh rabbit, for weeks Mr. Tesla accepting as true, in spite of protesting stomach, the jocular suggestion that it was thus that his hero fortified himself successfully for renewed effort after their long vigils of toil. Mr. Edison, like most other people, had some difficulty in finding anywhere within the pale of civilization, as marked by the boundaries of maps, the isolated region of Mr. Tesla's birth, and once inquired seriously of his neophyte whether he had ever tasted human flesh. It was inevitable that a really delightful intimacy and apprenticeship should end. Even the most cosmic genius has its orbit, and these two men are singularly representative of different kinds of training, different methods, and different aims. Mr. Tesla must needs draw apart; and stimulated by this powerful spirit, he went on his own way for his own work's sake.

Of late years a sharp controversy has raged in the electrical field as to the respective advantages of the continuous and the alternating current for light and power. In bitterness and frequent descent to personalities it has resembled the polemics of the old metaphysical schoolmen, and uninstructed, plain folk have mildly wondered whether it was really worth while to indulge in such terrible threatenings and slaughter over purely speculative topics. There is, however, a very practical aspect to the discussion, and from the first Mr. Tesla has been an advocate of the alternating current, not because he loved the direct current less, but because he knew that with the alternating he could achieve results otherwise impossible, especially in power transmission. Furthermore, all direct-current generators and motors have required commutators and brushes, but Mr. Tesla, who has himself perfected many inventions based on direct currents, has shown that with the ap-



plication of the rotating-field principle these elements of complication and restriction were no longer needed. This utilization of polyphase currents was a most distinct advance, made a deep imprint on the electric arts, and has been duly signalized. In America the invention found immediate sale. From Italy came an insistent cry of priority, reminding one of the "anticipations" that have clustered thick around the telegraph, the telephone, and the incandescent lamp. In Germany, with money raised by popular and imperial subscription, apparatus on the polyphase principle was built by which large powers were transmitted electrically more than a hundred miles from Neckar-on-the-Rhine to Frankfort-on-the-Main; and now by equivalent agency Niagara is to drive the wheels of Buffalo and beyond.

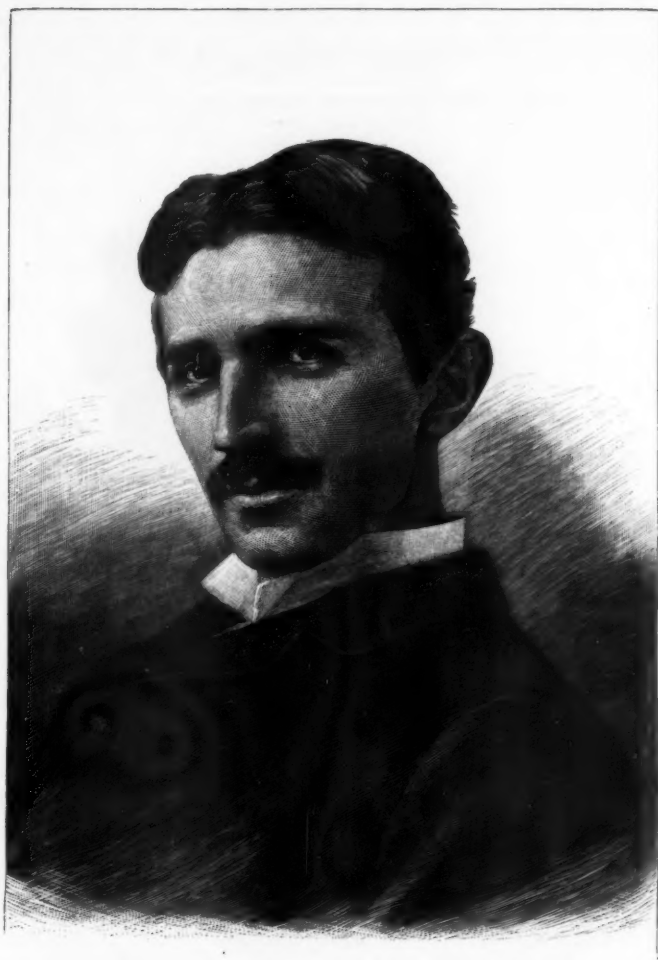
So thoroughly has Mr. Tesla worked out his discovery of the rotating magnetic field, or "resultant attraction," that the record of his inventions contains no fewer than twenty-four chapters on varying forms of his polyphase-current apparatus and arrangements of circuit. But ever pursuing new researches, Mr. Tesla, after the enunciation of these fundamental ideas, next brought to notice his series of even more interesting investigations on several novel groups of phenomena produced with currents of high potential and high frequency. To familiarize the American public with some of his results, he lectured upon them at Columbia College, before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, in May, 1891. The year following, with riper results to publish, and by special invitation, he lectured twice in England, appearing before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, a distinguished scientific body of which Professor Crookes was then president, and, later, at the Royal Institution, where the immortal Faraday lived and labored. From England he was called to France to repeat his demonstrations before the Société Internationale des Electriciens and the Société Française de Physique. In Germany he received the greetings of Hertz and Von Helmholtz, and from his own country came the Order of Saint Sava, conferred by the king. Since his return to this country he has lectured before the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia and the National Electric Light Association at St. Louis. But he has an intense dislike to the platform, and has returned to his laboratory with a remorseful sense of neglected work from which long months of abandonment to unremitting research will not free him.

I can only outline the vast range of the researches that these lectures, and the apparatus connected with the demonstrations, cover. Broadly stated, Mr. Tesla has advanced the opinion, and sustained it by brilliant experiments of startling beauty and grandeur, that

light and heat are produced by electrostatic forces acting between charged molecules or atoms. Perfecting a generator that would give him currents of several thousand alternations per second, and inventing his disruptive discharge coil, he has created electrostatic conditions that have already modified not a few of the accepted notions about electricity. It has been supposed that ordinary currents of one or two thousand volts' potential would surely kill, but Mr. Tesla has been seen receiving through his hands currents at a potential of more than 200,000 volts, vibrating a million times per second, and manifesting themselves in dazzling streams of light. This is not a mere *tour de force*, but illustrates the principle that while currents of lower frequency destroy life, these are harmless. After such a striking test, which, by the way, no one has displayed a hurried inclination to repeat, Mr. Tesla's body and clothing have continued for some time to emit fine glimmers or halos of splintered light. In fact, an actual flame is produced by this agitation of electrostatically charged molecules, and the curious spectacle can be seen of puissant, white, ethereal flames, that do not consume anything, bursting from the ends of an induction coil as though it were the bush on holy ground. With such vibrations as can be maintained by a potential of 3,000,000 volts, Mr. Tesla expects some day to envelop himself in a complete sheet of lambent fire that will leave him quite uninjured. Such currents as he now uses would, he says, keep a naked man warm at the North Pole, and their use in therapeutics is but one of the practical possibilities that has been taken up.

Utilizing similar currents and mechanism, Mr. Tesla has demonstrated the fact that electric lamps and motors can not only be made to operate on one wire, instead of using a second wire on the ground to complete the circuit, but that we can operate them even by omitting the circuit. Our Subway Boards are to find their wires and occupations gone. Electric vibrations set up at any point of the earth may by resonance at any other spot serve for the transmission of either intelligence or power. With these impulses or wave discharges, Mr. Tesla also opens up an entirely new field of electric lighting. His lamps have no filaments as ordinarily known, but contain a straight fiber, a refractory button, or nothing but a gas. Tubes or bulbs of this kind, in which the imprisoned ether or air beats the crystal walls, when carried into the area or room through which these unsuspected currents are silently vibrating, burst into sudden light. If coated inwardly with phosphorescent substances, they glow in all the splendors of the sunset and the aurora.

These are only a scant handful of ideas and



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

NIKOLA TESLA.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

discoveries from the rich mint of Mr. Tesla's laboratory, where alone, secluded, intimates or assistants shut out, he reasons from cause to effect; and with severe, patient diligence not only elaborates his theories, but tries them by the rack and thumbscrew of experiment. He is of all men most dissatisfied with things as they are in his own field of work. Recently, the high-frequency generators with which he has done so much of this advanced work have been laid aside in discontent for an oscillator, which he thinks may not only replace the steam-engine with its ponderous fly-wheels and governors, but embodies the simplest possible

form of efficient mechanical generator of electricity. He may be wrong, but misdirection will only suggest new avenues to the goal.

Mr. Tesla has often been urged to assume domestic ties, settle down, and till some corner of the new domain. But shall he farm or explore? Soon enough the proprietary fences will be set up; soon enough will the dusty, beaten highway, dotted with milestones and finger-posts, run straight ahead. If we would, we cannot leash the pioneers whose yearnings are for inner Nature, whose sense is keenest to her faint voices and odors, the quest of which lures onward through the trackless woods.

*Thomas Commerford Martin.*

## IRISH SONGS.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.



### "MITHER'S SWATE LITTLE GIRLEEN."

THE sun is sinkin' widin the west,  
Mither's swate little girleen;  
I 'll cuddle ye close upon me breast,  
Mither's swate little girleen.  
Sleep ring around ye,  
I 'll wrap ye up warm  
In faither's ol' frieze —

'Sh—there 's nothin' shall harm  
Mither's swate little girleen.

'Sh-sh-sh-whisht, whisht, whisht,  
Mither's swate little, purty girleen —  
'Sh — whisht, whisht!

(Faix! an' now will yez be afther gittin' out o' that, yez spalpeens, the whole tin o' yer! Sich a bodtheration! I 'll gin yez a touch o' the kippeen that 'll make yez dance siven ways for Sunday, comin' in here a-wakin' up me 'foine babby, me purty, cooxin' jewel! Git out wid yez, an' don't yez be afther comin' around here ag'in; or I 'll give yez such a b'atin', the whole tin o' yer, that yez 'll wish yez niver was born!)

Me vein o' me heart, me cushla machree,  
 Mither's swate little girleen;  
 Ye shall dance along wid the fairies, vournee',  
 Mither's swate little girleen.  
 Sleep ring around ye,  
 The birds are asleep;  
 Sleep, purty darlint —  
 'Sh—sleep, sleep, sleep!  
 Mither's swate little girleen.  
 'Sh-sh-sh-whisht, whisht, whisht,  
 Mither's swate little, purty girleen—  
 'Sh—whisht, whisht!



(Bad scan t' yer, yez blatherskins! I see ye pe'kin' through the crack o' the door—  
 'sh-sh-sh, whisht, whisht, whisht! T' the sorra wid yer—whisht, whisht! 'T is a heart-scalded  
 life I lade along o' thim tin bhoys—whisht, whisht, mither's swate little, purty girleen! Wait  
 till I git this babby asleep, an' thin ye 'll see—'sh—whisht, whisht, whisht!)



## "A KISS WILL PAY FOR IT A'."

A lilt of a laugh an' a whiff o' dudeen—  
 Choose a new partner, an' trip it awa';  
 To the hearts you will break I pledge in poteen,  
 But a word from your lips will pay for it a':  
 A word from your lips will pay for it a'—  
 Choose a new partner, an' trip it awa'!



Though false an' though fair, forinst I am won—  
 Choose a new partner, an' trip it awa';  
 Forever I love you, forever undone,  
 An' a smile from your lips will pay for it a':  
 A smile from your lips will pay for it a'—  
 Choose a new partner an' trip it awa'!

Dance away lightly, an' tread on my heart—  
 Choose a new partner and trip it awa';  
 You know that never from you can I part,  
 An' a kiss from your lips will pay for it a':  
 A kiss from your lips will pay for it a'—  
 Choose a new partner an' trip it awa'!





#### THE "SHADOW BABY."

"WHAT is it, baby Kathie, wid your eyes o' Irish blue,  
Tuggin' away at me hand, to tag along o' you?  
Somethin' follows you roun'—oh yes, there it is; I see  
A black, black shadow baby, cunning as cunning can be!  
Come, we will catch it—'t is running away—  
Now we have got it, and here it shall stay!

"Sure it is lost now, or hidin' somewhere—  
There I just see it behind that old chair:  
Come, we will catch it, 't is gone through the door;  
'T is here on the wall; 't is here on the floor!  
What is it, baby Kathie, wid your eyes o' Irish blue;  
Cryin', baby Kathie?—sure the shadow 's cryin' too!

"Poor shadow baby, widout any name—  
Hoo! wipe up your eyes, 't is doin' the same.  
Dance away, Kathie, on heel an' on toe,  
Whirl on your twinkle feet, faster an' slow;  
Gay little shadow, as gay as can be,  
Gay little shadow, dancin' wid thee:  
What is it, baby Kathie, wid your eyes o' Irish blue;  
Laughin', baby Kathie?—sure th' shadow 's laughin' too!"

*Jennie E. T. Dove.*

## LINCOLN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

**I**T is seldom safe to anticipate the verdict of history; for time makes many abatements of the estimates men put upon their contemporaries, and seen through the interval of a century, with its cold light and long perspectives, many who were heroes to their own times shrink pitifully. But it is already safe to say that Abraham Lincoln was not one of these. The amazing growth he made in the esteem of his countrymen and of the world, while he was doing his great work, has been paralleled by the increase of his fame in the years since he died. More and more, as men have realized the tremendous import of that struggle in which he was the trusted leader, have they come also to appreciate the proportions of this man who bore so large a share of its burdens. So that one may venture to say some things of Abraham Lincoln such as would be rash and premature if said of one less assured of his place in the esteem of the future. He made his mark upon his contemporaries—a mark so clear, so easily read, so ineffaceable, that time can only deepen it, and the disclosures of reminiscence and history but serve to keep its lines sharp and well defined.

The personality of Abraham Lincoln ranks him easily as the greatest of Americans since Washington; and it is by no means a heresy to the rising thought of the age to see in Lincoln and in Ralph Waldo Emerson types of American greatness more thoroughly our own than even that of Washington.

But every great man has, besides his own personal place in the lists of character, another place which he holds by virtue of the service he has rendered to his fellow-men by means of that character and moral life. He has what may be called a biographical standing. He has also a historical standing. That is, he takes one rank according to what he is, and another according to what he does. In this latter light it is not as yet at all common to think of Abraham Lincoln. Consider as said, therefore, all that the most sincere admirer could say of Lincoln's stalwart character, his original nature, trained by unparalleled events, his genius, so entirely American, shaped in circumstances America alone could supply; but remember also that when we study him from this point of view, we are taking him, after all, only in his national relations as a country-

man and an American. We have not yet sought his place in the larger human circle which includes the world. What place does he hold there? What are his relations to humanity? Has he any claims to rank beside the heroes whose fame, far from being provincial, the heritage of a state or a race, is swept up into the loftier glory that belongs to the great men of all time and all ages and all races? It is time for us to put our man of the West in his world relations. If our nation itself has a clear function in the development of the world's social and political life, then this man who sustained such important relations to our national existence had certain equally important functions in the economy of international progress. This man, who stepped from the prairies of Illinois to the leadership of the most momentous struggle of modern times, was by that very fact brought into relation with the whole scheme of the world's political history, and was called to one of the most important posts in the march of civilization. Yet men have hardly begun to understand the full import of Lincoln's influence in the great struggle which shook this continent a quarter-century ago. He was a wiser man and a more opportune man than we have realized. He comprehended the circumstances of the hour, and saw their relations to the political life of the ages, with an intuition the accuracy of which is all the more impressive from the fact that it seems to have been half unconscious. When a man, in the midst of the babel of policies and principles which fills the ears in a time of excitement and uncertainty, singles out the one transcendent and supreme thought, holds to it firmly, and makes it the guide of all his acts and the test of all his methods, he gives incontestable evidence of greatness and genius. How marvelously Lincoln fulfilled the test of greatness we are just beginning to see. For we are beginning to perceive the connection of our struggle with the evolution of the nations, and how definite a relation it had to the world's advance from barbarism to political order, from anarchy to constitutional freedom, from a state of perpetual feuds to a condition nearer to essential peacefulness than the world has previously known.

Glance for a moment at the train of events in the world's history of which the civil war in America was an integral part, and see what we were called to do when Abraham Lincoln became the leader of this people.

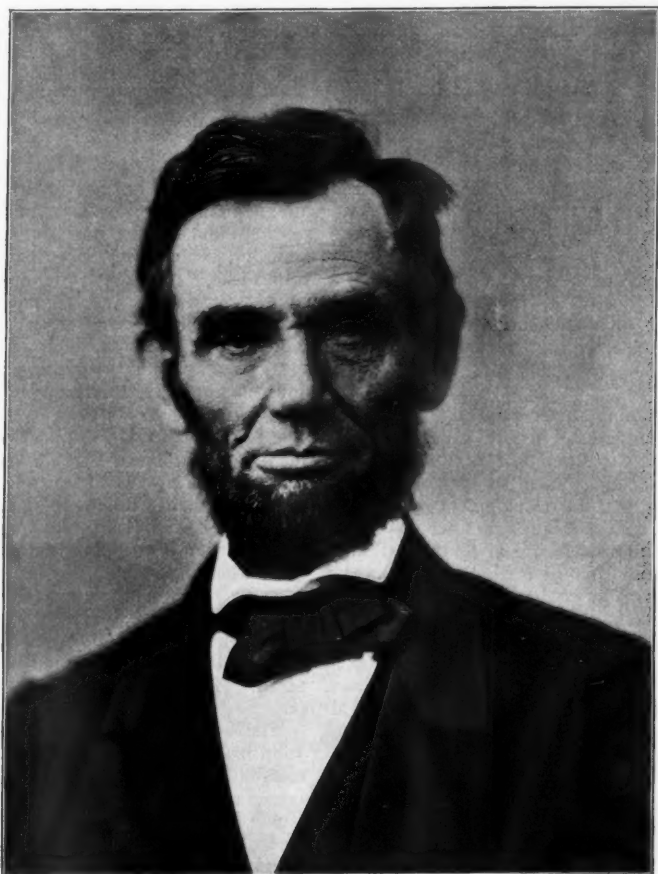
It is possible to trace the evolution of social organization and the progress of mankind along many and differing paths. The battles of progress have been fought on many lines and under many names. One historian traces the rise of civilization in the "progress of religious ideas." Another follows the gains made in the direction of personal liberty, the enlarging opportunity and security of the individual under law. There is an economic interpretation of history, and a growth illustrated in letters and the arts. There are great names identified with any one of these phases of progress—names before which the world makes obeisance for their service in advancing human interests, each along his own path and with recourse to his own powers. Lincoln's place, however, was in none of these categories. His was not the work of a Moses or of a Paul, a Montfort or a Hampden, a Cobden, a Shakspeare, or a Michelangelo. To find his historical place, we must turn to still another phase of human society and its expanding life.

It is becoming an accepted thought among intelligent students of history, especially since the suggestive treatises of Mr. Herbert Spencer upon sociology have so impressed modern thought, that the development of mankind has been a continual struggle after conditions of orderly and peacefulliving. The aspiration of man has been from the earliest times toward a state in which he could live in quietness and safety, harmless and unharmed. His experiments in statecraft have been efforts to frame a political system which should secure him in this right by means of institutions and laws. History fully bears out this theory. It has always been the struggle of the more intelligent of mankind to establish a social and political condition in which they should be at liberty to pursue the higher ends of living, without molestation from the savage and barbarous elements of society. In almost every great war there has been some element of this sort to give it a significance beyond the mere collision of brute forces. The great conflicts of arms show one party striving in the interests of order and social stability. Most of the fighting which men have done has been in the interest of tranquillity. The great wars of the world have been for the sake of peace. The question which was decided on the field of Marathon was not whether the Persian or the Greek was the better fighter, but whether the civilizing and peaceful forces at work in Greece should be annihilated by a horde of barbarous satraps. It was a triumph in the interests of enlightenment, peace, and progress in tranquil living. "These are world-historic victories," says Hegel, speaking of this war; "they were

the salvation of culture and spiritual vigor." The internal contentions among the Greeks, after the expulsion of the Persians, were struggles between the forces of coöperation and paternity among the cities, and tendencies toward disruption and municipal individualism, and it was a reverse to the cause of civilization when the attempts at federation failed, and the civic bodies fell apart, and the autonomy of the states—the "state-sovereignty" principle of the Hellenic world—asserted itself in the destruction of the spirit of Pan-Hellenism.

So, too, when Ariovistus led the Germanic tribes against the borders of the Roman empire, it was in the interest of peace that Cæsar went out against him and extended the limits of civilization. For, in the words of John Fiske, "It occurred to the prescient genius of Cæsar to be beforehand and conquer Gaul, and enlist all its giant barbaric forces on the side of civilization. This great work was as thoroughly done as anything that ever was done in human history, and we ought to be thankful to Cæsar for it every day we live." The full fruit of this work of the first emperor was not gathered till that mighty wrestle between the invading Huns and the allied defenders of Gaul which culminated in the victory of those whom Julius Cæsar had converted into the friends of civilization over the fierce and barbarian Kalmuck hordes. The destructive career of Attila was arrested at the battle of Châlons-sur-Marne, which was, as John Fiske says again, "The last day on which barbarism was able to contend with civilization on equal terms." That was a fight in the interest of peace.

The wars of the early English, in which John Milton could see only "mere battles of kites and crows," are described by John Richard Green as "The Making of England," a phrase which identifies them at once as a part of the great struggle for unity among men and a chance to live without dread of the restless and destructive barbarian. When the French fled from their opponents on the Plains of Abraham it was decided that English ideas—that is, the principles which give the most repose and tranquillity to society—should prevail on the American continent. Francis Parkman says of the Peace of Paris, to which this signal victory so largely contributed: "[It] makes an epoch than which none in modern history is more fruitful of grand results. With it began a new chapter in the annals of the world." John Richard Green gives the grand reason which justifies so sweeping a declaration, in saying "[The] Conquest of Canada . . . laid the foundation of the United States." ("A Short History of the English People," p. 725.) And when Corn-



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*A. Lincoln.*

FROM AN ORIGINAL, UNRETOUCHED NEGATIVE, MADE IN 1864, AT THE TIME THE PRESIDENT COMMISSIONED ULYSSES S. GRANT LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND COMMANDER OF ALL THE ARMIES OF THE REPUBLIC. IT IS STATED THAT THIS NEGATIVE, "WITH ONE OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT," WAS MADE IN COMMEMORATION OF THAT EVENT.

wallis gave up his army at Yorktown, a war was ended which presented this nation to mankind as the most marvelous embodiment of the forces of political and social stability as yet known to man. The war of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution were two of the most momentous events in the whole history of advancing civilization. They marked a double victory. The Revolution secured the *independence* of the States, the Constitution established their *interdependence*. Nor would the first have been of the least avail to humanity without the second. "Liberty or Death" was a good war-cry, and it wrought independence; but after independence was won, Franklin's old motto, "Join or Die," helped to secure that interdependence which was the only guarantee of freedom. The glory of the men who carried through that twofold struggle is not merely that they freed themselves from England, but that they bound themselves to one another. It was not only that they displayed so intractable a spirit of independence, but also that they showed such aptness for concert of action. They not only vindicated the right of a man to his own freedom, but they showed that the only way in which liberty can be made available is by joining it to some form of political community. They founded a free nation. But that nation was made up of thirteen United States. It was and is in reality a federation of nations. For every State in this nation is as good as an independent nation; and yet the aggregate makes but one organic whole. And by far the most valuable lesson which this nation has given to the world at large is in demonstrating the possibility of the voluntary union of small political groups into a great political group. We have shown that it is possible for some fifty States, covering an area of 3,600,000 square miles, to organize themselves on a basis of peaceful coöperation. And we can hardly realize what a vast gain upon the past this success implies, unless we remember that Europe, for example, with her twenty-two states lives to this day in armed and threatening jealousy and disunion, every nation watching its neighbors with sinister and hostile disposition. Independence indeed was a noble prize, well earned, and well worth the struggle which won it; but the safeguard of independence was federation. The security of our liberties lies in our union of States. There was more than magnificent rhetoric, there was all the inspiration of statesmanship, in that eloquent burst of Webster's, when he exclaimed in the Senate, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable!"

It would be difficult to lay too much stress upon this truth for which our national existence stands. This nation is a perpetual exam-

ple of the tendency of the human race toward more humane, peaceful, and fraternal ways of living together. Its very system of government is an embodiment of those peaceful aims which grow with the growth of civilization, and which are destined at last to rule mankind. It has been well said by an American writer: "The principle of federalism . . . contains within itself the seeds of permanent peace between nations, and to this glorious end I believe it will come in the fullness of time. . . . It was indeed reserved for this nation to show the world the way to this pacific mode of national life, but ours will not be the last among the lands of the earth to profit by it."

Thus, from the beginning of time, the wars of society have tended to the peace of society. The fighting men have been continually playing into the hands of the men of peace. The iron plow of war has broken up the soil for the sowing of the seed of quietness and assurance among men. And thanks to the larger knowledge of our time, and the more intelligent study of the march of mankind, he who listens down the past and hears

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched  
asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder  
The diapason of the cannonade,

this trembling listener may confirm, out of the historian's cautious prophecy, the hope of the poet,

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then  
cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,  
"Peace."

Now, when Abraham Lincoln was thrust forward to lead the American people, he found himself called to face a new peril to the interests of mankind. The conspiracy against the national life was a threat to all the world. It was an attempt to undo the work of centuries. It was a reaction from that splendid work which had been achieved, in the way just indicated, through twenty-five centuries of strife and war. For the world had been learning how men could live together in fraternity, and had been incorporating that knowledge into its laws and institutions. It had learned how the individual could live more comfortably if he had the help of his family, his kin; and so they had stopped fighting their relatives. It had learned that families might with advantage stop fighting one another, and secure a little more peace by banding themselves in a clan against



some other annoying and quarrelsome family. Then it had found how to combine families and tribes into nations, and under some common ruler, and some compact and constitution, get a still larger portion of peace and tranquillity.

For a long time it got no further than this, but when at last the genius of the American people, embodied in the intellects of Hamilton and Madison, framed that Constitution, well called the "finest specimen of constructive statesmanship the world has ever seen," it advanced mankind one step more. For now it showed the nations how separate states, with all their own internal interests and concerns going on harmoniously, can dwell in peace, side by side, held by a mutual compact, adjusting their disputes by established tribunals, loyal to one another through their loyalty to a common government. It was the sublimest work of statesmanship the world had achieved. It was the solution of the last great problem in the search for methods of peace and law among men. The American Union is the highest political embodiment of Christianity. It is the highest proof of the possibility of a universal peace. It is the most convincing test of man's capacity for unity in diversity and diversity in unity. It is evidence, incontestable, that states, like individuals, can decide their differences not by brutal war, but by systematic legislation, or by a common tribunal. This Union is the consummation of all the struggles of all men toward a state of universal peace. It is the life and aspiration of the world organized into a nation.

This was the result, so pregnant with the highest destiny of all people, which was put in peril by the revolt of the South. The first test had come to this new principle of government and of civilization, and it was a test which may fairly be called terrific. Never were forces better in hand for the overthrow of a great principle. Bold and compact, shrewd and determined, fully equipped, and with definite purposes and aims pursued relentlessly, the Southern leaders arrayed themselves to destroy this peaceful compact, and to rive into fragments this splendid fabric to which the centuries had given their best work. It was a well-organized attempt, and it was as likely as not to succeed. Because the issue did not appear as simple as we have pictured it, the dispute was made to seem as if it were a question of the rights of certain States, or as if it were a quarrel over the emancipation of the slaves. There were many at the North who were so full of burning indignation against negro slavery that they could see no other issue than this; while to most of the Southern people the defense of their right to hold slaves seemed

a supreme and compelling crisis, demanding the extreme measures of civil war.

And yet both were wrong. The abolition of slavery was only an incident of the war. It was an involved issue, and not the main one. Emancipation was a priceless gain to this nation; it was deliverance from a plague, a pest, a curse, as North and South alike agree to-day. The nation bought that deliverance cheaply, even at the price of a horrible war. But that was not the main question. This other one under-ran and over-weighed it. The gravest matter involved in that struggle was not the freeing of the slaves; that would have come anyhow in time, for it was impossible that slavery should continue in this land. But the one momentous issue of that trial hour, and the one in which not the fate of the negro race alone, but of all races and nations, was involved, was whether, in the first real difficulty in its administration, this principle of the peaceful union of great states should survive, or be overthrown and destroyed. If the Union was maintained, the way was clear for other peoples to go on and enter into the promised land of peace. If it was destroyed, its ruins would block the way of progress, and delay the advance of the nations, perhaps for a thousand years.

It is here that we come to the application of all this matter to the name and the nature of Abraham Lincoln. These facts out of the histories throw a white light of disclosure upon the character of the great war President. How easy in that confusing hour for the wisest to make mistakes! How easy for the calmest judgment to miss the real issue, and be diverted to lesser and to false ones! How easy to undervalue the real signs of the times, and to be the fool of fate by following the lures of the crafty or the stupid! It is such hours as those of the great Rebellion which test men's minds, and show the true leaders and the master heads. To stand upon the swinging deck when the rising gales are roaring in one's ears; when the threatening cloud just skims the wave and the wave tosses up to the cloud; when the blinding wrack of foam sweeps against the breath, and the eye can scarcely see the swaying compass as the ship goes plunging among hidden reefs; when the hardest sailor turns his back and the coolest is confused, uncertain, anxious, or appalled; to be cool, to be clear,—to read the signs of the trackless sea, and, undaunted by the play of all these raging elements and these distracting dangers, to guide the keel straight down the channels where lie safety and salvation,—this marks the man of God's own making, called forth to be the helmsman for a stormy hour, the pilot of mighty destinies,

dowered by heaven for his task. And this, all this, was Abraham Lincoln.

He saw, from the moment that he became convinced of the intentions of the South, the one imperative, absolute aim he must keep in view. He seized the one transcendent issue of the hour, and, disentangling it from all that could confuse or deceive, held it up for his own guidance, and kept it continually before the nation. It was the preservation of the Union. It was the vindication of the great principle of the pacific federation of states for the cultivation of a larger life of order and fraternity. Of course Lincoln never reasoned about the matter at all as we have done. He had no time for that. He had no facilities for entering upon the subject from this side. So much the more is his wonderful genius approved, if thus, instinctively, and by the innate good sense and political sagacity of his nature, he came straight at the truth and took hold of his real work. He had the instinct of the highest statesmanship, the sense of what things are essential, preëminent, absolutely needful to be done. And for this high qualification for the work set before him his fame will grow with every century. With this conviction firm and foremost in his mind, nothing in all those four years,—no difficulty, hardship, peril, criticism at home or hostility abroad, persuasion of friend or threat of foe, trial to patience or test of courage,—nothing could swerve or turn him from the central aim of his mind. To preserve the Union was his purpose; whatever would effect that end he would try. He would listen to any one who had that at heart. He would listen to none who had not. He would sacrifice anything, any man, all the resources at his command, tears, treasure, troops, the blood of the bravest men, his own strength, pride, ambitions; but he would not sacrifice the Union.

This conviction is pronounced with a full sense of the possible shock it may bring to those who love to think of Lincoln's chief renown as connected with the race he freed from bondage. It is hard for many of us not to feel that emancipation was the great achievement of that struggle, and that the war was waged to decide whether this should be a free nation or a land of bonds and stripes. But the wiser years will decide against us. All our thankfulness and honor to the man who made the act of emancipation a weapon with which to strike rebellion must not blind us to the fact that this splendid stroke of policy, this noble deed of statecraft, was only an incident and not the aim of the struggle. Viewed in its relations to the long world-history, the development of mankind, the work of civilization, the American people under their great leader were en-

gaged in determining whether the great principle of federation, the peaceful coexistence of great states, should succeed or fail. They were in a struggle to decide whether the rule of peace and good-will should extend, or stop and go no further. And Abraham Lincoln's clear, unerring eye perceived the meaning of the struggle, his strong mind grasped its vital import, and his steadfast soul clung to that thought with a tenacity that could be expressed only in some such words as Paul's, "This one thing I do."

We have thus far been accustomed to rank our great President among the heroes of our own land, and seldom have dared to talk of him in connection with his place among the world's famous ones. Sometimes it has seemed to come to us that he was worthy a fame outside the limits of this land. Some rare voices have found courage to say, as Lowell said,

Here was a type of the true elder race,  
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us  
face to face.

There is enough in his personality, so fresh, so strong, so inspiring, to justify our highest pride in him, and to make us hold up this new product of our new land, whose honesty and strong good sense, whose earnest faith and indomitable purpose, fit him to stand like a modern Aristides or a New World Cato. But when the slow judgment of the years is made up, it will take this man of the West, who led us through the fires of a terrible civil strife, and, seeing how his achievement reached out to all mankind and secured the work which cost the toil and struggle of ages, will range him side by side with the men who saved Greece from Persian barbarism, and those who saved Rome from Gallic anarchy, and those who gave this continent to the free institutions of the English race.

I praise him not; it were too late;  
And some innate weakness there must be  
In him who condescends to victory  
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:  
He knew to bide his time,  
And can his fame abide.  
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
Till the wise years decide.

There stands in the city of Chicago the noblest statue of this man which the artistic genius of the land has yet produced. The sculptor has entered with most wonderful sympathy into Lincoln's nature, and has shown us the man in all the simplicity, the honest humanity, the rugged grandeur of his soul. There could be no nobler expression of the faith, the sincerity, the wise insight of the man, than that

statue, which, "standing like a tower," will draw the loving gaze of millions in the coming years. But the artist has shown as keen an insight into the historic place of Lincoln as he has into his personal traits, in the words which he has chosen from Lincoln's rejoinder to his old friend Greeley, inscribed at the base of the statue:

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If

I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear I forbear, because I do not believe it would help to save the Union."

There spake God's man, instinctively grasping the truth for which he was brought into this world; and those words, above all others, shall finally give him his niche in the temple set apart for those who have signally served in the world's great wars of progress toward peace.

*John Coleman Adams.*



## LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.<sup>1</sup>



HERE are three sources of authority for Lincoln's Gettysburg address, or, to speak more concisely, three successive versions of it—all identical in thought, but differing slightly in expression. The

last of these is the regular outgrowth of the two which preceded it, and is the perfected product of the President's rhetorical and literary mastery. The three versions are:

1. The original autograph MS. draft, written by Mr. Lincoln partly at Washington and partly at Gettysburg.
2. The version made by the shorthand reporter on the stand at Gettysburg when the President delivered it, which was telegraphed, and was printed in the leading newspapers of the country on the following morning.
3. The revised copy made by the President a few days after his return to Washington, upon a careful comparison of his original draft and the printed newspaper version with his own recollections of the exact form in which he delivered it.

<sup>1</sup> In Chapter vii., Vol. VIII. of "Abraham Lincoln: A History," the authors have given the authentic text of the famous address delivered by President Lincoln at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery,

Mr. David Wills, of Gettysburg, first suggested the creation of a national cemetery on the battle-field, and under Governor Curtin's direction and coöperation he purchased the land for Pennsylvania and other States interested, and superintended the improvements. It had been intended to hold the dedication ceremonies on October 23, 1863, but Edward Everett, who was chosen to deliver the oration, had engagements for that time, and at his suggestion the occasion was postponed to November 19.

On November 2 Mr. Wills wrote the President a formal invitation to take part in the dedication.

These grounds [said his letter in part] will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose by appropriate ceremonies on Thursday, the 19th inst. Hon. Edward Everett will deliver the oration. I am authorized by the governors of the different States to invite you to be present, and to participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that, after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks.

both in type and in facsimile of the President's handwriting, as well as the principal points in its history. To show how that text was established, and to explain some additional details, are the objects of this paper.

Accompanying this official invitation was also a private note from Mr. Wills, which said:

As the hotels in our town will be crowded and in confusion at the time referred to in the inclosed invitation, I write to invite you to stop with me. I hope you will feel it your duty to lay aside pressing business for a day to come on here to perform this last sad rite to our brave soldier dead, on the 19th inst. Governor Curtin and Hon. Edward Everett will be my guests at that time, and if you come you will please join them at my house.

From the above date it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln had a little more than two weeks in which to prepare the remarks he might intend to make. It was a time when he was extremely busy, not alone with the important and complicated military affairs in the various armies, but also with the consideration of his annual message to Congress, which was to meet early in December. There was even great uncertainty whether he could take enough time from his pressing official duties to go to Gettysburg at all. Up to the 17th of November, only two days before the ceremonies, no definite arrangements for the journey had been made. The whole cabinet had of course been invited, as well as the President, and on the 17th, which was Tuesday, Mr. Lincoln wrote to Secretary Chase:

I expected to see you here at cabinet meeting, and to say something about going to Gettysburg. There will be a train to take and return us. The time for starting is not yet fixed; but when it shall be I will notify you.

However, Mr. Chase had already written a note to Mr. Wills, expressing his inability to go, and apparently a little later on the same day Secretary Stanton sent the President this "time-table" for the trip:

It is proposed by the Baltimore and Ohio road: First, to leave Washington Thursday morning at 6 A. M. Second, to leave Baltimore at 8 A. M., arriving at Gettysburg at twelve, noon, thus giving two hours to view the ground before the dedication ceremonies commence. Third, to leave Gettysburg at 6 P. M., and arrive at Washington at midnight, thus doing all in one day.

Upon this proposition Mr. Lincoln, with his unflinching common-sense judgment, made this indorsement:

I do not like this arrangement. I do not wish to so go that by the slightest accident we fail entirely; and, at the best, the whole to be a mere breathless running of the gantlet. But any way.

There is no decisive record of when Mr. Lincoln wrote the first sentences of his pro-

posed address. He probably followed his usual habit in such matters, using great deliberation in arranging his thoughts, and molding his phrases mentally, waiting to reduce them to writing until they had taken satisfactory form.

There was much greater necessity for such precaution in this case, because the invitation specified that the address of dedication should only be "a few appropriate remarks." Brevity in speech and writing was one of Lincoln's marked characteristics; but in this instance there existed two other motives calculated to strongly support his natural inclination. One was that Mr. Everett would be quite certain to make a long address; the other, the want of opportunity even to think leisurely about what he might desire to say. All this strongly confirms the correctness of the statement made by the Hon. James Speed, in an interview printed in the "Louisville Commercial" in November, 1879, that the President told him that "the day before he left Washington he found time to write about half of his speech."

The President's criticism of the time-table first suggested must have struck Secretary Stanton as having force, for the arrangement was changed, so that instead of starting on Thursday morning, the day of the ceremonies, the President's special train left Washington at noon of Wednesday the 18th. Three members of the cabinet—Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, Mr. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Blair, Postmaster-General—accompanied the President, as did the French minister M. Mercier, the Italian minister M. Bertinatti, and several legation secretaries and attachés. Mr. Lincoln also had with him his private secretary Mr. Nicolay, and his assistant private secretary Colonel John Hay. Captain H. A. Wise of the navy and Mrs. Wise (daughter of Edward Everett) were also of the party; likewise a number of newspaper correspondents from Washington, and a military guard of honor to take part in the Gettysburg procession. Other parties of military officers joined the train on the way.

No accident or delay occurred, and the party arrived in Gettysburg about nightfall. According to invitation Mr. Lincoln went to the house of Mr. Wills, while the members of the cabinet, and other distinguished persons of his party, were entertained elsewhere.

Except during its days of battle the little town of Gettysburg had never been so full of people. After the usual supper hour the streets literally swarmed with visitors, and the stirring music of regimental bands and patriotic glee-clubs sounded in many directions. With material so abundant, and enthusiasm so plentiful, a serenading party soon organized itself to

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Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that "all men are created equal"

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final rest-



ing place for those who live here, that the nation  
might live. This we may, in all propriety do. But, in a  
larger sense, we can not dedicate— we can not  
consecrate— we can not hallow, this ground—  
the brave men, living and dead, who struggled  
here, have hallowed it, far above our poor power  
to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long  
remember what we say here; while it can never  
forget what they did here.

It is rather for us, the living, <sup>we have no objection</sup> to stand ~~here~~ here,

ted to the great task remaining before us—  
that, from these honored dead we take in-  
creased devotion to that cause for which  
they have given the last free measure of ac-  
tions—that we have highly resolved them-  
selves shall not have dead in vain, that  
the nation, shall have a new birth of free-  
dom, and that government of the people by  
the people for the people, shall not per-  
ish from the earth.

call on prominent personages for impromptu speeches, and of course the President could not escape.

The crowd persisted in calling him out, but Mr. Lincoln showed himself only long enough to utter the few commonplace excuses which politeness required. He said:

I appear before you, fellow-citizens, merely to thank you for this compliment. The inference is a very fair one that you would hear me for a little while at least, were I to commence to make a speech. I do not appear before you for the purpose of doing so, and for several substantial reasons. The most substantial of these is that I have no speech to make. In my position it is somewhat important that I should not say any foolish things. [A voice: If you can help it."] It very often happens that the only way to help it is to say nothing at all. Believing that is my present condition this evening, I must beg of you to excuse me from addressing you further.

The crowd followed the music to seek other notabilities, and had the satisfaction of hearing short speeches from Secretary Seward, Representatives McPherson and McKnight, Judge Shannon, Colonel John W. Forney, Wayne MacVeagh, and perhaps others. These addresses were not altogether perfunctory. A certain political tension existed throughout the entire war period, which rarely failed to color every word of a public speaker, and attune the ear of every public listener to subtle and oracular meanings. Even in this ceremonial gathering there was a keen watchfulness for any sign or omen which might disclose a drift in popular feeling, either on the local Pennsylvania quarrel between Cameron and Curtin, or the final success or failure of the Emancipation Proclamation; or whether the President would or would not succeed himself by a re-nomination and reflection in the coming campaign of 1864.

There were still here and there ultra-radical newspapers that suspected and questioned Seward's hearty support of the emancipation policy. These made favorable note of his little address in which he predicted that the war would end in the removal of slavery, and that "when that cause is removed, simply by the operation of abolishing it, as the origin and agent of the treason that is without justification and without parallel, we shall henceforth be united, be only one country, having only one hope, one ambition, and one destiny."

Speech-making finally came to an end, and such of the visitors as were blessed with friends or good luck sought the retirement of their rooms, where in spite of brass-bands and glee-clubs, and the restless tramping of the less fortunate along the sidewalks, they slept the slumber of mental, added to physical, weariness.

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It was after the breakfast hour on the morning of the 19th that the writer, Mr. Lincoln's private secretary, went to the upper room in the house of Mr. Wills which Mr. Lincoln occupied, to report for duty, and remained with the President while he finished writing the Gettysburg address, during the short leisure he could utilize for this purpose before being called to take his place in the procession, which was announced on the program to move promptly at ten o'clock.

There is neither record, evidence, nor well-founded tradition that Mr. Lincoln did any writing, or made any notes, on the journey between Washington and Gettysburg. The train consisted of four passenger-coaches, and either composition or writing would have been extremely troublesome amid all the movement, the noise, the conversation, the greetings, and the questionings which ordinary courtesy required him to undergo in these surroundings; but still worse would have been the rockings and joltings of the train, rendering writing virtually impossible. Mr. Lincoln carried in his pocket the autograph manuscript of so much of his address as he had written at Washington the day before. Precisely what that was the reader can now see by turning to the facsimile reproduction of the original draft, which is for the first time printed and made public in this article. It fills one page of the letter-paper at that time habitually used in the Executive Mansion, containing the plainly printed blank heading; both paper and print giving convincing testimony to the simple and economical business methods then prevailing in the White House. (See pages 598 and 599.)

This portion of the manuscript begins with the line "Four score and seven years ago," and ends "It is rather for us the living," etc. The whole of this first page—nineteen lines—is written in ink in the President's strong clear hand, without blot or erasure; and the last line is in the following form: "It is rather for us the living to stand here," the last three words being, like the rest, in ink. From the fact that this sentence is incomplete, we may infer that at the time of writing it in Washington the remainder of the sentence was also written in ink on another piece of paper. But when, at Gettysburg on the morning of the ceremonies, Mr. Lincoln finished his manuscript, he used a lead pencil, with which he crossed out the last three words of the first page, and wrote above them in pencil "we here be dedica," at which point he took up a new half sheet of paper—not white letter-paper as before, but a bluish-gray foolscap of large size with wide lines, habitually used by him for long or formal documents, and on this he wrote, all in pencil, the remainder of the word, and of the first draft

of the address, comprising a total of nine lines and a half. (See page 600.)

The time occupied in this final writing was probably about an hour, for it is not likely that he left the breakfast table before nine o'clock, and the formation of the procession began at ten. The grand marshal of the day had made preparations for an imposing procession, and to this end, instead of carriages ordinarily used on such occasions, had arranged that the President and other dignitaries should ride to the grounds on horseback. We learn from the newspaper reports that at about ten o'clock the President issued from Mr. Wills's house attired in black, with white gauntlets upon his hands; that as soon as he had mounted he was besieged by a crowd eager to shake hands with him, and that the marshals had some difficulty in inducing the people to desist and allow him to sit in peace upon his horse. Secretaries Seward, Blair, and Usher also mounted horses, as did others of the official retinue. There were the usual delays incident to such occasions, rather aggravated in this instance by the fact that intense curiosity to see the battle-field had already drawn thither the larger part of the great crowd in the village without waiting to join the procession; so that for want of numbers the pageant did not make the imposing display which had been anticipated.

The procession, however, finally moved, and at about eleven o'clock the Presidential party reached the platform. Mr. Everett, the orator of the day, arrived fully half an hour later, and there was still further waiting before the military bodies and civic spectators could be properly ranged and stationed. It was therefore fully noon before Mr. Everett began his address, after which, for two hours, he held the assembled multitude in rapt attention with his eloquent description and argument, his polished diction, his carefully studied and practised delivery.

When he had concluded, and the band had performed the usual musical interlude, President Lincoln rose to fill the part assigned him in the program. It was entirely natural for

every one to expect that this would consist of a few perfunctory words, the mere formality of official dedication. There is every probability that the assemblage regarded Mr. Everett as the mouthpiece, the organ of expression of the thought and feeling of the hour, and took it for granted that Mr. Lincoln was there as a mere official figure-head, the culminating decoration, so to speak, of the elaborately planned pageant of the day. They were therefore totally unprepared for what they heard, and could not immediately realize that *his* words, and not those of the carefully selected orator, were to carry the concentrated thought of the occasion like a trumpet-peal to farthest posterity.

The newspaper records indicate that when Mr. Lincoln began to speak, he held in his hand the manuscript first draft of his address which he had finished only a short time before. But it is the distinct recollection of the writer, who sat within a few feet of him, that he did not read from the written pages, though that impression was naturally left upon many of his auditors. That it was not a mere mechanical reading is, however, more definitely confirmed by the circumstance that Mr. Lincoln did not deliver the address in the exact form in which his first draft is written. It was taken down in shorthand by the reporter for the "Associated Press," telegraphed to the principal cities, and printed on the following morning in the leading newspapers.

It would also appear that a few, but only a very few, independent shorthand reports or abstracts were made by other correspondents.

For all practical purposes of criticism, therefore, the three versions mentioned at the beginning of this article, namely: (1) The first draft; (2) the Associated Press report; (3) the revised autograph copy, may be used as standards of comparison, and for this purpose these three versions are here arranged in successive lines. The middle line, or Associated Press report (the one printed in the New York dailies), is in italics, and the transition which the address underwent at the hands of Mr. Lincoln himself is thus exactly shown.

(Autograph Original Draft).—Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth,  
*(Associated Press Report).—Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth*  
 (Revised Autograph Copy).—Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth

upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that  
*upon this continent, a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that*  
 on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that

"all men are created equal."  
*all men are created equal.* [Applause.]  
 all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so  
*Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation or any Nation so*  
 Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so

conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war.  
*conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war.*  
 conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war.

We have come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final resting place for those who died  
*We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who*  
 We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who

here, that the nation might live. This we may in all propriety do.  
*here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we*  
 here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we

*should do this.*  
 should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—  
*But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow*  
 But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—

this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have hallowed it far above  
*this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above*  
 this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above

our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remem-  
*our power to add or detract. [Applause.] The world will little note nor long remem-*  
 our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remem-

ber what we say here; while it can never forget what they did here. It is  
*ber what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. [Applause.] It is*  
 ber what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is

rather for us, the living,  
*for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they*  
 for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who

*have thus far so nobly carried on. [Applause.]* we here be dedicated to the great  
 fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. *It is rather for us to be here dedi-*  
 It is rather for us to be here dedi-

task remaining before us—that, from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that  
*cated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devo-*  
 cated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devo-

cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve  
*tion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly re-*  
 tion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly re-

these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation,  
*solve that the dead shall not have died in vain [applause]; that the nation shall, under God,*  
 solve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God,

shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the  
*have a new birth of freedom; and that governments of the people by the people and for the*  
 shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the

people, shall not perish from the earth.  
*people, shall not perish from the earth. [Long continued applause.]*  
 people, shall not perish from the earth.



If now we make the comparative analysis, we find that between the first draft as Mr. Lincoln wrote it, and the Associated Press report as he delivered it, the following essential changes occurred:

1. The phrase, "Those who died here," was changed to "Those who here gave their lives." This was a gain in rhetorical form.
2. The entire sentence, "This we may in all propriety do," was changed to "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this." It was a mere recasting of the phrase for greater emphasis.
3. The sentence in the original draft, "It is rather for us the living we here be dedicated to the great task remaining before us," was transformed into two sentences, thus: "It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us." This is a repetition and slight amplification of the sentence and thought. The "we" in the original was of course a mere slip of the pencil—"to" having been intended.
4. The phrase, "Shall have a new birth of freedom," was changed as follows: "Shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom," a change which added dignity and solemnity.

The above changes show that Mr. Lincoln did not read his address, but that he delivered it from the fullness and conciseness of thought and memory, rounding it out to nearly its final rhetorical completeness. The changes may have been prompted by the oratorical impulse of the moment; but it is more likely that in the interval of four hours occupied by coming to the grounds, and the delivery of Mr. Everett's oration, he fashioned the phrases anew in his silent thought, and had them ready for use when he rose to speak.

The other changes were merely verbal: as, "have come" changed to "are met"; "a" changed to "the"; "for" changed to "of"; "the" changed to "that"; "hallowed" changed to "consecrated"; the word "poor" omitted; "while" changed to "but"; "these" changed to "that the"; "government" changed to "governments"; and the word "and" interpolated in the last sentence. Most, if not all, of these are clearly errors of the shorthand. Such variation as existed between the print in New York dailies and in other cities (excepting of course the independent abstracts) seem due either to telegraph operators or newspaper type-setting and proof-reading.

The delivery of the address formed the conclusion of the dedication ceremonies, and the same evening about six o'clock the Presidential party left Gettysburg on their special train, arriving at Washington near midnight. It has

sometimes been stated that Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg address received little attention or appreciation from those who heard it. On the contrary, the Associated Press report printed above shows that during its delivery it was six times interrupted by applause; and on the next day Mr. Everett, who had accompanied the President to Washington, sent him the following note:

MY DEAR SIR: Not wishing to intrude upon your privacy when you must be much engaged, I beg leave in this way to thank you very sincerely for your great thoughtfulness for my daughter's accommodation on the platform yesterday, and much kindness to me and mine at Gettysburg. Permit me also to express my great admiration of the thoughts expressed by you with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness at the consecration of the cemetery. I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes. My son, who parted from me at Baltimore, and my daughter concur in this statement.

Mr. Lincoln's acknowledgment of this compliment from so fine a critic was in his usual tone of frank modesty.

Your kind note of to-day is received. In our respective parts yesterday, you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that in your judgment the little I did say was not a failure. Of course I knew that Mr. Everett would not fail; and yet, while the whole discourse was eminently satisfactory, and will be of great value, there were passages in it which transcended my expectations. The point made against the theory of the General Government being only an agency whose principals are the States was new to me, and, as I think, is one of the best arguments for national supremacy. The tribute to our noble women for their angel ministering to the suffering soldiers surpasses in its way, as do the subjects of it, whatever has gone before.

Four days after Mr. Lincoln's return to Washington, Mr. Wills once more wrote him, saying:

On behalf of the States interested in the National Cemetery here, I request of you the original manuscript of the dedicatory remarks delivered by you here last Thursday. We desire them to be placed with the correspondence and other papers connected with the project.

To comply with this request, the President reexamined his original draft, and the version which had appeared in the newspapers, and saw that, because of the variations between them, the first seemed incomplete, and the others imperfect. By his direction, therefore, his secretaries made copies of the Associated Press

report as it was printed in several prominent newspapers. Comparing these with his original draft, and with his own fresh recollection of the form in which he delivered it, he made a new autograph copy—a careful and deliberate revision—which has become the standard and authentic text.

In addition to that from Mr. Wills, other requests soon came to him for autograph copies. The number he made, and for what friends, cannot now be confidently stated, though it was probably half a dozen or more, all written by him with painstaking care to correspond word for word with his revision. If in any respect they differed from each other, it was due to accident, and against his intention. At this period of the war unusual efforts were being made to collect funds for the use of the Sanitary Commission in sending supplies and relief in various forms to sick and wounded soldiers in army hospitals and camps in the South. During that autumn the President had given the original manuscript of his final Emancipation Proclamation to a fair held at Chicago for this object, at the close of which the manuscript was sold at auction for the handsome sum of three thousand dollars. The managers of other fairs naturally wished to take similar advantage of his personal popularity. Thus Mr. Everett wrote him under date of January 30, 1864;

I shall have the honor of forwarding to you by express, to-day or on Monday next, a copy of the authorized edition of my Gettysburg address and of the remarks made by yourself, and the other matters connected with the ceremonial of the dedication of the Cemetery. It appeared, owing to unavoidable delays, only yesterday.

I have promised to give the manuscript of my address to Mrs. Governor Fish of New York, who is at the head of the Ladies' Committee of the Metropolitan fair. It would add very greatly to its value if I could bind up with it the manuscript of your dedicatory remarks, if you happen to have preserved it.

I would further venture to request, that you would allow me also to bind up in the volume the very obliging letter of the 20th November, 1863, which you did me the favor to write me. I shall part with it with much reluctance, and I shrink a little from the apparent indelicacy of giving some publicity to a letter highly complimentary to myself. But as its insertion would greatly enhance the value of the volume when sold at the fair, I shall, if I have your kind permission, waive all other considerations.

To this request Mr. Lincoln replied under date of February 4:

Yours of January 30th was received four days ago; and since then the address mentioned has arrived. Thank you for it. I send herewith the manuscript of my remarks at Gettysburg, which,

with my note to you of November 20th, you are at liberty to use for the benefit of our soldiers, as you have requested.

Baltimore also was being stirred by the same spirit of national patriotism, and a novel attraction was planned in aid of its Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair, the opening day of which was fixed for April 18, 1864. On the 5th of February a committee consisting of the Honorable John P. Kennedy, author of "Swallow Barn" and other novels, and Colonel Alexander Bliss, then serving on the military staff of General Schenck commanding at Baltimore, sent a circular to prominent American authors, soliciting from each a page or two of autograph manuscript to be published in facsimile in a small quarto volume and to be sold for the benefit of the fair. Some time in the month of February George Bancroft, the historian, who was in Washington, made verbal application to the President, on their behalf, for an autograph copy of his Gettysburg address, to be included in the volume. Mr. Lincoln wrote and sent them a copy; and when it was discovered that it was written on both sides of a letter sheet, and on that account was not available to be used in the process of lithographing, he made them a second copy, written only on one side of the letter pages. This was sent to the committee on March 11, 1864, and Mr. Bancroft was permitted to keep the first; which appears recently to have passed, with other papers of the great historian, into the possession of the Lenox Library. The Baltimore committee had the other duly lithographed and printed in their volume, and it was sold at the fair. The first facsimile in the book of two hundred pages is that of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the second, Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and the last, "Home, Sweet Home"; while between them are autograph specimen-pages from the writings of nearly a hundred American authors.<sup>1</sup> It is this Baltimore facsimile which by frequent photographs, and therefore exact reproduction, has properly become the standard text, and which, not having heretofore been given in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, is printed on pages 606 and 607, slightly reduced in size. The originals of the whole collection are still in the possession of Colonel Alexander Bliss, of Washington, D. C., who, as one of the committee, conducted the correspondence in gathering it.

Having made a comparison of the President's original draft with the Associated Press report printed in the newspapers, it will now be interesting to compare the Associated Press report with the final revision. A careful examination shows that there were in all thirteen

<sup>1</sup> "Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors." Baltimore: Cushings and Bailey. 1864.

changes; that seven of these are a mere return to, or restoration of, words in the first draft, correcting the errors which evidently occurred in the transmission by telegraph and the newspaper type-setting, namely: "are met" changed back to "have come"; "the" changed back to "a"; "of" changed back to "for"; "power" changed back to "poor power"; "the" changed back to "these"; "governments" changed back to "government"; "and" omitted from the last sentence, as at first.

The other six changes are the President's own deliberate revision, namely: "upon" changed to "on"; "it" changed to "that field"; "they have" changed to "they who fought here have"; "carried on" changed to "advanced"; "they here gave" changed to "they gave"; and the phrase "shall under God" transposed to read "under God shall."

By this comparative analysis we have clearly before us in every detail the whole process of

growth and perfection which the Gettysburg address underwent from the original draft to the final artistic form in which, after mature reflection, he desired it should stand. That this amplifying process was important and valuable in a literary point of view is evident. But if we count the changes, five in number, between the original draft and the spoken address, and six more between the spoken address and the final revision, and then study the nature and quality of the changes, we see that in the elements of brevity and force of statement, philosophic breadth of thought, and terse, vigorous expression — in short, in everything except mere rhetorical finish, the first draft is as complete and worthy of admiration as the final revision.

In the almost universal attention and comment which the address has received from scholars and critics, it is not unnatural that many attempts should have been made to trace its source by a search for parallels to some of its

*Address delivered at the dedication of the  
Cemetery at Gettysburg.*

*Four score and seven years ago our fathers  
brought forth on this continent, a new na-  
tion, conceived in liberty, and dedicated  
to the proposition that all men are cre-  
ation equal.*

*Now we are engaged in a great civil war;  
testing whether that nation, or any nation  
so conceived and so dedicated, can long  
endure. We are met on a great battle-field  
of that war. We have come to dedicate a  
portion of that field, as a final resting  
place for those who here gave their lives  
that that nation might live. It is alto-  
gether fitting and proper that we should  
do this.*

*But, in a larger sense, we can not dedin*

cate— we can not consecrate— we can not hallow— this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us— that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion— that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain— that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom— and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

FACSIMILE OF THE MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN FOR THE BALTIMORE FAIR—THE STANDARD VERSION.

phrases, especially to the sentence with which it closes, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." The following among others have been cited:

1. The depressed vassal of the old Continent becomes co-legislator, and co-ruler, in a government where all power is from the people, and in the people, and for the people.—[From "The Ad-

vancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion." By James Douglas. Edinburgh, 1830, 3d edition, p. 70. First edition published in 1825. Also in "Rhetorical Reader," by Ebenezer Porter. Andover, 1831, p. 196.]

2. The people's government: made for the people; made by the people; and answerable to the people.—[From Webster's reply to Hayne, United States Senate, January 26, 1830.]

3. A democracy—that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people.

—[From a speech by Theodore Parker at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Boston, May 29, 1850.]

4. Unlike Europe, there are no disaffected people in this country for a foe to tamper with. The government is by the people, for the people, and with the people. It is the people.—[From Lieutenant M. F. Maury's Report of August, 1851, on the Subject of Fortifications, H. R. Ex. Doc. No. 5, 32d Congress, 1st Session.]

The mere arrangement of these quotations in their chronological order shows how unjust is any inference that Mr. Lincoln took his sentence at second hand. There is no more reason to suppose that he copied his phrase from Theodore Parker, than there is that Parker copied his from Daniel Webster, or Webster his from James Douglas. All these are plainly coincidences growing out of the very nature of the topic.

Mr. Lincoln's humble birth, the experiences of his boyhood, and all the incidents in the rugged path of his self-education for political service, imbued him with a deep sympathy for, and an unswerving faith in, the people as a political entity and power. His speeches probably contain more genuine expressions of this sympathy and faith than those of any other American statesman. The whole of the great Lincoln-Douglas debate hinged itself upon this essential idea, which Douglas crystallized into his phrase "popular sovereignty," the issue between the disputants being only in what manner the popular will should be exercised. In Lincoln's Ohio speeches of 1859 are found some of his strongest formulas embodying this idea: "Public opinion in this country is everything"; "The people of these United States are the rightful masters of both congresses and courts, not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution." In his first inaugural he said he would execute the laws of the Union, as far as practicable, "unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary." "This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it." "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people?" "If the almighty ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and jus-

tice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people." And in his first message to Congress he said, describing the insurrection: "It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or can not maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes." "This is essentially a people's contest." "I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this."

Such expressions, such definitions, such quotations might be greatly multiplied. Enough are cited to show that the idea was ever present in his philosophy of government, and that he had no need to draw upon the memory of his early political reading to enable him to formulate the closing sentence of the Gettysburg address.

It may be pertinent here to point out an error which, if uncontradicted, may confuse and mislead readers and students of the Gettysburg incident in the future. In a recent biography of President Lincoln by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., the following, referring to the Gettysburg address, occurs in a foot-note on page 216 of Vol. II.

It is, perhaps, not generally remembered that Mr. Lincoln added to the words which he himself had written a quotation of one of Daniel Webster's most famous flights of oratory—that familiar passage in the reply to Hayne, beginning: "When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in Heaven," etc. The modesty was better than the skill of this addition; the simplicity of the President's language, and the elevation of the sentiment which it expressed, did not accord well with the more rhetorical enthusiasm of Webster's outburst. The two passages, each so fine in its own way, were incongruous in their juxtaposition.

The accomplished biographer has been seriously misinformed. President Lincoln added no quotation from Daniel Webster to his Gettysburg address, nor any word other than those set forth in this paper.

*John G. Nicolay.*

NOTE.—The reader is referred to the "Open Letter" in this number for comments on the "Variations in the Reports of the Gettysburg Address."



## THE MYTH OF LAND-BILL ALLEN.



On the evening of one of the first days of December, 1891, I was at work in my study in the church tower, when the tramp of numerous feet on the stairs outside, and a vigorous rap at the door, introduced a delegation of my neighbors, several of whom I knew as representatives of labor organizations.

"We have come," said their spokesman, "to see if we can secure your church for the funeral of Land-Bill Allen, and whether you will conduct the services and deliver a memorial address."

I told my friends that I should be happy to serve them in anything within my power, but I was obliged to confess that my information concerning the deceased was vague.

"Have n't you been reading the papers lately?" they asked, somewhat disconcerted.

I answered that I had not read them very carefully, that I had seen the name in question in the newspaper head-lines, but had failed to read the articles.

"Well," they said, "Land-Bill Allen was a man to whom this nation owes a great debt of gratitude. He was the author of the Homestead Bill—the man who originated the idea of giving to every actual settler a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. He spent his life and his fortune in getting that measure enacted into a law, and he has just died in the poorhouse. We have undertaken to give him an honorable burial. His body will be brought over from the infirmary to-morrow, and will lie in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. We wish to have the funeral service day after to-morrow, and we have come to see whether you will help us."

My callers were very much in earnest, and it was impossible not to be moved by their appeal. They were clear-headed, capable men, and they were animated by a laudable purpose.

"What you say," I replied, "is extremely interesting. I don't know why I should have been kept in ignorance of such an important bit of local history. That a man who has given homes to so many millions should die in the poorhouse is tragical enough. Of course our church is at your service, and so am I. You may depend on me to do what I can to make the occasion memorable."

I am sure that the parish minister, who is compelled to deal so largely with subjects purely

didactic, and who often wishes that he knew how to get a little more life and color into his discourses, will understand the zest with which I seized upon this theme. The time of preparation was short, but surely something could be made of it. The incident was sufficiently dramatic. Precisely what it taught was not so clear. That republics are ungrateful? But that would never do. An induction from one fact is a popular method of reasoning the sophistry of which I had too often exposed. Republics are not ungrateful; they are sentimentally and effusively grateful; they overdo the business of gratitude in a very mischievous way. The lesson of the incident was not obvious, but a lesson could be found. I recalled that good story, published by THE CENTURY several years ago, "The New Minister's Great Opportunity," and thanked my stars that though I was not exactly a new minister, my opportunity at length had come.

"How much can you tell me about this man?" I asked my friends.

"Not much," they answered, "except what is in the papers. He was the author of the Homestead Bill."

"The author of it. Then he must have been in Congress. Do you know when?"

No; they did not know anything about the particulars; they only knew the general facts.

"Very good," I answered; "I will make investigation; there must be many old citizens who are familiar with the history."

My friends left me to my researches, putting into my hands a copy of one of the daily papers containing a notice of what might properly be termed the "demise" of this luckless personage. In the four-line heading which emphasized the importance of this melancholy event was this impressive, if somewhat ambiguous, sentence: "The Benefactor and Originator of the Homestead Act Passes Away at the Poorhouse." The article proceeded as follows:

A public benefactor passed away under sad and cruel circumstances as the day dawned on the Advent Sunday. He had contributed largely to the betterment of humanity, and helped thousands to secure happy and prosperous homes. . . . The greater part of the life of Land-Bill Allen has never been written, and is veiled in the misty recollections of the past. His service to humanity in advocating the passage of the bill giving settlers 160 acres of land for homesteads was an inestimable service, and worthy of remembrance as it doubtless will be [*sic*]. It is strange that such a useful

life should end amidst such surroundings, but who can read the mysteries of the Book of Fate?

The Land Bill, of which so much has been said, provided for the donation of 160 acres of land to all actual settlers coming to the State [*sic*]. It is said he spent \$60,000 in trying to get the bill passed and that from a comparatively wealthy man he became a financial wreck. His possessions were finally reduced to a little cabin in Plain township, in which he lived till it was sold at sheriff's sale, and the unfortunate man was compelled to leave it and become a wanderer, dependent upon the generosity of a few friends. About two months ago Allen became an inmate of the Franklin County infirmary, where he ended his days as an invalid.

All the local papers, as I found, had elaborate obituary notices of this "hero-pauper," as one of them eloquently described him. "The Great Benefactor Dies in the Poorhouse!" "Sixty Thousand Dollars Spent by Him in Passing that Well-known Measure, and He Reaps not that many Cents from It!" Such were the head-lines under which the story, substantially as recited above, was many times retold.

Going back a little in my search for information, I found several copies of newspapers published in other cities whose representatives had visited Allen in the infirmary before his death, and had spread before their readers the story of his life. One of the most affecting of these may well be quoted:

"Yes, sir: I am William Allen—Land-Bill Allen." The tremulous and quavering voice that spoke thus was for an unbroken half century the thundertone of the poor and downtrodden of America. He whom the newsman had found in the degradation and charitable charge of a public infirmary was but a few years since the spokesman and the champion of the people—a valiant leader in the cause of the masses in their struggle for the existence that mother earth owes all mankind. In silent reverence, the emissary of the—grasped the shrunk hand which this noble man extended as he slowly rose from the couch on which he had been wearily reclining, and faced the visitor.

There was a good deal of fine writing of this sort. Newspapers from the Hudson to the Missouri seized upon this dramatic incident, and were working it up in characteristic fashion. The hearts of the charitable in various places had been touched, and contributions for the relief of the benefactor had begun to arrive before his death. When the news of his death was spread abroad, a movement to erect a monument to his memory was immediately set on foot. Despatches and letters from individuals, and from assemblies of workingmen in distant places, had been constantly arriving for several days. Omaha had been especially

stirred. Out in Oklahoma the settlers had been getting up a fund to which each was to contribute twenty-five cents for his removal to that Territory. When his death occurred, the West immediately put in the claim for the location of his monument somewhere on the Missouri River. All this I learned as soon as I began to gather up the recent newspapers. And many of my neighbors were talking about the melancholy and tragical fate of the poor old man. It was evident that I had a fruitful and inspiring theme. But there was still much indefiniteness respecting the precise service which this benefactor had rendered to struggling humanity. One reporter of a Cincinnati paper had, however, attempted to get at the facts. In an interview with Allen at the infirmary, several weeks before his death, he had gathered a little information. I pass by Allen's account of his early years, and come directly to what he says of his work as land reformer.

I came to Columbus in 1829, and edited the "Ohio State Journal," and afterward the "Gazette." All this time I had in mind the homestead idea, which I had been considering since I was twenty years old. [He was born in May, 1809.] First, I wanted to get up colonies to go west and colonize counties of land, to populate and sell. Finally I decided that the government should donate 160 acres to every man who would guarantee to settle on it. If he came back, it was to be taxed at once.

After reciting his achievements in the Know Nothing campaign, he goes on:

Then I started out campaigning for my idea. I went through Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Texas, and saw the public land, and I spent \$60,000 to introduce my ideas. Some of this money I earned, some I inherited from my parents, and some from my brother James who died at Batavia. Afterward I traveled the West in a wagon selling notions. I had it painted with signs: "Land-Bill Allen's Wagon." "Land for Everybody." "Give us Soil that we may Thrive." They called this wagon "Bill Allen's Land Wagon." I made speeches from it. People used to say, "If I could talk like you, I would n't be toting that wagon around twenty-four hours."

. . . After peddling fifteen years I came back to Columbus and started selling comic almanacs and notions on High Street. Then I traveled over the State several years. . . In '63 my bill passed Congress, giving 160 acres of public land to each settler.

We have here, undoubtedly, the complete and authoritative statement of this benefactor's services to humanity. I confess that I read it with some sinking of the heart. It is singularly indefinite. There is a plentiful lack of evidence connecting the claimant with the achievement. Such vague assertions were not promising; but

there was a date or two. Not before 1829 had the homestead idea entered his mind, and there is no intimation that anything was done about it before the Know Nothing campaign. It took me only a few minutes to find out that the first Homestead Bill was introduced into Congress in 1814—when Allen was five years old; and that between that time and 1830 the national legislature had considered a great variety of schemes for disposing of the lands by sale or gift. Allen could not have been the author of the bill which was introduced into Congress when he was five years old, and there was not a particle of evidence to show that he had the remotest connection with any of the other schemes discussed in Congress before he was twenty years old. Indeed, he himself testifies that he had not begun to think of the matter before that time. Seven or eight years before the date at which he asserts that he entered upon his first public advocacy of the measure, there was a national party in existence,—the Free Soil party,—in whose platform for 1848 the homestead idea was clearly formulated.

To a pulpiter in search of the dramatic this began to look like an anticlimax. A few hours of investigation on the following morning confirmed my skepticism. The great majority of those to whom I spoke indorsed Allen's claim; I found people who had been laboring to get an appropriation for him from the legislature, on the score of his great service to humanity; but a few elderly gentlemen, who had known him through all the years of his residence in the city, at once testified that the claim was preposterous. The facts which they gave me illustrating his intellectual habits and his family history threw considerable light upon the case. It was evident that the subject of my discourse was a difficult one to handle. It would be cruel to tell the generous people who had invested so much in him, and were eager to do him honor, precisely what manner of man he was; the occasion was plainly one on which the whole truth could not be spoken: but the main facts must come out, and the mantle of charity could not be stretched sufficiently to hide their naked deformity.

I did not know, when I spoke at the funeral, all that I now know; the credit that he received in the address was larger than I could yield him to-day: but I could say at that time nothing less than this, that the man's claim to be the author or originator of the Homestead Bill was utterly groundless; that he might about as truly have claimed the authorship of Magna Charta or the decalogue; that he had simply identified himself with the measure, and had succeeded in convincing himself that he was the author of it; that he had successfully imposed upon himself, and upon the whole

community. After saying this, all the charitable things that I tried to say went for little; the coldness that fell upon the meeting was depressing. The minister's great opportunity had been fruitful of everything but applause. Some of my auditors took what was said good-naturedly enough, but a good many of them were evidently inclined to resent the truth I had told them. I had thrown a big bucket of ice-water upon one of their most ingenuous and laudable enthusiasms, and it was hard for them to forgive me; I doubt if they have ever done so.

The project for a monument was of course nipped in the bud. The body of the poor old pretender was decently interred, and his name suddenly disappeared from the newspapers in which for many days it had taken so much room.<sup>1</sup> I am not quite willing that he should be so soon forgotten. Such a career is certainly entitled to a permanent record. Let me try to tell the true story of his life.

Allen says that he was born in Windham, Connecticut, May 23, 1809. (The reporters all spell it "Windom," but Allen is not responsible for that.) His father was a tailor, and he worked at the same trade, the family living in Providence, Pawtucket Bridge, Rhode Island, and Batavia, New York. In the last-named town he tried to learn the printer's trade, and I have in my possession partial files of two old newspapers published in Batavia in 1827 and 1828, which were among the few effects left in his old hut by Allen when he was removed to the poorhouse. Allen was living at this date in Batavia, and he may have been employed upon one of these newspapers. This was in the height of the anti-Masonic excitement; in these files is a full report of the trial of the abductors of Morgan, and the account of that mysterious disappearance written by Thurlow Weed, then editor of the Rochester "Daily Telegraph." Here also we may read a presidential message from John Quincy Adams, proclamations by Governor De Witt Clinton, and the latest news from the Greek war of independence, with the great tidings of the battle of Navarino; and in a later number George Croly's poem on "The Greek and the Turkoman," which some of us spouted, a few years later, on the school-house stage. All these large affairs are, however, overshadowed by the anti-Masonic tempest, which rages through every column.

It is plain that Allen's apprenticeship to the printer's craft must have been very brief; for

<sup>1</sup> Since these pages were written there has, however, been printed in one of them a homily upon the ingratitude of republics to their greatest benefactors, coupled with an allusion to the fate of Land-Bill Allen. Such delusions die hard.

in 1829 he is back in Newport, Rhode Island, attempting to start a newspaper of his own entitled the "Anti-Masonick Rhode Islander." I have the prospectus of that publication. Under the motto, "Thou shalt do no murder," is the following announcement:

Having entered into a copartnership in publishing the *Anti-Masonick Rhode Islander*, we solicit, and hope for the generous support of all those, who have a just value for the Rights and Liberties of Freemen.

Our columns will be uniformly devoted to *Anti-Masonick, Moral, Scientific, and Political Subjects*; either original or selected; and to the encouragement of Industry, Economy, Temperance, and the diffusion of *Truth and Useful Knowledge*. They will also furnish the earliest *Foreign and Domestic* intelligence and carefully record such facts as are connected with the *Agricultural, Commercial, and Manufacturing interest* of this great and growing *Republic*.

The prospectus signalizes the irruption of the final *k*, which certain spelling-deformers, following Dr. Johnson, were then trying to foist into our long-suffering English speech. The files of Batavia newspapers of previous years do not adopt the spelling; it must have been a New England fad of about this date. The first spelling-book that was placed in my hands—about a dozen years later—bristled with these final *k*'s.

"Allen and Folsom" is the firm-name appended to this prospectus. Of the junior partner I know nothing. Thirty-three names of subscribers follow, all in the same bold hand-writing. In the papers of Allen I also find two letters from the firm of Greele & Willis of Boston, referring to type and press which they had sent to Allen, and for which they had received his notes, indorsed by Benjamin Waite Case. It is therefore clear that he undertook to start an "anti-Masonick" newspaper in Newport; but as the type was not sent him until April 24, 1829, and as he himself testifies that he removed to Columbus in 1829, it is probable that the newspaper was not successful. Reasons for its failure are not far to seek.

Allen says that he came to Columbus and edited the "Ohio State Journal." Here, now, is a statement which enables us accurately to gage his truth-telling capacity. The files of the "Ohio State Journal" are in existence, and they are clear witnesses against him. The editors of the paper through all that period were well known. Allen was certainly not one of them. They were men who could construct coherent sentences and logical paragraphs, and this is a feat which Allen probably never succeeded in performing. It is possible that he may have worked as a tramp journeyman in the composing-room of this paper. A few years later he collected unpaid subscriptions from delinquent subscrib-

ers, and I have an old receipt-book in which are many signatures of the proprietors of the "Journal" to receipts for small sums thus collected by him. His connection with this newspaper was probably limited to some such service as this. The fact that he could claim to have been the editor throws a flood of light upon his mental proclivities. There is no doubt that he would readily have undertaken to edit the London "Times" or the "Revue des Deux Mondes"; but no sane proprietor could have put into his hands the care of the most insignificant journal. The same mental process by which he magnified his office as a mere runner of the counting-room into the editorship of the newspaper reappears in his claim respecting the Homestead Bill.

Allen is undoubtedly right in saying that it was after the subsidence of the Know Nothing excitement that he "started out campaigning for his ideas." He was a peddler *à la cart*—if I may be allowed the expression; one of that fraternity, forty years ago quite numerous, of which Dr. Marigold is an ornament, and to which the late lamented James Fisk lent the brazen luster of his name. Upon the sides of the cart, which carried notions, cheap prints, and comic almanacs, Allen had painted the legends which he recites above. Undoubtedly he tried to harangue the people who gathered about his vehicle on the subject of the Homestead Bill; one would be glad to see a stenographic report of some of these speeches. I suppose that the thing was taken up at first as an advertising device; but gradually his mind was completely absorbed by this idea,—it was a case of possession, a pathological condition to which minds like this are easily subject,—and he talked so much about it that he came at length to feel that he was the embodiment and representation of the idea, and that it had originated with him. The reporters tell us that he spent his fortune "in presenting to the public, to Congress, and to State legislatures his homestead laws." The reporters evidently suppose that Allen framed some such measures, and got them into the hands of the law-makers. Much was also said, at the time of his death, of his voluminous correspondence with statesmen, and I believed, at that time, that there must be some foundation for this claim; but there is not a scrap of paper in the mass which he has so diligently preserved to indicate that he ever wrote a letter to any man of note or received a word from such a source. I can hardly believe that he would have failed to treasure documents of this nature. He may have written such letters, but the perusal of his manuscripts will explain his failure to receive replies. No statesman would be likely to think that a letter written by him called for a reply. As to his framing a bill for such a pur-



pose, he could no more have done it than he could have written the "*Mécanique céleste*."

The fortune of sixty thousand dollars which he expended in this propagandism is of the same substance as his editorship of the newspaper and his authorship of the law. That he was ever, at any period of his life, possessed of one thousand dollars in his own right, I should find it difficult to believe. His accounts, as I have run over them, do not indicate such a scale of expenditure as is customary with men of fortune. There is nothing among his effects to indicate that he ever expended a cent of money directly in promoting his idea. It would seem that if there had been expenditures of such a nature, whether for printing or for any form of service, some document, hand-bill, memorial, or other record would have been preserved by him. The money which he paid for having those legends painted on his cart may be regarded as a contribution to this cause; I can find trace of no other.

After peddling and preaching free land for a few years Allen came back to Columbus, and started a little shop for the sale of notions and comic almanacs. Connected with this establishment was an occasional auction of the cheap-jack variety, and in the character of auctioneer Allen was often led a merry dance by the boys of the town, who amused themselves by gulling him. His lack of faculty manifested itself here as everywhere, and he soon found himself stranded in a remote rural neighborhood with no visible means of support. The village near which he lived bears the orthodox name of Gahanna. The poor little home in which he took up his abode was purchased for three hundred dollars; the property consisted of two thirds of an acre of land, on which was a house and barn. Here from some time in the sixties he continued to live until he was carried to the poorhouse. How he subsisted is a mystery; his papers show that he sold patent medicines of various sorts; his living was evidently very precarious. He was one of the ne'er-do-weels whose number seems to increase as wealth increases, and who constitute one of our most serious social problems. Through all the years of this penury his monomania was fastening itself more and more firmly upon him, and a large part of his leisure must have been spent in committing to writing his own sense of the importance of the service which he had rendered to his countrymen and to the human race.

His literary remains are somewhat voluminous, and they afford an unerring test of his intellect. No impostor should ever permit himself to write a line. The literary touchstone is apt to be fatal. When the writing medium assures me that he is possessed of the spirit of Emerson or Thackeray I can very quickly sat-

isfy myself as to the truth of his assertion. And the man who claims to have been the author and originator of a great measure of statesmanship can be accurately judged by those fruits of his intellect which he has left in manuscript.

It is painful to go over these dirty piles of paper, and to trace the same hallucination through them all. There is no coherency, no connection or progress of thought, no evidence that the writer had done anything more than to glean a few well-worn phrases from the lips of stump-speakers, and to weave them together in all manner of permutations. It is necessary to quote a little of this literature. The readers of this article must be able to judge for themselves as to the character of the man. There is but one theme — Land-Bill Allen. These pages are devoted to the celebration of his praises. If faith in himself could have removed mountains, the writer would have had no difficulty in putting every obstacle behind him. I quote from a document which is headed "Land-Bill Allen," and runs thus:

Land-Bill Allen, the originator of the Homestead Bill has invariably made it his business to stem the torrents of prejudice and vice and never to give up to sect nor party what was meant for mankind, and has more ambition to do right, than to be great, and is conscious of having more regard for the Public good than his own, for he taught the good to reason while knaves were proselyting the credulous and using every finesse which ingenuity could devise to dazzle and bewilder the popular mind and make the poor oppressed and imbeciles who are easily overreached and easily seduced, believe that the effects of bad government and wicked laws, which bring upon the People more povity and depravity and crime than all private causes put together are the dispensation of Devine Providence, by a gross violation of the sacred laws of humanity, that they might carry out their secret tricks of fraud and Land Monopoly, in disposing of the Public Lands the property of the whole People, without their consent which had been palmed upon the Landless of the world by inflated and visionary productions of cunning artful and designing men, who were bankrupt in principles of love and friendship law and government. He has more regard for man's necessities than their fancies and sought to benefit nations that he might be recollected with pleasure and extolled with ardor by generations yet unborn, and can now look back (on the sands of time) on a pathway adorned with the evidence of his good deeds. His splendid scheme of securing Equal justice and restoring homes to every American citizen and to the industrious the enjoyment of their honest gains and his devotion to the welfare of human races has given him the proud consolation of knowing that he is a living monument of his own glory. If there is any person now living who deserves the blessings of Heaven and the gratitude of all mankind "LAND-BILL ALLEN" is that man.



This is an unusually coherent passage. On another sheet I find this:

He has spent his time and fortune upon the altar of the public for more than half of a century in restoring and securing Natural Rights and establishing Equal Justice to all mankind by setting his seal upon Land Monopoly in which there is no glory to God on high nor the least tincture of good will to man on earth, on whose walls is written *Mene Tekel*, weighed in the balance and found wanting, a weed that grows in every soil, the mother of all slavery that Aristocracy may fall like Lucifer never to rise again. And all he has received in return for it is barely the scoff and scorn of knaves and fools.

Several of these sheets contain a preamble, often rewritten, reciting the imperishable services of Land-Bill Allen, followed by the form of a subscription, in which a grateful people were to contribute the sum of one hundred thousand dollars as a reward for "the most magnanimous achievement of human wisdom ever devised by man"; and also to give him free passes on all the railroads for the remainder of his life. A glowing tribute to the goodness of the Creator concludes with the statement that "the same unerring power called into existence 'Land-Bill Allen,' the originator of the Homestead Bill to meet the *Crises* that was approaching to abolish Chattel Slavery which we are unable to remove, and protected his sacred person in so righteous a cause and made him a greater national benefactor to the whole human race than all the politicians and Christians that ever existed since the days of Christ and his apostles." In another connection we are told "there never was and never will be but one 'Land-Bill Allen,' all the rest are his satellites, his name is more imperishable than adamant, for it is immortalized, and stamped on every acre of land with an imprint that cannot be obliterated."

In one of the most remarkable of these productions Allen appears to conceive that he has been nominated to the Presidency of the United States with General A. M. West of Holly Springs, Mississippi, as Vice-President. This is a letter of acceptance in which, with his customary lucidity, he outlines his policy. Whether he actually supposed himself to have received this nomination, or only imagined that this lightning might strike him at some future time, and thought it well to practise a little upon letters of acceptance, so that such an exigency might not find him unprepared, I will not undertake to say.

I have made free citations from this literature because I know that they will be interesting reading to all the newspaper writers who interviewed Allen before his death, and who succeeded in lifting him, for a short space of time,

to that pinnacle of notoriety toward which, through all his life, he had been climbing. It is well that they should have plenty of evidence respecting the quality of the mind whose great achievements so deeply impressed them.

That this poor man succeeded in convincing himself that he was the paragon of statesmen and philanthropists is nothing singular. Minds of this type are not rare. The remarkable thing, the astonishing thing, is that in the county where he had lived for more than fifty years he should have imposed upon the public to such an extent that all the newspapers accepted his claim without hesitation, and united to spread his fame to the ends of the earth. For two months or more before his death he had been the subject of newspaper discussion, and yet until the hour of the funeral no word of caution had been publicly spoken respecting his absurd claims. Legal gentlemen had taken part in a movement to secure for him an appropriation from the legislature in recognition of his patriotic services, and no ripple of dissent had appeared upon the surface of the public mind. Newspapers all over the country had taken up the refrain, and had published such particulars of his career as he could impart, without once questioning his claim. Yet it would not have required ten minutes' investigation on the part of any man who knows how to use historical reference-books to find out that the assertions of Allen were preposterous. The bill with which he sought to connect himself became a law only thirty years ago; it should not have been difficult to learn something definite respecting its origin and authorship; it would seem that some intelligent editor or reporter might have thought it worth while to find out precisely what connection this claimant had with so great an achievement. If he had been in any proper sense its author or originator, that fact could hardly have escaped some sort of record. The implicit faith which the representatives of the press reposed in the unsupported assertions of this incoherent person is worthy of all admiration. Who says that this is a skeptical age?

I have thus given a plain narrative of the genesis and growth of the myth of Land-Bill Allen. Round about this peculiar personage had gathered an envelop of popular beliefs, by which he was elevated to the rank of a demigod. His body lay in state for a day under the dome of the capital of Ohio; the scene of his triumph was a city which is the seat of two universities, and whose intelligence is promoted by four daily newspapers.

I ought to mention one circumstance which undoubtedly aided this delusion. Among the governors of Ohio was a well-known personage

of remarkable popular gifts, a great tribune of the people, whose name was William Allen. "Old Bill Allen" was the familiar designation often applied to him. Many of those writing at a distance may have confused these two. But the name of the subject of our sketch was not William. "George Wheaton" was his prenom. The "Bill" by which he insisted on being known, and which his children were required to employ in addressing his letters, was only a portion of the title of the act of which he pretended to be the author. "Land Bill" was no part of the name by which he was baptized. The confounding of William Allen with "Land-Bill Allen" gave color to the supposition that he had been a person of prominence and influence. This error could scarcely have been committed by natives of Ohio, certainly not by residents of Columbus.

The outstanding fact is this stupendous imposture, perpetrated upon a community which boasts sufficiently of free schools and a free press, by an uneducated and underwitted man. I do not wonder at the deception of the workmen who so heroically took up the cause of their alleged benefactor; they could not have been expected to question the unqualified statements of the newspapers; their action in the premises reflects only honor upon them. To the newspapers the main credit for the propagation of this myth must be given; and the incident shows how much more carefully the average reporter is trained to work up a sensation than to make an investigation. Nor is the reporter chiefly censurable on this account: he does what he is hired to do; he knows that if he fails to do this very thing he will be discharged. The managing editor, for his part, will reply that sensations are furnished because the people crave them; that the sheet which serves up the largest number of them, piping hot, morning and evening, will have the largest circulation. Very likely this is true; and by those who suppose that the chief end of a newspaper is to increase its circulation it will be regarded as an adequate explanation.

It must be admitted that the narrative here given sets before us in a startling light the possibilities of imposture in this enlightened land. One would have said beforehand that such a delusion could not have become epidemic in America. In Spain or Lower Canada things of this kind might occur, not in the United States. But when we stop to reflect and investigate, we discover that human credulity, even in the most enlightened lands, is still a vast deep.

The success of those rascally endowment orders, of which hundreds have been freely operating in all parts of the country during the last five years, is an illustration, even more

startling, of the extent to which human beings are ready to be fooled. It is almost incredible that men and women who can read and write, and who know the multiplication table, should be able to believe in the validity of a financial scheme which promises that for a total of three hundred dollars, paid in monthly instalments for seven years, one thousand dollars will be given at the end of that time. Yet tens of thousands of men and women who are supposed to be sane,—teachers, clerks, professional men, skilled mechanics,—have invested their earnings in these enterprises.

Another type of popular delusion is scarcely less astonishing. Newspapers of large circulation may be found in many of our Western communities in which has been kept standing, from week to week of this year of grace, a forged encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., asserting that this continent belongs to him, and that the time has now come for him to take possession of it, and calling on the faithful to rise, on or about September 5, 1893, and "exterminate all heretics found within the jurisdiction of the United States of America." This document has been published as a handbill, for free circulation; thousands of copies of it have been distributed by persons who assert that they are patriots, and assume that they belong to a superior order of Christians; it has been kept standing, as I have said, in the columns of a weekly newspaper which has been especially commended by the Protestant clergy in their convocations; and not a voice has been raised in denunciation of it as a forgery, or in protest against the use of such weapons in religious controversy. It is impossible to believe that many of the people who have aided in the circulation of this document have done so knowing it to be a forgery; we are therefore forced to the conclusion that most of them believe it to be genuine. The fact that tens of thousands of the graduates of our public schools can be imposed upon by such a preposterous fraud is a melancholy revelation of popular ignorance and credulity.

In each of the cases just mentioned a powerful passion was at work in aid of imposture. In the one case the greed of gain, the fierce desire to get something for nothing, makes the victims believe in promises to which their sober judgment could never give credence; in the other case traditional religious hatred—the most blinding of all passions—usurps the throne of reason. We may not marvel greatly at such triumphs of the baser principles of human nature, though they are deplorable enough. But the story which I have told shows us credulity wholly unmixed with passion; and gives us a striking illustration of the readiness with which people submit to be duped when

neither their interests nor their enmities are enlisted.

The revelation is not, I fear, a cheering one; but I hope that it may be profitable for doctrine. It is possible that some too confiding natures may learn from it that it is not quite safe to put too much trust in what everybody says. The fraternity of newsgatherers may be able to extract a moral from my tale; I leave that task to them.

One "improvement" I will venture to hint. Several of my reputable neighbors, as I have recorded, were quite ready to testify, when I called upon them, that this was a stupendous imposture. But they had not made this statement publicly. Perhaps they thought it not worth while. Perhaps they shrunk from braving the ill-will of those who were making a hero of the poor old man. It is not hard to understand their reticence. Yet it would have been well for them to consider whether they ought not to stamp out this delusion. Honest people all over the land were being imposed

upon, and were parting with their money as a result of this imposture. I dare say that some of them would have spoken if the thing had gone much further. But the duty of every individual in the community to contribute, by clear and prompt speech, to the destruction of impostures and delusions of all sorts, and to the formation of sane public opinion, is one that is not sufficiently enforced. The vitiation of public opinion by pretenders and charlatans of all sorts is constantly going on; I know no antidote for this disorder except that which is found in the sound and courageous words of sensible men. We are quite too prone to allow cranks and bigots and mischief-makers to go on sowing the wind, forgetting that we shall be compelled by and by to reap the whirlwind. It is often disagreeable to expose humbuggery; not more disagreeable, however, than many other public duties. And it is part of the service of a citizen to help to create an intellectual atmosphere in which imposture will not thrive.

*Washington Gladden.*

## A STUDY OF INDIAN MUSIC.<sup>1</sup>

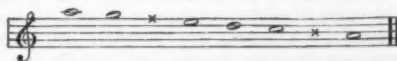


SOME time ago Miss Alice C. Fletcher of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of Harvard University sent me an Indian song, desiring me to give her information as to the scale on which it was built, etc. This led to personal consultations, and she eventually intrusted me with over a hundred songs that she had taken down among the Omahas and other tribes, commissioning me to study them, and to report upon them from the point of view of the technical musician. She afterward afforded me the opportunity of hearing Indian singing, and of taking down their songs and studying their rhythms, etc. at first hand.

The collection of songs made by Miss Fletcher has peculiar interest from a scientific point of view. All are undoubtedly old. Only a few had been heard by any white person until she obtained that privilege. The Indians have no musical notation, no theories of music whatsoever; the songs are handed down by tradition, and they are a purely natural product of the impulses of primitive man—the spontaneous result of the universal desire

to express emotion in song. Unfettered as they are by any speculations or theories, they afford entirely fresh material for discovering what is natural in music, and a rare opportunity for testing the naturalness of our own musical perceptions by means of comparison.

Being informed that their music was not only entirely vocal, but invariably without harmony, all their songs being sung in unison, with no other accompaniment than that of drums or rattles, my first inquiry was, naturally, On what scales are their melodies built? I soon discovered that they were, in a large majority of cases, in major keys, and built on five-toned scales, similar to those of the ancient Chinese, Hindus, Scotch, Irish, and other primitive peoples. The first one sent me was built on a five-toned (pure) minor scale, running, as nearly all of them do, from the highest to the lowest note of its compass, thus:



Those on five-toned major scales began and ended, as a rule, on the fifth of the scale, thus:



<sup>1</sup> See also "Indian Songs" by Miss Fletcher in the *CENTURY* for January. The music accompanying both articles is all derived from the Omahas.

It will be observed that in both these typical pentatonic scales the tones omitted are the ones which make the semitone, or "leading-note progressions" (F to E and B to C). I was at first inclined to attribute considerable significance to this fact; but when I sought to harmonize the songs, taking pains to discover the natural harmonies implied in the melodies, I found that no satisfactory scheme of chords could be made without employing the missing scale-tones. Miss Fletcher had informed me of the curious fact that, although the Indians never sing otherwise than in unison, nevertheless, whenever their songs are played on a piano or organ, they are not satisfied without the addition of chords. I was greatly interested, therefore, in sending for Indian criticism my harmonization of the first song given me. I wished particularly to know whether the harmonies which seemed to me natural would prove satisfactory to Indian ears.

The result of the experiment was entirely satisfactory. The Indians were even delighted with the chords I had added to their song, showing that, notwithstanding the fact that they never make any attempt to sing in parts, they possess a latent sense of harmony, and this sense is precisely the same as ours. That is to say, the harmonic sense is innate in the human mind, is a natural constituent of universal human nature. Moreover, the five-toned scale, which makes its appearance in the melodies of so many and so widely separated primitive peoples, seems to be due merely to the fact that the harmonic sense of these peoples is still undeveloped — has not yet been brought forward into consciousness. The fact that primitive man recognizes the missing harmonic tones as valid and satisfactory when they are brought to his attention proves that the sense of them is in his nature, and needs only to be developed in order that he may use them as freely as we do.

This conclusion is still further emphasized by the fact that the Indians *do* use these tones in a considerable number of the songs submitted to me. A few of them employ the full eight-toned scales in use among us, both major and minor, the latter both in its pure and mixed forms. If further proof of the soundness of this conclusion were needed, it is to be found in the fact that all my harmonizations of their songs, whether on complete or incomplete scales, have met with their approval. In every case, as in that above cited, any harmonization which has seemed to me natural, as inherently implied in the nature of the melody itself, has been accepted by them as valid and satisfactory; and this notwithstanding the fact that in the chords I have used tones not to be found in the melodies.

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I give here two examples built on five-toned scales. The first (No. 60) is in major, and is a

# WAWAN CHORAL.

## SOLEMN PROCESSION OF PEACE PIPES AROUND THE LODGE.

No. 60.  $\text{♩} = 63$ .

The musical score is written for a choral setting. It features a single melodic line in the treble clef and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of a simple five-note scale: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5. The accompaniment provides harmonic support using chords that include the missing notes F#4 and E4. The piece is marked 'Ped.' (Pédale) and includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

choral song sung in the religious ceremony of the sacred Peace Pipes. It is used in the solemn



procession in which the pipes are borne about the lodge. This harmony I have personally submitted to Indian criticism, as, indeed, is true of all the examples I shall adduce. Musicians will see that I have not only employed the missing fourth and seventh in the harmony, but have also introduced a suspension (in the eleventh full measure). This latter met with decided approval.

The second song (No. 53) is the one origin-

### HAE-THU-SKA.

#### RESTING-SONG.

Two double drum-beats in a measure.

No. 53.  $\text{♩} = 60$ .

*Hau thin gae ac ah - ma, Hau thin gae ac ah - ma. Hau thin gae ac ah - ma, Wa - kan - da thin gae ac ha - ma, Hau thin ga wae tho hac.... tho. Hau thin gae ac ah - ma, Hau thin gae ac ah - ma, Wa - kan - da thin gae ac ah - ma, Hau thin gae wae tho hac..... tho.*

ally submitted to me. Curiously enough, the Indian ear seems to prefer the major chord for the final close of the latter, although the song is in pure minor, with what is technically known as a plagal cadence.

The fact of the latent perception on the part of the Indians of the full key-harmony employed in civilized music at once deprives their incomplete scales of much of their significance. At first sight, the numerous incomplete scales are decidedly puzzling; for they not only use the typical pentatonic scales exemplified above, but also other incomplete scales, omitting sometimes the sixth and seventh, sometimes the seventh alone, sometimes the fourth alone, sometimes the third alone, sometimes the second alone, and in one case both the sixth and the key-note. But when one reflects that they do actually possess all the tones of the full scale, and that they recognize them all as both melodically and harmonically valid, the fact that they frequently confine themselves to a portion of them only becomes of comparatively little importance.

But a still more puzzling phenomenon remained in the presence of a considerable number of songs the tones of which could not be referred to any one scale. Examples of these are given in Nos. 118, 54, and 58. In No. 118 the key is nominally G, but the foreign tone A flat is a prominent feature. In No. 54 the tone B flat appears as an emphatic tone, too, while the song is mainly in the key of C; and in No. 58 we have the tone E in a short song supposed to be in the key of B flat.

Of course the only way to be sure of the significance of these tones was to harmonize the songs, and to submit them to Indian criticism. Here, too, I had the satisfaction of finding that my own perception of what was natural in the harmonization was corroborated by Indian approval. And the supplied harmonies made the whole matter clear at once. No. 118 is a case

### WAWAN CEREMONY.

WHEN TAKING THE CHILD, THE HUNGA.

No. 118.  $\text{♩} = 176$ .

*ac ah - ma, Wa - kan - da thin gae ac ah - ma, Hau thin gae wae tho hac..... tho.*



of change of key, unless we regard the song as closing on the sub-dominant chord. The first two phrases (three measures) are plainly in the key of G. The succeeding two phrases have the chord of C, not G, for their point of repose, but the only chord used as an antithesis to this chord is that of A flat, the *under-third*! Here one cannot help being reminded that one of the most striking characteristics of the modern romantic composers, as regards harmony, is the free use of the major chords of the over-third and under-third, as well as of the over-sixth and under-sixth. We find more or less of it in Beethoven and Schubert, still more in Schumann and Chopin, most of all in Wagner and Liszt. And now to happen on the very same characteristic in the primitive music of our own American natives is certainly a most unexpected, not to say startling, experience.

It shows, I take it, simply this: that the great romantic writers, in going outside of the accepted harmonic limits (there are a very few text-books on harmony, even to-day, which account for their practice, still less sanction it), made a genuine discovery of natural harmonic relations. This has long been my belief; but if it needed confirmation, these Indian songs would serve the purpose; for, whatever else they are, there can be no question that they are absolutely natural.

No. 54 offers a similar example of the use of

## WAWAN.

FINAL SONG WHEN LAYING THE PEACE PIPES AT CEREMONIAL REST.

No. 54. ♯ = 89.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece in 3/4 time, with a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble, and the bass line is in the bass. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system shows the end of the piece, with a final cadence. The score includes dynamic markings such as *ff* and *con. Ped.* (conductor's pedal).

the over-sixth chord (in the sixth full measure). The harmony of this song can be accounted for without considering it as departing from the key of C, although it goes beyond the limits of the scale harmony. The one melody-tone (B flat) which does not occur in the scale belongs to the minor chord of the dominant. The song closes, however, with the major dominant chord.

On the other hand, No. 58 affords a plain

## WAWAN CHORAL.

FIRST PROCESSION AROUND THE LODGE AFTER  
THE PIPES ARE RAISED.

No. 58.  $\angle = 66.$ 

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of four systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the song, with the voice entering on the first staff. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system shows a change in the piano accompaniment, with more complex chords. The fourth system ends with a double bar line. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the voice staff.

example of modulation. It begins in B flat, closing the first clause in the fifth measure with the relative minor chord. The next phrase is in E flat, closing on the over-third chord (G), leading naturally through the chord of C major to the key of F, whence the transition is easy and natural to the final phrase in C. The whole is easy, smooth, natural, and reminds one of numerous passages in Wagner. But think of it, students of harmony, a twelve-measure song beginning in B flat and ending in C! Yet the naturalness of it cannot be questioned, nor can its dignity and impressiveness. There are more things to be learned about harmony than are taught in the current text-books.

I cannot forbear citing one more example, No. 55, because of the beauty and originality

### WAWAN CEREMONY.

SECOND SONG WHEN LAYING THE PIPES AT CEREMONIAL REST.

No. 65. ♯ = 84.

con Ped.



of its natural harmony. Although there are no tones of the song not to be found in the scale of E flat, which is its nominal key, nevertheless it is impossible to harmonize it naturally without going outside of that scale. After the first short phrase, the song might be regarded as in the relative minor key, although the Indians prefer the major tonic at the end.

I desire to call attention also to the sharp dissonance at the beginning of No. 55. This is only a sample of the non-harmonic tones which the Indians constantly use. It requires only a brief examination of these harmonized songs (all of which, be it remembered, have been approved by the Indians) to see that all our apparatus of melodic by-tones is used by them quite as freely as by us. In short, all melodic and harmonic resources to be found in our music, even the most modern and "advanced," are also to be found in this primitive music among a people who have, let us remember, no musical notation, no theory of music, no systematized scientific knowledge of it whatsoever.

Nor is it in harmony alone that this Indian music reminds us of the greatest music of the modern romantic school. The Indian rhythms are frequently as complicated and difficult as any to be found in the works of Schumann or Chopin. The Indians syncopate freely: they use three twos and two threes in the same measure (two drum-beats against three vocal tones), exactly the rhythm of No. 20 of the "Songs without Words" of Mendelssohn, the "Abschied" (Op. 82) of Schumann, and other pieces which will occur to every musician; they alternate  $\frac{2}{4}$  and  $\frac{3}{4}$  measures, even  $\frac{5}{4}$  and  $\frac{4}{4}$ , and I have found one case of five drum-beats in a measure, against which

ten tones are sung, grouped in *two fives*, not in five twos as might have been expected. One rhythmic peculiarity also consists in the frequent use of a short note on the drum-beat, or emphatic portion of the measure, just such as we find in ancient Scotch music.

The following example (No. 123) exempli-

#### POO-GE-THUN SONG.

DANCE-SONG OF A SOCIETY COMPOSED SOLELY OF CHIEFS.

No. 123.  $\text{♩} = 104$ .



fies the Indian tendency to syncopation. It may serve also as another illustration of the use of third relationships in harmony (see fourth, fifth, and eleventh measures). No. 112,

#### HAE-THU-SKA.

SONG OF DISMISSAL AT THE CLOSE OF A GATHERING OF THE SOCIETY. CHORAL OF WARRIORS.

No. 112.  $\text{♩} = 58$ .



here given, exemplifies the same tendency, and shows also that the same melody may imply more than one natural harmony. It was by request of the Indians that I introduced new chords in the repeat. It thus became fuller and richer, and the emotional effect was intensified. No. 65 exemplifies, as does No. 53, the combina-

#### WAWAN CEREMONY.

FINAL SONG WHEN RAISING THE PIPES.

No. 66. Song  $\text{♩} = 72$ .

Double drum-beat,  $\text{♩} = \text{No. 144}$ .

Drum tremolo.

tion of dissimilar rhythms; three eighth notes in the song against two drum-beats. No. 133

#### MYSTERY-SONG.

VISION OF THE HORSE.

No. 133.  $\text{♩} = 104$ .  $\text{♩} = 104$ .

is the one referred to as having phrases of five tones; each chord stands for a drum-beat.

In the matter of rhythm on a larger scale, what is commonly called "form" in music, *i. e.*, the orderly succession and arrangement of phrases, clauses, etc., the irregularity is quite as great, without, however, impairing the sense of symmetry. In No. 53 the first three phrases consist of one and a half measures (three dou-

ble drum-beats), but the fourth phrase has four double drum-beats, and the fifth has six. The second period is similarly constructed, the first two phrases having three drum-beats each, the third four, and the fourth five. The two periods of which the song consists are thus somewhat uneven, the first having five phrases and the second only four; yet with all this variety the sense of symmetry is not impaired. The phrasing of others of the songs presents similar peculiarities; but it will be so easily recognized by students that I think I need not here analyze each one in detail. It is sufficient to note that the formal structure of these Indian songs is as free, as rich, and as varied, and at the same time as conformable to the natural laws of expression as are their rhythm, their harmony, and their use of melodic embellishments.

It is possible that some may be inclined to think that the harmonized version of the Indian songs here given has more of the elements of our own music than of that of the natives; in short, that the Indian character has been taken out of it in the process of transferring it to the pianoforte. I hope I have already said enough to obviate such criticism; but I offer some further considerations which will enable intelligent readers to judge for themselves.

It must be freely admitted at the outset that there is a striking difference between the rendering of the Indian songs here given and that heard in the native singing of them. This difference does not consist merely, or mainly, in the addition of chords. The Indians sing with a quality of voice different from ours—one more nearly akin to our speaking voice. It is high and shrill, and white men who hear it for the first time, especially if they do not understand the words or appreciate the sentiment embodied in the song, are apt to find it unpleasant. And the difference between their singing and ours lies not alone in the peculiar quality of the vocal tone, but also in the fact that the voice slides from one scale-tone to another, instead of moving by sharply defined intervals, as in our singing. Their melodic ornaments, too, often consist of quarter-tones, or perhaps even smaller intervals, so that they can be only approximately rendered in our notation. Some acquaintances of mine who have casually heard singing among the Chippewa Indians have described it to me as a disagreeable whining, devoid of melody. This is, perhaps, the natural impression it makes on superficial observers, who lack either the opportunity or the training to estimate its musical

qualities. Above all, the inability to comprehend the relation of Indian music to the expression of Indian feeling is fatal to any just estimate of it.

It is here that superficial observers fail most signally. Toward white men generally the Indians are reserved. They reveal their private and most sacred feelings only to those (and they are very few) who have completely won their confidence. Such friends, and only such, are able to penetrate beneath the surface into the interior life of the Indian, and understand what his music is to him. Miss Fletcher is one of those exceptional white persons, as I have had opportunity to know—one whose interest in the Indians, proved by hardship, privation, and devoted self-sacrifice in their service, has won for her the lively gratitude and the unreserved confidence of large numbers of them. To her they will open their hearts freely, and to their absolute trust in her I owe the rare and valuable opportunity of studying freely music which, if I had gone among them as a stranger, I should never have heard at all.<sup>1</sup>

I soon found that the piano, with the audible thud of its hammer, its inability to produce intervals smaller than a semitone, its fixity of pitch, and its tempered tuning, was as unsatisfactory to the Indian as his singing can be to our unaccustomed ears. The melodies, as given on the piano, needed to be supplemented by chords, and by the free use of the pedal. Rattles and drum tremolos must be rendered by tremolo chords with pedal, etc. Long before the first week was over, all my preconceived notions of the significance of the incomplete scales, and of the importance of the plain major and minor chords as related to acoustic problems, had wholly disappeared. The Indian criticism had nothing to do with such things. First of all it related to the accurate melodic and rhythmic rendering of the songs, the observing of ties, syncopations, exact length of tones, etc. On such points the Indians are very strenuous, as becomes those who receive and hand down traditions unimpaired for centuries.

But when it came to harmonization and style of performance, the criticism was all directed to the point of artistic interpretation. When I could enter fully into the spirit of the song and of the ceremony in which it was employed, my work satisfied Indian feeling—not before. In short, it became absolutely clear that the determining forces of this Indian music, not only in their own version, but in the pianoforte

<sup>1</sup> I spent two weeks of hard work in taking down and harmonizing songs under continual and free criticism by Indians, going through the music of the entire Calumet (Fellowship Pipes) ceremony, besides numbers of other songs. Besides this, I had a week of listening to Indians singing in a great festival on the

Omaha Reservation in Nebraska, in company with Mr. Francis La Flesche, an Omaha Indian in the service of the Indian Bureau at Washington, whose assistance throughout has been invaluable to me. Without him, my work would have been a failure.



translation as approved by them, were precisely those concerned in all artistic production and reproduction, viz., imagination and feeling. That my experiment proved successful in producing a piano translation which the Indians themselves recognized as adequate and satisfactory, ought, I think, to set at rest all doubt, if there should be any, as to the genuine character of the version here presented. The harmony is, in the truest sense, Indian harmony. Not that the Indians could have produced it unaided; but my part in it was simply and solely to supply the technical knowledge which they lacked. I have merely translated from one mode of expression to another; and their judgment of the adequacy of the translation ought surely to be conclusive.

In the absolute supremacy of the imaginative and emotional elements which dominated every moment of the Indians' criticism of my work, I was continually reminded of the out-break of the German romantic movement about 1830. Here, as with Schumann and Wagner, the all-important matter was the feeling to be expressed. The mode of expression was to be criticized solely from the standpoint of adequacy or inadequacy, not from that of any traditional rules or formal considerations. In other words, content was first, and form was subordinate in both.

It would be interesting to read a criticism by Schumann on this Indian music, especi-

ally on the Calumet ceremony, with its central idea of "peace on earth, good-will to men," its elaborate ritual, brimful of symbolism, its full choral service, every incident of the ceremony accompanied by song. And if he had taken occasion to compare the original, vigorous, noble, dignified, impressive music of this service with some of the commonplace jingles so frequent in our Sunday-school services, and even in some of our churches, would the comparison have been in our favor? If he had used the phrase "American savages," taking into account the musical comparison alone, would he have applied it to our red-skinned neighbors? But I do not wish to be offensive; I merely wish to emphasize the fact that those whom we are accustomed to despise as an inferior and barbarous race reveal, in the glimpse this music affords into their inner life, a noble religious feeling, not remotely akin to the central idea of Christianity, and expressed in music some of which is worthy of comparison with the best we ourselves possess, and incomparably superior to our worst in the same field.

In this discussion I have sought to confine the technical treatment within the narrowest limits, for the sake of the general reader. Musicians who desire more extended and detailed technical consideration of the Indian music will find it in the monograph on Omaha Indian music lately printed by the Peabody Museum of Harvard University.<sup>1</sup>

*John Comfort Fillmore.*

<sup>1</sup> Since this article was written, I have had extensive opportunities of hearing, taking down, harmonizing, and testing primitive folk-music, not only of the Omahas, but also of other Indian tribes, besides that of different races represented on the Midway Plaisance, at the World's Fair. This later experience has confirmed the conclusions I have given in this paper.

## THE REAL STONEWALL JACKSON.<sup>1</sup>



SO much has been said and written about the military career of Stonewall Jackson that I design to confine myself mainly to personal recollections of him, and to the relation of incidents and anecdotes which I know of my own knowledge to be true. By the way, I have never heard or seen an anecdote of him which had any marks of authenticity about it. A letter-writer from the Rio Grande said of General Taylor, after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca, "We call him old Rough-and-Ready." No one in the

army had ever heard it before; but it struck the popular fancy, it won him tens of thousands of votes for the Presidency, and it has gone down to history.

In like manner a letter-writer from the field of the first Manassas gave Jackson the cognomen of Stonewall, and told a very pretty story about General Bee pointing to him, and saying, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall." Not only was the tale a sheer fabrication, but the name was the least suited to Jackson, who was ever in motion, swooping like an eagle on his prey. But the name spread like wild-fire, and has reached the uttermost limits of the globe. The story of how Jackson told the

<sup>1</sup> The author of this paper, the late General Daniel H. Hill, C. S. A., was brother-in-law to General Thomas J. Jackson, and commanded a division in Jackson's corps during the Seven Days' fighting, and in the Antietam

and Fredericksburg campaigns. The reader is also referred to *THE CENTURY* for October, 1886, for "Personal Reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson," by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.—EDITOR.



Yankee gunner at Port Republic to point the other way is very romantic, but is also false. So the pretty incident of his standing sentinel for his weary brigade is touching, but is monstrously absurd, and reflects but little credit on Jackson as a soldier. The efficient guarding of a whole brigade in the presence of an enemy requires more than the vigilance of one man, even though that man were Jackson himself; yet the grotesque story has been often repeated by press and pulpit.

There was a nuisance in the service known as the army correspondent. He was generally the hanger-on of some officer's headquarters, and managed to escape conscription by vigorous and unremitting puffing of his chief. As the knight of the quill never ventured into the fight, and only snuffed the battle afar, he knew nothing accurately of battles, but managed to pick up a few real or supposed incidents from the wounded and from stragglers. These, enlarged, beautified, and embellished, constituted the sensational letters from the front. He often, however, managed adroitly to give a sly laudation of himself by telling about what he heard Lee say, or what he saw Jackson and Longstreet do. Of course the letter-writer must have been under fire if with these generals. Many of the sensational anecdotes had their origin in this species of self-exaltation; but most of them were made out of whole cloth, to give spice and piquancy to army correspondence.

I knew Stonewall Jackson from 1846 till 1863, was often thrown into intimate relations with him, had many hundreds of conversations with him, heard his opinions upon a vast variety of subjects, saw him in many different positions,—a lieutenant of artillery, a lieutenant-general, a college professor, a church deacon, a Sabbath-school teacher, etc.,—and the estimate I formed of him in these different walks of life and phases of character was in many respects different from that usually accepted.

In the winter of 1846-47 the greater part of the regular troops of the United States army were taken from General Taylor, marched to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and shipped to Vera Cruz, the new base of operations selected by General Scott. While waiting there for shipping, I strolled over to the tent of Captain George Taylor of the artillery, and as we were conversing, a young officer was seen approaching. "Do you know Lieutenant Jackson?" asked Captain Taylor. "He will make his mark in this war. I taught him at West Point; he came there badly prepared, but was rising all the time, and if the course had been four years longer, he would have been graduated at the head of his class. He never gave up anything, and never passed over anything without understanding it." Lieutenant Jack-

son was rather reserved and reticent for a time, but soon proposed a walk on the beach, during which he became more sociable. One remark he made is still most distinctly remembered. "I really envy you men who have been in action; we who have just arrived look upon you as veterans. *I should like to be in one battle.*" His face lighted up, and his eyes sparkled as he spoke, and the shy, hesitating manner gave way to the frank enthusiasm of the soldier.

Some years after the Mexican war, a vacancy occurred in the chair of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the Virginia Military Institute. It was offered to Professor (afterward Lieutenant-General) A. P. Stewart, who declined. Colonel F. H. Smith, the superintendent, applied to me for the name of a suitable army officer to fill the chair. Captain Taylor's eulogy upon Lieutenant Jackson at once recurred to my mind, and he was recommended. There was a meeting of the board of visitors held in Richmond, and Mr. Carlisle of West Virginia, a relative of Lieutenant Jackson, was present, and cordially indorsed the recommendation given him. He was elected without any other testimonial than that given on the banks of the Rio Grande. Lieutenant Jackson resigned from the army, and accepted the position tendered him. Thus a chance conversation on the utmost verge of Texas was the means of transferring him to the valley of Virginia, and of identifying him with those stubborn fighters of Scotch-Irish descent who first gave him reputation at Bull Run, and who will be known in history as the heroes of the Stonewall Brigade.

Jackson was not a religious man when he came to Lexington. His uncle, Mr. Alfred Neal of Parkersburg, West Virginia, told me that Jackson had never been under serious impressions as boy or youth, but had always been distinguished for great tenderness of conscience, and for a scrupulous discharge of what he believed to be duty. In Mexico he was noted for his faithfulness as a company officer, his strict compliance with orders in his own person, and his rigid notions of discipline. But he had no particular regard for religion, and was even the bearer of a challenge from Captain Magruder to General Pierce. Soon after the Mexican war, he brought charges of an immoral act against his commanding officer. The wife of this officer was a most charming lady, and a great favorite throughout the army. If the crime charged against her husband were proved, her peace of mind would be gone forever. An officer, who afterward became chief of staff to General Bragg, went to Jackson to get him to withdraw the charges, lest the wife should learn of her husband's unfaithfulness. Jackson shed tears, and said that the thought of inflict-

ing pain upon her was agony to him, but his conscience compelled him to prosecute the case. This tenderness of conscience was the only religious element in him, so far as I could judge, when he entered upon his duties as a professor in the Virginia Military Institute.

Jackson had been baptized in the Episcopal Church, but not confirmed. His leanings, however, were toward that church. One day I read him the definition of sin given in the Assembly's "Shorter Catechism." Its brevity and comprehensiveness impressed him very much. Knowing his great admiration for sententiousness, I read him the answers to several other questions. He became so much interested that he borrowed the little book, which he said he had never seen nor heard of before. He kept it a week or more, and on returning it said that he had read it very carefully, that it was a wonderful production, a model of fine English, as well as of sound theology. I then gave him the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church. This, too, he had never seen. He kept it a much longer time than the catechism, and compared the foot-notes with his Bible. He professed himself pleased with everything except predestination and infant baptism. His scruples about the latter did not last very long. In the last years of his life he was regarded as a fatalist; but his repugnance to predestination was long and determined.

John B. Lyle of Lexington, one of the holiest of men, was instrumental in first arousing a religious interest in Jackson's mind. But even after he had become an earnest Christian, and wished to connect himself with the church, he had no special predilection for Presbyterianism. This was determined by a potent influence, unconscious, I doubt not, to himself. He fell in love with the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Had he known it he would have resisted a bias in his denominational connection from such a cause. But I have always believed that her faith wore new attractions in his eyes, after he had given her his heart. In this love-affair, as in all other things, his simple, earnest nature was displayed. I remember but as yesterday his coming to my room, and, turn the conversation as often as I might, his bringing it back to this young lady. At length he said: "I don't know what has changed me. I used to think her plain, but her face now seems to me all sweetness." I burst out laughing, and replied, "You are in love; that's what is the matter!" He blushed up to the eyes, and said that he had never been in love in his life, but he certainly felt differently toward this lady from what he had ever felt before. They were engaged soon after, but a rupture took place, and the engagement was broken off. I don't think I ever saw any one suffer as much as he did dur-

ing the two or three months of estrangement. He was excessively miserable, and said to me one day, "I think it probable that I shall become a missionary, and die in a foreign land."

The lovers' quarrel was settled. They were married, and in one short year Jackson followed his wife and new-born babe to their last resting-place. His grief was profound and of long continuance. More than a year after the death of his wife, he told me that on visiting her grave, which he did daily, he felt an almost irresistible desire to dig up the body and once more be near the ashes of one he had loved so well.

When Jackson first came to the Virginia Military Institute he was a dyspeptic and something of a hypochondriac. His health was bad, but he imagined that he had many more ailments than he really did have. He had been at a water-cure establishment in the North, and the prescription had been given him to live on stale bread and buttermilk, and to wear a wet shirt next his body. He followed these directions for more than a year after coming to Lexington. Boarding at a public hotel, these peculiarities attracted much attention, and he was much laughed at by the rude and coarse. But he bore all their jests with patience, and pursued his plan unmoved by their laughter. In like manner he carried out strictly the direction to go to bed at nine o'clock. If that hour caught him at a party, a lecture, a religious exercise, or any other place, he invariably left. His dyspepsia caused drowsiness, and he often went to sleep in conversation with a friend, and invariably, without exception, went to sleep at church. I have seen his head bowed down to his very knees during a good part of the sermon. He always heard the text of our good pastor, the Rev. Dr. White, and a few of his opening sentences. But after that all was lost.

I remember a witticism at his expense which caused a good deal of amusement. The faculty of the two colleges was specially invited to attend the lecture of a celebrated mesmerist. Many of the citizens of the town were also present. The lecturer, after doing some surprising things, wished to try his hand upon one of the professors. Major Jackson went forward to the stage, but his will was too strong for that of the mesmerizer, and the operator failed to affect him. The operator showed so much chagrin and mortification at his failure that the audience became very much amused, and their fun ran over when a witty daughter of Governor McDowell said in a stage whisper, "No one can put Major Jackson to sleep but the Rev. Dr. White!" I believe that Jackson never entirely overcame this drowsiness in church, though in military service his health improved, and drowsiness wore off to some extent.

A remark of the Rev. Dr. White that "in our country the man who can speak multiplies himself by five" made a great impression upon Jackson, and he resolved to become a speaker. Like most of the graduates of West Point, he was totally unskilled in oratory. He had never made a speech in his life, and was remarkably diffident. But he had determined to succeed, and his iron will prevailed. I well remember his first effort. On anniversary occasions of the literary societies of Washington College, the students were in the habit, at the close of their exercises, of calling upon invited spectators for a speech, and would continue their noisy demonstrations until the persecuted guest rose to make some reply. At the time referred to, many gentlemen were called upon, and among the rest Major Jackson. He rose with a determined aspect, and never did resolution sit more grandly upon his brow when charging a battery than it did on that night. But his health was poor and his nerves unstrung, and he betrayed much embarrassment. The town paper, in describing the exercises, referred to the *nervous* speech of Major Jackson, coarsely and unfeelingly putting the word "nervous" in italics. Jackson, however, persevered. He joined the Franklin Debating Society, an institution that had been in existence over fifty years, and had enrolled in its membership some of the ablest men in Virginia. He succeeded in making an impressive, but never a ready or an eloquent, speaker. On one occasion Dr. White called upon him to pray in public. He was so much confused that Dr. White told him, some days afterward, that he would never require so unpleasant a task of him again. He replied that it was a cross to him to pray in public, but that he had made up his mind to bear it, and did not wish to be excused. He persevered, and became very fluent and easy in public prayer. I think that his conduct in this case was partly due to a determination which he had made in early life to conquer every physical, mental, and moral weakness of his nature. As an illustration of this, he once told me that when he was a small boy it was necessary to put a mustard plaster upon his chest, and his guardian mounted him on a horse to go to a neighbor's house, so that his mind might be diverted and the plaster kept on. He said that the pain was so dreadful that he fainted soon after dismounting. I asked if he had left it on in order to obey his guardian. He answered, no; it was owing to a feeling that he had from early childhood not to yield to trials and difficulties.

Dr. Dabney thinks that he was naturally timid, and that nothing but his iron will made him brave. I think that this is a mistake. The muscles of his face would twitch convulsively

when a battle was about to open, and his hand would tremble so that he could not write. The men often noticed the working of his face, and would say, "Old Jack is making mouths at the Yankees." But all this only indicated weak nerves, and not timidity. I think that he loved danger for its own sake, and, though his nervous system was weak, he gloried in battle, and never shrank from its dangers or its responsibilities. Like Paul, he "kept his body under," and would not let any appetite control him or any weakness overcome him. He used neither tobacco, nor coffee, nor spirits; he would go all winter without cloak or overcoat in the mountains of Virginia, giving no other reason than that he "did not wish to give way to cold." These peculiarities were laughed at, and he was regarded as a marvel of eccentricity. But there was nothing erratic in it. This self-denial and self-control explain his wonderful success. He had conquered himself, and was thus made fit to be a conqueror. The contest with self begun in childhood, and perfected in manhood, culminated in those splendid victories which electrified the world. No self-indulgent man was ever truly great, however lavishly nature may have showered upon him her bounties. How many splendid opportunities have been lost through the wine-bibbing or pleasure-seeking of some officer of rank! How often a blow might have been struck, but was not, because the commander had not, like Jackson, learned to master his weaknesses! Every page of history points to such instances, and the experience of every man in his own life confirms them.

"Let us go on" was the key to his marvelous success. "I would not have succeeded against Banks," said he to the writer, "had I not pressed him from the moment I struck his out-posts at Front Royal. Soon after crossing the north fork of the Shenandoah, I found my cavalry halted, and a formidable body of the enemy drawn up to receive them. I knew that delay would be fatal. I ordered a charge. They hesitated,"—here he paused, and at length added,—"but they *did* charge, and routed the enemy." (He himself led the charge, and hence his pause.) "I pressed them rapidly all night. They frequently halted and fought us for a time, but the darkness was too great to permit much execution on either side. But for the panic created by this rapid pursuit, I would have been beaten at Winchester. Banks is an able man, and his troops fought well, under the circumstances. His retreat was skilfully conducted. Had my cavalry done their duty, he would have been destroyed; but they fell to plundering, and did not carry out my orders." And here he spoke freely of cavalry leaders. "Ashby never had his equal in a charge; but he never had his men in hand,

and some of his most brilliant exploits were performed by himself and a handful of followers. He was too kind-hearted to be a good disciplinarian. 'Jeb' Stuart is my ideal of a cavalry leader; prompt, vigilant, and fearless." His fondness for Stuart was very great, and it was cordially reciprocated. Their meeting after a temporary absence was affectionate and brotherly in the extreme. No welcome was ever more hearty and cordial than that given by Jackson to Stuart after his return from his celebrated raid around McClellan, a few weeks subsequent to the battle of Sharpsburg. They both laughed heartily over a picture Stuart picked up in Pennsylvania headed, "Where is Stonewall Jackson?" "Well, Stuart, have you found your hat?" inquired the general. This was an allusion to the narrow escape from capture of the great cavalry leader with the loss of that important article of head-gear. Stuart laughingly replied, "No; not yet." The general laid aside his old Valley suit, and appeared at the battle of Fredericksburg in a magnificent uniform presented to him by Stuart. "Ah, General," said one of his impudent rebel boys, as he rode along the line, "you need not try to hide yourself in those clothes; we all know you too well for that." The love of the rank and file for him at that time was almost idolatrous, and it steadily increased till the close of his career. A more grandly impressive sight was never witnessed than that of the greeting of his men on that bright morning at Fredericksburg as he passed in his gay clothing on his fiery war steed. These hardy veterans, all of them ragged, and many shoeless, sprang to their feet from their recumbent position, and waved enthusiastically their dingy hats and soiled caps; but refrained from their wonted cheers lest they should draw the fire of the enemy's artillery upon their beloved chief.

Jackson was not a popular professor. He had rigid notions of discipline, and was uncompromising in his enforcement of the rules of the Institute. He was unbending, uncongenial, intolerant of neglect of duty, inattention to studies, carelessness at drill, etc. This, combined with his eccentricities, made him a mark for the witticisms and the mischief of the cadets. They played tricks upon him, they made sport of him, they teased him, they persecuted him. All in vain. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, but went straight on in his own ways. As he was passing by the tall Institute building one day, a vicious and cowardly cadet, who hated him, let drop a brick from the third-story window. It fell close by his feet, and his escape was almost miraculous. He did not deign to look up, and stalked on with contemptuous indifference. He brought charges against a cadet for some misdemeanor, and got him dis-

missed. The cadet was a daring and reckless character, and challenged him, accompanying the note with the message that if the professor failed to give him satisfaction in that way, he would kill him on sight. Jackson brought the challenge to me, and asked my advice in regard to swearing the peace against the cadet. I vehemently opposed it on the grounds that the cadets would always regard him as a coward, and that he would be annoyed by their contemptuous treatment. He heard me through patiently, thanked me for my advice, went straight to a magistrate and swore the peace against the cadet. There was a perfect hoot of derision in the town, in Washington College, and in the Institute. A military man, who had distinguished himself on the plains of Mexico, had taken an oath that he was in bodily fear of a mere stripling. But the end was not yet. The officer of the law was afraid to serve the writ on the young desperado, who easily kept out of his way. Jackson had rooms in the Institute building. He went in and out as usual, both day and night. The dismissed cadet told his comrades that he would attack Jackson at a certain hour one day, but he did not. The time was changed to that night, to the next day, to the next night. But the attack never came, and the boys discovered that the blusterer was afraid of the man who had sworn the peace against him, and they turned their derision from the professor to their comrade. The explanation of his conduct was this: Jackson had let it be known that as a Christian he felt it to be his duty to avoid a difficulty, and therefore had gone to an officer of the law for protection. That failing, he had felt it to be a duty to protect himself, and had prepared himself for a personal affray. The cadet had seen the flash of that blue eye, and knew that the result of a collision would be fatal to himself. I have thought that no incident in the life of Jackson was more truly sublime than this. He was unmarried, a comparative stranger, with but few friends. He was ambitious, covetous of distinction, desirous to rise in the world, sensitive to ridicule, tenacious of honor,—yet, from a high sense of Christian duty, he sacrificed the good opinion of his associates, brought contempt upon his character as a soldier and a gentleman, and ran the risk of blighting his prospects in life forever. The heroism of the battle-field, yea, the martyr courage of the stake, are nothing to this.

Jackson was truly a modest man. He would blush like a school-girl at a compliment. He was easily confused in the presence of strangers, especially if they were ladies. It is well known that the noisy demonstrations which the troops always made when they saw him were painfully embarrassing to him. This was



usually attributed to his innate modesty; but that was not the sole cause. It had its origin in a higher source. In the last interview I ever had with him, he said: "The manner in which the press, the army, and the people seem to lean upon certain persons is positively frightful. They are forgetting God in the instruments he has chosen. It fills me with alarm." Did this fear foreshadow his own sad fate at the hands of his own men, who almost idolized him? "These newspapers with their trumpery praise make me ashamed," said General Lee to me at Petersburg. What a lesson is here to flatterers!

But the admiration for Jackson was by no means confined to his own soldiers and to his own section. The Federal prisoners always expressed a great desire to see him, and sometimes loudly cheered him. This was particularly the case at Harper's Ferry, where the whole line of eleven thousand prisoners greeted him with lusty shouts. Citizens say that the hostile troops always spoke of him with marked respect. While he was making his stealthy march around Pope's rear, as still as the breeze, but eventually as dreadful as the storm, a Philadelphia paper remarked, "The prayerful partizan has not been heard from for a week, which bodes no good." "Where is Jackson?" I asked an Irish prisoner, who was astonished beyond measure to find a rebel grasp upon his shoulder. With the apt readiness of his people, he replied, "Faith, and that's jist the trouble all the time, shure."

It is an interesting subject to investigate the cause of this popularity with friend and foe.

<sup>1</sup>I think it was Jackson's reticence more than anything else that gave offense. His next in command knew no more than the private soldier what he intended to do. I think that this must have had a palsying effect at times on his next in command. I was for some weeks in this

Jackson went from the professor's chair to the officer's saddle. He carried with him the very elements of character which made him odious as a teacher; but I never saw him in an arbitrary mood.<sup>1</sup> I happened to be present upon two occasions when subordinate officers spoke to him in a manner that few superior officers would have tolerated. One of these subordinates was a magnificent soldier; the other was not. But he was patient with both. Why, then, was he hated in one sphere, and almost adored in another? I think it was owing mainly, if not entirely, to his success. When his Romney expedition turned out badly in the winter of 1861-62, he was as unpopular with the troops at Winchester as he was with the cadets at Lexington. He had about him none of those qualities which the man of the people and the man for the people must have. He had not the grace and suavity of Marlborough, the easy fascination of Napoleon, the imposing dignity of Washington. His bearing was awkward, his address unprepossessing, his conversational powers limited save when warmed up, his manner cold and ungenial to strangers. Success threw a halo of glory around all this, and endeared even his ungainly qualities to his men. The successful general is always popular.

Jackson's men loved him, then, for his victories, and not for his piety and purity of character. It is true that this love was mingled with a good deal of awe, because of his communings with Heaven; but his prayers, unaccompanied by heavy and telling blows, would have been looked upon as tokens of weakness.

embarrassing position. The ultimate end of the movement was unknown to me, and it was almost impossible to coördinate the secondary movements with the chief one without knowing what that was to be.—  
*Extract from a letter by the author.*

D. H. Hill.

## UNCONTROLLED.

THE mighty forces of mysterious space  
Are one by one subdued by lordly man.  
The awful lightnings, that for eons ran  
Their devastating and untrammelled race,  
Now bear his messages from place to place  
Like carrier-doves. The winds lead on his van.  
The lawless elements no longer can  
Resist his strength, but yield with sullen grace.  
His bold feet scaling heights before untrod —  
Light, darkness, air and water, heat and cold,  
He bids go forth and bring him power and pelt.  
And yet, though ruler, king, and demigod,  
He walks, with his fierce passions uncontrolled,  
The conqueror of all things — save himself.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A Test of Character.

IN the State of New York especially, but in other States as well, there has been of late a great shaking among the political dry bones. In various sections both of the leading parties have been making efforts to purge themselves of disreputable elements, and to reorganize on lines of principle instead of those of plunder. In addition to these movements of reform inside of political parties, good men of both parties have been endeavoring to reform municipal governments by means of combinations free from the entanglements of national politics.

These movements have been, and will continue to be, tests of character and of patriotism for many who little suspect the ordeal as applied to themselves. For the timid and time-serving it is a veritable day of judgment. Some good-natured, easy-going "respectables," who greatly deprecate "trouble in the party," or who hesitate to antagonize "machines" not yet stripped of their power to injure the too loudly protesting citizen — some of these may yet be surprised to find that by doing nothing they have done much more than they intended; namely, have ranged themselves, virtually, on the side of corrupt and discredited "organizations," alliance with which must mean suspicion and may mean dishonor.

### The Rights of "Unknown Authors."

A DISCUSSION of the rights of unknown authors as contributors to the periodicals has been in progress lately, if indeed there has ever been a time when such a discussion has not been in progress. As a large part of our population consists of actual or would-be authors, and as every one of these is, or has been at some time, unknown, naturally great numbers of persons are interested in such a discussion; and most of them not from the point of view of the editors, who are supposed to be inimical to the unknown author, and even perhaps to be in league to "keep him out."

When an editor does take part in the discussion it is usually to declare it to be a singular mistake to suppose him a natural enemy of the unknown writer. He explains that the "unknown" is in fact the very apple of his eye; that he spends weary days and sleepless nights in search of the hidden jewel; and that there is no prouder moment of his life than when the great discovery is made, and the shining splendor is forever set in the editorial crown of rejoicing. He also intimates that as every author must have been at the beginning unknown, in sad obscurity he probably would have remained had it not been for the editorial patience, insight, and prescience. He continues his argument by showing, too, that the known author cannot in the nature of things last forever, and that a succession of geniuses is necessary in order that the life of the periodical may be maintained, as well as the spice of variety which is requisite to that life. He may insist,

also, that nothing might be more discouraging to an unknown author than to suppose that after he had made himself known he would receive no more consideration from the editor than he did before. The editor, cajoled into argument and explication, is likely even to divulge secrets of the prison-house, and to give lists, it may be, of certain of his most noted reclamations from the great flood of manuscripts pouring daily through his desk. He may hint darkly, too, at the fact that a great name is not quite the open sesame it is presumed to be, though he may not venture to publish to the world the names of supposed "favorite" and "regular" contributors from whom his conscience, editorial exigencies, and whims, have led him respectfully to decline manuscripts. The modern editor can and does, moreover, when driven to discussion, puncture various bubblish superstitions still attaching to the mysterious *sanctum sanctorum* of his official duties — not the least of these that favorite bogy, "the waste-paper basket," which, as everybody ought to know, no well-regulated magazine *sanctum*, alas! any more possesses; indeed the type-writer has divested that legendary trap for the unwary of most of its terrors.

We confess that we have a good deal of sympathy with the editor thus driven to bay. No one should wish him to show less combativeness when attacked, no one should be deceived by his earnest and deprecatory eloquence to suppose that he is completely contented. If he insists upon his desire to be fair, and endeavors to make clear the absolute compulsion upon him to be honest and unprejudiced, and if he makes much of his occasional strokes of sympathetic comprehension and good luck, and too fondly displays the list of his successes — be assured that he is nevertheless haunted daily by the long and ever increasing list of his mistakes of judgment, lapses in good taste, and failures generally; be assured that the hell of even the so-called "successful" editor is paved with good manuscripts rejected, alike from authors known and unknown.

Then it should not be forgotten that the editor himself is to be sympathized with on account of the false position in which he is often placed, being forced to sit in judgment upon his fellow-workers when he would much rather be in all respects like unto them. Many an editor must have said to himself, "Why has my love for literature and the literary life led me into this unlovely predicament: compelled me to criticize when I would enjoy; constrained me to administer disappointment when I would so deeply prefer to convey only messages of help and hope; made me the unwilling means of bringing defeat and anguish to so many eager and yearning ambitions?" Sometimes, indeed, there is the reward of knowing that good has been done to the individual and to the world; but the rod of "refusal" must, in the very nature of things, be much more frequently employed than the benison of "acceptance."

On the other hand, we wonder if any editor has ever seriously endeavored to turn the tables upon the innumerable, and sometimes protesting, band of the unknown, by contending that he has actually wasted a good part of his editorial existence in unavailing, and possibly unwise, attempts to fan into a flame the feeble spark of unknown talent, by means of sympathetic suggestion, and minute and laborious editorial criticism. Has any editor ever confessed even to himself that perhaps over-conscientiousness and a morbid anxiety have led him to wade for hopeless hours through manuscripts that really should not have been read beyond the first miserable page or chapter, any more than (to use Colonel Higginson's simile) one should eat a whole turkey in order to find out whether the turkey is fit to eat!

Has any editor ever carefully set to work to inquire into the consequences of too much editorial attention to unknown writers in the direction of wasted energies,—both of editors and contributors,—of false hopes, of injured careers? How many literary beggars-on-horseback have been started out in life by this means? How many men and women have been deflected from the natural, home-keeping exercise of their faculties, and have been propelled along paths of failure and disappointment—perhaps even of public injury?

Furthermore, has any editor ever endeavored to ascertain what is the general effect upon literature of the modern feverish editorial quest for unknown and evasive "genius," resulting, as it so constantly, does in the public introduction of the hopeless amateur, rather than of the artist by conviction? Does the multiplicity of names brought to the public attention lessen the impression upon that public of the small number that truly stand for art? Nowadays many can once or twice rise to a certain pitch of excellence,—not very high, but sufficiently high for publication,—perhaps never again reaching the same plane. The conscientious editor is alert for quality from whatever source; the names of contributors are legion; and because of all this miscellaneous scramble, is not the man whose talent is strong and steady,—who is bound upon a career and not upon an excursion,—is he not less distinguished in the great mass of producers; has he not really less room and less public attention than should be his?

Is there not much food for reflection here? The unknown author, in conjunction with the anxious editor,—forever in terror lest he let a new Keats or Charlotte Brontë slip through his tired and careless fingers,—perhaps these two together are in danger of doing harm to current literature, the former by his insistence, the latter by his timidity. And yet who shall dare warn the unknown author not to be insistent? Surely not the editor, anxious or otherwise; for he knows too well that he can make no greater mistake than to suppose that insistence is a sign of any lack of original genius.

Perhaps one of these days some editor or author (or both in one), some man or woman of great experience and unearthly wisdom, will be able, by wise counsel, to settle this ancient and entertaining feud; but we doubt it. Mr. Howells seemed to come near it lately, in some candid expressions on the subject, but his views evidently have not been taken as final by all the parties concerned. Meantime the editor can console himself with the reflection that, so long as he is unprejudiced and

hospitably minded, a reasonable world will never deny to him the privilege of simple, downright human error; and he can comfort himself with the recollection that all literature is full of the honestly held, erroneous opinions of one another entertained by the highest literary lights. And again the unknown author should be reconciled to the situation by the knowledge that in these days of numerous periodicals and easy access to the public, the stupidity or brutality of one editor, or corps of editors, can easily be canceled by the wisdom, or foolishness, of another. And furthermore, he can rest in the assurance that whatever any editor may say, what he will do is to go plodding on in very much the same old fashion—hospitably considering every manuscript and every suggestion brought to his attention; constantly amazed at the increasing amount of good literary material produced; always touched by genuine literary ambition; and very often indeed stifling a pang at the hard necessity of returning many and many a piece of worthy work for the identical reason that a quart measure will not hold a barrel of apples.

One editor, we remember, was very much pleased with an illustration even better than this of the apples, one perhaps fragrant enough to close this screed on the unknown author. When the gardener goes out into the garden to cull and arrange in his vase, with such poor skill as may be his, such flowers as seem then best fitted for the purpose, he cannot gather all the buds and blossoms: the single vase will not harbor the whole garden's flowery wealth. One rose is taken and another left, but it does not follow that to be unchosen is to be unworthy.

#### First Step toward Municipal Reform.

No more important proposition will be laid before the New York Constitutional Convention, when it shall assemble in May next, than that for an amendment providing for separate National, State, and municipal elections. It will not be a new proposition, for it has been under discussion in the press for ten years or more, and has been laid before the legislature, only to be rejected on two successive occasions. The machine politicians of both parties have joined hands against it, perceiving with unerring instinct that it aims a deadly blow at their trade.

Under the present constitution, the governor and lieutenant-governor are elected for three years, the other State officers for two years, State senators for two years, and assemblymen for one year. It is proposed that the terms of all State officers be lengthened to the uniform period of four years, and that all be elected at the same time; that the term of senators be extended to four years (though this would not be essential), and that of assemblymen to two years. All State officials and members of the Senate could then be chosen at elections midway between Presidential elections, on even years. Members of the Assembly would have to be chosen on the even years when Presidential elections occurred, but no other State candidates would be in the field at that time. The odd years would thus be reserved exclusively for municipal elections, and the voters would be asked to consider municipal issues alone.

The advantages of this complete separation would be very great. No municipal election could come nearer to a Presidential or a State election than one year.

Consequently, no voter could be influenced in his course in regard to city matters either by the partizan prejudices of a preceding election, or by the supposed moral effect of his vote upon his party's prospects in the State or National election a year hence. He could concentrate all his attention upon city matters, and vote solely with a view to the city's interests. By having the election occur on the regular November date, there would be no difficulty in arousing sufficient public interest in it, as has been shown to be the case when municipal elections are held in the spring.

Experience in the cities of Massachusetts and other New England States has demonstrated conclusively that the interval of only a month between a State or National election and a municipal election has been sufficient to make it possible for voters to ignore the questions and issues of National and State politics in deciding about city matters. It has happened in repeated instances that Massachusetts cities which were carried by one political party in November turned about in December and elected the candidates of the opposite party to municipal offices, solely on the ground of fitness. If this could be accomplished after so brief an interval, it could certainly be done after a full year had elapsed.

If the Constitutional Convention, as is not improbable, were to decide upon an amendment in favor of biennial sessions of the legislature, it would not be necessary to lengthen the terms of the assemblymen, who would then be elected, as now, to serve one year, but only every other year. Biennial legislative sessions are the rule now in all except six States of the Union—Massachusetts, Montana, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and South Carolina, and in none of the thirty-eight States which have adopted that system is any popular demand heard for a return to annual sessions, though the politicians in some States evade the law by means of adjourned sessions, their conduct in so doing meeting with strong popular condemnation.

In regard to the proposed lengthening of the terms of State officers, if it should be objected that four years constitute too long a term, it is to be said that in twenty States of the Union four years is the period at present, and has been found to be, in every case, a decided benefit to the commonwealth, in giving it stability of administration and freedom from the disturbing influences attendant upon more frequent elections.

But the great point in favor of the proposed change is the complete separation of municipal elections from all confusing, entangling, and demoralizing questions of National and State politics. Until this shall have been done, it will be impossible to secure any permanent improvement in municipal government. So long as National issues can be lugged in to persuade the voter that he must stand by his party, right or wrong, in order to make more certain its success in National affairs, we cannot hope to obtain that non-partizan and public-spirited action in municipal politics which is essential to honest and intelligent city government. That the voters in all our large cities are in an unusually favorable condition of mind on this subject was shown by the elections in New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, and other cities, last November. The absence of National issues in that election contributed largely to the independent action which thousands of party voters took at that time. They welcomed the opportunity to vote directly, and

without extraneous political influences, upon the question of good government. This would certainly be the case if complete separation were made, and were to become the permanent rather than the occasional practice.

#### Municipal Reform Suggestions.

It is encouraging to note that while municipal reform makes slow progress, its advocates are not disheartened, but are seeking constantly for new ways by which to make their exertions more effective. In New York State, as we have pointed out in the preceding article, the advocates of reform are at present devoting their energies to the securing of separate municipal elections, in the belief that with them a keener public interest in city affairs can be aroused. This is the end sought by similar movements everywhere, for in all quarters the most serious obstacle to progress is found in the lack of public spirit among the people who ought to exercise the controlling influence in municipal affairs. In a recent number of *THE CENTURY* we discussed the experiment which is under way in a small Western city to cultivate this healthier public spirit or civic pride. Recently some other suggestions have been made which are worthy of consideration.

One of the best of these originated, we believe, with Mr. Herbert Welsh of the Municipal League of Philadelphia, an organization which has been working intelligently and untiringly for several years for better local government in that city. Mr. Welsh suggests that, inasmuch as he and his fellow-reformers in Philadelphia are working on the same line with good citizens in all the other large cities of the country, who are encountering the same discouraging obstacles, and have the same intricate problems to solve, it would be helpful to all concerned if they could be brought together into a national organization. This could be called a National Municipal League, or some such appropriate name. In that way all municipal-reform advocates and workers could be brought together at least once a year, when they could compare ideas and plans and be mutually helpful in many ways. As Mr. Welsh says, a clear perception of the fact that they were working in the same direction, and under the same difficulties, would enable them to continue their struggle with a sense of generous rivalry, of enthusiasm, of careful thought and patience far greater than that which marks their efforts now.

Such a national organization would not only be helpful to the active reformers, but would be very useful in arousing public interest, and thus bringing to the work of municipal reform the thing of which it stands most in need. The annual conventions of the organization would attract public attention, and could not fail to increase the number of persons who would be willing to aid in the work. What is needed, before we can have in this country a genuine reform spirit, is a wide-spread and deep dissatisfaction with existing municipal rule. So far as our largest cities are concerned, the feeling ought to be something more than dissatisfaction—disgust rather, and a sense of degradation that as Americans we allow such travesties and libels upon popular government to continue. Before this is printed the first conference of this character may have taken place.

A more specific suggestion than Mr. Welsh's comes from Mr. Daniel S. Rensen of New York, and is to be found in a pamphlet upon "Suffrage and the Bal-

lot," written by him, and published by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Remsen takes the view, which is shared by most observers, that the real source of bad rulers and bad government is the political "boss," who dictates absolutely the nominations; and that the surest way to secure reform is to aim at the point where nominations are made. In support of this view he quotes the following remark made to him by a prominent politician:

It's great sport to see people go to the polls in herds and vote like cattle for the ticket we prepare. Reformers don't begin at the right point. They should begin at the place where nominations are made. The people think they make the nominations, but we do that business for them.

Mr. Remsen suggests, in order that a direct attack may be made upon the political boss in his stronghold, that the primary-election laws be so amended that, first, in order to entitle a party to file a certificate of nomination, it shall be required to proceed according to the law governing primary elections, and to make proper proof of that fact; second, that nominations to office shall be made by a direct vote within the party under the Australian system, with the additional feature that the voters be given the benefit of a second choice. He adds:

The idea of making nominations by a direct vote within the party is not new. It has been in use many years in some parts of Ohio, where it is known as the Crawford County system. It has generally worked well. I am informed, however, that the greatest difficulty is that several candidates for the nomination have sometimes received almost an equal number of votes. On that point there has been some discussion in Ohio about adopting the system to which I have already alluded, whereby a voter is allowed to express his second choice. By the adoption of that system of election at the primaries in connection with the Australian system, I have no doubt that the evil complained of would be overcome.

This plan would work well undoubtedly if there were sufficient public interest to induce respectable and intelligent voters as a whole to attend the primaries. If there were not sufficient interest of this kind, the nominations would be no better than they were before the plan was adopted. Every improvement, in fact, depends for its success upon this question of public interest. The ballot laws of thirty-six States give the people who are dissatisfied with regular party nominations the opportunity to make nominations of their own on petition; but while this has been availed of in some instances, there has not been enough public interest to make the practice so general in cases of bad nominations as to exert an appreciable influence upon the character of the regular nominees. What is absolutely necessary, if we are to have any lasting improvement in municipal government, is the creation of a public spirit which will not merely encourage, but will insist upon better government. Until we can create and foster that, not as a mere passing emotion aroused to meet a particular emergency, but as a permanent state of mind, we are seeking to construct our municipal-reform tower by placing the top brick first.

#### The Anti-Spoils League.

IN the January CENTURY, in an editorial on the spoils system (entitled "The New Abolition"), we took occasion strongly to recommend the new movement under the auspices of "The National Civil Service Re-

form League," intended to concentrate and make more immediately effective the popular sentiment against the iniquitous spoils system. The declaration and petition of the new League are as follows:

Carl Schurz, William Potts, Silas W. Burt,  
President. Secretary. Treasurer.

We hereby declare ourselves in favor of the complete abolition of the spoils system from the public service, believing that system to be unjust, undemocratic, injurious to political parties, fruitful of corruption, a burden to legislative and executive officers, and in every way opposed to the principles of good government.

We call upon all in authority to extend to the utmost the operation of the present reform laws; and, by additional legislation, to carry the benefits of the merit system to the farthest possible limits under our National, State, and municipal governments.

Name .....  
Address .....

All who desire to take part in the movement should apply for cards directly to the secretary, Mr. William Potts, No. 54 William Street, New York. The plan is to obtain a national enrollment of those willing to declare themselves opposed to the spoils system on principle. The new League exacts no dues, and is to be officered and managed by the officers and managers of the present League.

In the letter of explanation accompanying the cards for signatures, the following succinct statement of the whole subject is made:

By the Reform of the Civil Service it is meant that every competent citizen of the United States shall have an equal chance to enter the service, and that it shall no longer be kept for the support of the party politicians; that in order to enter the service a man must show that he is competent; that when he has entered the service he shall be kept there as long as he faithfully and efficiently performs the duties of his office, and not be compelled to give up his position because it is wanted for a party hack or the henchman of a boss; that a citizen shall be able to go freely to the primary meeting and to the polls, and not have his political action controlled by a body of office-holders; that office-holders shall not be assessed by party politicians for political purposes; that if salaries are so large as to admit of such assessment, they should be reduced.

A poor man has a personal interest in the abolition of the spoils system, because he is not incompetent in consequence of being poor, and he has a right to a chance for appointment if he wishes it; because, if not competent himself, his son or daughter, educated in the public school, may readily become so; because the spoils system wastes the public money, and the poor man pays his full share of taxes in house rent, and food, and clothing, and everything that he uses; because it is the interest of every citizen that the business of the government shall be honestly managed; because the politician who is trying to feather his own nest is always the worst enemy of the citizen, while pretending to be his friend, and the abolition of the spoils system means the destruction of the boss, whose power rests on the distribution of offices as spoils; because no other reform is safe or can even be successfully prosecuted until the abolition of the spoils system has been secured.

The last phrase in this statement touches upon an aspect of the question that will be keenly appreciated by all who are interested in the carrying out of needed reforms under the National and local governments. The spoils system always stands in the way of the fair and honest settlement of public questions. It interferes with the effective expression of public opinion. Like slavery, it is a relic of the feudal system; it must be altogether abolished.



So far as the Federal offices are concerned, the merit system is firmly and successfully entrenched in that part of the service now under its operation. Successive administrations of different parties have upheld and extended it; and the Civil Service Commission has recently borne emphatic witness to the fact of the faithful observance of the laws, and of their spirit, as applied to the offices now covered. Meantime, the President has greatly strengthened the *personnel* of the Commission, and thus made it a better

instrument for the prosecution of its labors, and several of the Secretaries are moving in the direction of reform. Postmaster-General Bissell has made emphatic declarations which will win friends for the merit system wherever its efficacy may have been doubted.

We are not unmindful of the danger of precipitate reform, but public opinion will heartily welcome any extension of the merit system by well considered executive and legislative action.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### The Current Criticism of Foot-ball.

FIFTEEN years ago, when some of the American colleges were endeavoring against great odds to establish the sport of foot-ball, I undertook the then extremely unpleasant task of begging for space in daily papers, weekly periodicals, and magazines in which to exploit the advantages of the sport. It was hard and thankless work, for the real devotees of the game were few in number, and gibes were many. It took the most zealous efforts of those of us who really cared for the sport to persuade editors occasionally to allow a game to be written up by an actual player. In a few years the parents and the general public learned that the game was not barbarous, brutal, or demoralizing. Then for a time it enjoyed comparative immunity from such criticism. During the last two or three years it has become over-popular with the public, and this craze has led it to assume an importance and prominence wholly unsought, and has afforded a pretext for a new arraignment.

My own personal experience leads me to believe that the injuries which are the principal basis of these exaggerated criticisms occur in teams that are neither regular school nor college organizations, and in many cases are attributable to the entirely unfit condition of the contestants. An untrained person could not, without injury, merely run once around the track outside the field at the pace which, after careful and systematic training, these youngsters maintain throughout the game.

Foot-ball necessarily involves personal contact. To play it successfully a man must be above all things cool, and this requires severe training. Victory depends upon the effectiveness with which each individual of the team, at a given signal, performs during its own attack a certain small but necessary portion of the work, and, during the period when the opponents have the ball, divines their play and frustrates their attack. No man can lose his temper and keep his place on the team, and the training necessary for self-control in this personal contact is the best of discipline for any youth. During the last six years four of the Yale foot-ball captains have been prominent members of the Young Men's Christian Association. A sport which can strongly attract such an element in university life needs no defense against charges of brutality. In order to become a foot-ball captain a man must have made a practical study of the game in all its aspects; otherwise his fellows would never select him for the position. But, unfortunately for the status of the sport among those who

read the newspapers, a foot-ball critic need have made no study either of the theory or of the practice. Unless his strictures are based upon some knowledge of the sport, reasonable people can afford to take them with the usual grain of salt. The Boston "Medical and Surgical Journal," which has recently been engaged in an investigation of the sport, after reviewing every injury received at Cambridge during the last four years, concludes with the statement, "We do not hesitate to say that there is a better physical condition among college students with foot-ball than without it, with out-door games than if their place were taken by compulsory calisthenics and gymnastics." A similar investigation, covering colleges in many parts of the country, which was undertaken by Caspar W. Whitney, the results of which were printed in the Christmas number of "Harper's Weekly," strongly confirms these conclusions.

One point may be conceded to the critics. Doubtless, of late, in the opinion of the best coaches, certain features of the sport have become over-developed; viz., those involving the principle of bringing a rapidly moving mass of men in contact with one or two standing still. Although injuries from this source have not been many, it is probable that the play will be barred out or modified before another season. Such legislation will add to the attraction of the sport, for the Princeton-Yale game on last Thanksgiving day gave evidence both of the rather slow character of mass-playing as well as of the brilliant and exciting features of a more open game. All that is necessary to bring back the old days of no off-side interference is to drop out a few words in one of the rules. If this seems too severe, a rule can be enacted against players changing position, in order to interfere, until the ball is in play. A third way would be to insist upon a kick or a long pass every third down. In fact, almost any legislation rendering the possession of the ball less valuable would accomplish the desired end. At the same time the game should be shortened to two half-hours of actual play.

As to the amount of time taken by a foot-ball player from his studies: in the first place, the early practice of some three weeks is taken not from his studies, but from his summer vacation. October and November are the only months wherein he is both playing foot-ball and studying. During the first of these his practice usually consists of two half-hours in the afternoon. In November he may be required, in addition to this, to go through signals for a half-hour in the morning, and,



toward the end, in the evening also. It is easy to see that the actual time occupied is, therefore, far from excessive. But during the last fortnight before the great game the foot-ball man will become more or less wrapped up in his fancies of victory or defeat. Up to this time the player, in distinction from the captain, has had few worries. He has been coached, but has not been required to study out problems of attack and defense, tricks and strategies, plays for emergencies, and plans of operation. This has become the duty of the coaches and the captain. The coach is usually a graduate who has sacrificed a vacation at some other period of the year to assist in the fall work. Thus the coaches answer an excellent purpose in taking from the shoulders of the players the too fascinating and engrossing study of tactics. There is no doubt that when team play really begins in earnest, as it does at the end of October, the captain thinks of foot-ball more than of lessons; but that very man has usually been selected on account of his mental ability, and I have never known a foot-ball captain at Yale who did not keep up with his class and pass satisfactory examinations. The "bummer" gets dropped, the exceedingly bright but dissipated collegian falls by the wayside, sometimes even the plodding but stupid worker has to give it up, but a man whose mental attributes and moral qualities win him the captaincy of a foot-ball team is sure to pull through in spite of the demands made upon his time.

The reason that college authorities are so little moved by the clamor against athletics is that they know from the results of their previous and continuing investigations that the good far overbalances the evil, and that no better example could be placed before the college of the value of sustained self-control. Professor Richards, from an exhaustive study of the facts, and with tabulated statistics to prove his statements, concludes as follows:

The system is conducive to the good order of the college. Before the days of athletics these men of superabundant animal life supplied the class bullies in fights between town and gown, were busy at night gate-stealing, and other pranks now gone out of fashion. Such now find occupation for all their activity in regular training. Any instructor who has kept track of the ways of college during the past fifteen years cannot fail to be struck by the decreasing number of the really great disorders, by the mildness of those which remain, and by the increasing regard for college authority, college property, and for the rights of fellow-students.

His accompanying statistics show that although in three years in the sixties the record of dismissals for these disorders was eleven, twenty-one, and thirteen, that for the next decade after the sports became prominent, it was less than an average of three a year. Nor can I forbear quoting his reply to the complaint that there is more talk of foot-ball than of Greek.

Does any one suppose that if there were no athletics, members of the college who meet one another on the campus would fall into conversation on the absorbing questions of science and knowledge? The college world is like the world in general in that its inhabitants when off duty find their recreation in talking of other subjects than those of regular business. Their manly contests supply these, and prevent many a man from looking to dissipation and disorder as reliefs from the daily drudgery of the study and the class-room.

The question of a game in New York and upon Thanksgiving day is one upon which I must confess

there is room for a wide difference of opinion. Against such a game is the fact, among others, that at present, while it is a fashionable fad, the increased importance of the game itself and of the players tends to exaggerated ideas of all kinds, while it may be urged in its favor that it gathers together as does no other event, not even commencement, the old and young graduates, and affords a particularly favorable opportunity for reunions. I have seen in the hotels the most pleasant meetings of the parents with the son's chums and companions, the old graduates with the young players and supporters—meetings improbable, almost impossible, under other conditions. A dozen years ago it was commonly remarked to the college foot-ball managers by their friends, the public, "Why do you have the game on Thanksgiving day, when everybody is engaged with family dinners or family reunions? If you must have it on Thanksgiving day, at any rate have it in the morning, and then you'll have a crowd; but you will never get New Yorkers to give up their Thanksgiving dinner for a foot-ball game." To this the college managers replied that they did not care for a crowd, and they would not be induced to change the day or hour of this match, because, they said, "Our own fellows have this holiday, and can come to the game." To-day the very same advisers are crying out against Thanksgiving day, accusing the college managers of selecting that day in order to make more money. The fact is that the colleges alone have been consistent. They began by selecting Thanksgiving day because it was a holiday, and their men could therefore see the contest. They selected New York or its vicinity as the place *par excellence* for a neutral ground and a fair field. The public have come to regard the game as one of the important "sporting events" of the year, and have attached to it many attributes in themselves undesirable. Such attributes come not from the collegian, and it is rather unjust to hold him responsible when one knows that his position is the same that it was twelve years ago, and realizes also that the present furore will exhaust itself, and leave him that for which he selected the spot—a fair and accessible neutral field. But the collegian will not rebel against altering this date if his own people desire it upon religious grounds. Would it not be rather hard to say that because all London turns out to the Oxford-Cambridge race the contest should be given up or taken away from the Thames? Why is it that college contests are so attractive? Because—and here is as high a compliment as the collegian is likely to receive at any point in his later career—because the spectator knows that every man will do his best to win, that there will be no sold contests, no cheating, and no cowardice.

The gate receipts amount to a large sum. Are they too large? That must depend entirely upon the object to which they are devoted. Of course not one cent goes to the players. They are neither richer nor poorer for their connection with the team. The money goes to pay for improvements in the gymnasiums or the athletic fields, or for the erection of suitable houses upon these fields. In other words, the popularity of the moment is being made to provide for a more permanent establishment of college sports and athletics.

Walter Camp.

NEW HAVEN, December 6.

### Palmistry.

As in an age of faith every crude imagination of things unknown, and every corrupting ceremony, steal the name of religion, so in an age of rational investigation every puerile superstition based upon imaginary correspondences and subtle relations masquerades in the character of science.

The "gipsies' palmistry" has now, forsooth, become a science, and is defined by one, in a volume found in many drawing-rooms, as "the science which enables us to divine character, past events, and destiny, from the shape, the mounds, and the lines of the hands."

Anciently palmistry was known as chiromancy. Now some of its votaries write of it by that name, others as chirology. Its tide has ebbed and flowed in the course of ages, but within a few years it has become a fashionable craze, two Frenchmen of some ability and social standing having written upon it—M. le Capitaine D'Arpentigny, who wrote on chiromancy, and Desbarrolles, who grafted upon it palmistry.

Chiromancy claims to find the disposition, tendencies, characters, and trades or professions of men by studying the shape and appearance of the hands, and the sensations they excite when looked upon or touched. In this system hands are divided into large-palmed, spatulate, conical, square, knotty, pointed, and mixed. Whatever may be said of hands or fingers, however, the conclusions to be drawn are modified by the size, shape, and direction of the thumb.

The palmists attach great importance to the palm, the mounds, and especially to the lines. But these may be modified by "stars," "circles," "points," "triangles," "crosses," "branches," "chain-like formations," "breaks," "parallels," "grating marks," "cross rays," "upward proceeding lines" (which have different significations according as there are one, two, or three of them), and the "tortuous lines."

After many experiments with those considered most successful, and a study of the subject in the light of anatomy, physiology, and natural coincidences, I regard palmistry as without basis in science or sense.

That no two hands have ever been absolutely similar is indisputable. When critically examined, no two leaves or flowers, though of the same species, appear exactly alike; much less would such complex organizations as human hands be found without difference.

General conclusions can therefore be drawn from the shape and size of the hands as to strength, suppleness, circulation of blood, temperament, and the size of the form to which they belong. But even here a large margin must be allowed for departures from general rules. Huge hands are sometimes the mortification of small and otherwise beautiful women, while giants are found with small feet and hands. Sometimes large feet and diminutive hands are possessed by the same persons. Walker and Darwin observed that the hands of the children of laboring men are larger from birth than those of persons whose ancestors have lived idle lives, or have been engaged in vocations not requiring the use of the hands. Though such children might become renowned for intellectuality or proficiency in art, the large hand might be transmitted to several generations.

What is justly allowed to chiromancy is true of every other part of the body, in its proportionate relation to the sum of human activity. With these rational conclu-

sions the votary of palmistry will not be content. It is mystery he seeks, and a power to read the past, present, and future, which nature has denied to man.

To the lines, mounds, stars, etc., the signification attached is wholly imaginary, and the hedging to which the professors resort is more absurd and ludicrous than that which has brought astrology into contempt.

The student of anatomy,—who finds in the hand more than fifty muscles and ligaments of great strength; especially one who dissects it, and, as he does so, tests each muscle, and traces the function of each ligament; or even one who owns an imitation hand, with wires, springs, and false skin, stuffed with cotton at the proper places, the best substitute for an anatomical examination,—will have no difficulty in explaining the existence of every line and mound.

Ages ago the Talmud affirmed that "man is born with his hands clenched." Science, with the microscope, traces the manifestation of the hand from its genesis; and in every stage it is found bent into a position necessitating the lines and developing the mounds. The muscular life of the infant, until it begins to creep, consists chiefly of contractions of the hand. Generally speaking, the flexors of the human body are much stronger than the extensors. No species of work is done by human beings with the back of the hand; all that it carries or clings to is held by contractions, and the fist is formed and maintained in the same manner, and, when in repose, the hand never hangs straight with the fingers extended. Thus the various marks of the skin are accounted for, and are perpetuated from age to age.

A further proof of these statements can be found in the fact that the marks on the hand are continually increasing or becoming less distinct, forming new combinations. A similar pseudo-science could be constructed in relation to the feet, especially if applied to that large proportion of mankind who are shoeless. Indeed, one form of ancient divination was known as pedomancy.

There are generally marked differences between the left and the right hand, so that the books on chiromancy instruct the student to examine the left hand first, and to modify or correct it by what is found in the right.

The "Language of the Hand" affirms "that the qualities indicated by the lines will always be more or less present in the individual, even though they will not be evident to the ordinary observer, nor even observable at all. In that case they may be kept in subjection by self-denial." A sign of death is indicated when the three lines of life, head, and heart unite beneath the index finger; but "they may only indicate danger unless they are duplicated on the other hand." "If the line of the head divides beneath the middle finger upon a generally unlucky hand, that may predict the execution of the individual, which, unless Providence order otherwise [!], will surely take place." If the hand is otherwise generally fortunate, "we can fearlessly modify the sad prediction, and predict a broken head or a scalp wound."

The sole and sufficient cause of different lines in different persons is the difference in the shape and size of the hands, elasticity of skin, strength and use of the muscles, and external pressure. Therefore hands of different persons are not alike, nor both hands of the

same person. Mr. Francis Galton's remarks, in his work "Finger Prints," are to the point:

The palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are covered with two totally distinct classes of marks. The most conspicuous are the creases or folds of the skin, which interest the followers of palmistry, but which are no more significant to others than the creases in old clothes; they show the lines of most frequent flexure, and nothing more.

Another statement in the same work is pertinent:

The fact of the creases of the hand being strongly marked in the newly-born child has been considered by some to testify to the archaic and therefore important character of their origin. The crumpled condition of the hand of the infant, during some months before its birth, seems to me, however, quite sufficient to account for the creases.

For lines to be an indication of anything mental, moral, or emotional, it would be necessary for them to be evolved under the influence of nerves connected with the brain centers, in which the said intellectual and moral qualities inhere; but superinduced from the periphery, they can mean nothing except more or less of different motions and use.

The palmist should never be allowed to hear of or see the persons who are testing his pretensions, for the eye, the changing lights and shades of the countenance, the voice, the general bearing, abound with indications which, though often delusive, are direct; and the conclusions of the palmist are read into instead of from the marks on the hand. In testing palmists of repute, I found differences among them, amounting to flat contradictions, concerning the indications of the same hands, and marked divergencies from the facts where anything more than general characteristics were under consideration.

Of the puerility of the evidence adduced one instance may suffice:

A young lady, a few weeks ago, hearing our name mentioned at the country house where we were staying, came up merrily, and, holding out her hand, said: "Can you tell me anything?" She was a perfect stranger to us until we sat down to luncheon. We looked at her hand, and said, "I see you were engaged to be married, but your pride interfered; you dissolved the engagement a year or two ago, and your health suffered in consequence." She at once withdrew her hand, saying, with a vivid blush, "Quite right; and I have suffered; no one but my sister ever knew the real cause. You have told the truth. It was pride."

This might be safely said to many intelligent, unmarried ladies; and no remark more likely to be acquiesced in than that "pride interfered" could be made.

Running over the whole field of human nature in his descriptions, the palmist can make many apparent hits; and if he appeals to vanity, the subject will be likely to think "there is more in palmistry than the skeptics believe," of which a conspicuous instance has recently been publicly displayed by the subject.

As an amusement for those who find pleasure in holding each other's hands, and talking airy nothings, or for the uses of writers of fiction, palmistry has great possibilities; but for anything beyond, respect for it indicates a mind either uninformed or unbalanced.

J. M. Buckley.

#### Variations in the Reports of the Gettysburg Address.<sup>1</sup>

THE variations between the several contemporary reports of the dedicatory address delivered by President Lincoln at Gettysburg on the 19th of November, 1863, and the innumerable versions since published, are remarkable, especially because of the brevity of the address, its importance alike in subject and matter, the circumstances under which it was spoken, and the character and office of the orator. Attention has more than once been attracted to these variations, and because of the differences between the earlier reports and the version published in autographic facsimile in 1864, it has been assumed that the discrepancies are due either to the blunders of the reporters or to their attempts to improve its rhetorical composition. Somewhat careful examination of a number of versions justifies the conclusion that while reporters, telegraphers, and printers are doubtless responsible for some minor variations, they are not accountable for the rhetorical differences, because these are due to Mr. Lincoln's own revision.

All authorities agree that the address was read from manuscript; if, therefore, that could be produced, any discussion as to its original form would be needless.

In Arnold's "Lincoln and Slavery" (1866) the version of the address there given is said, in a foot-note on page 424, to have been "copied from the original," but as it differs in several particulars from the words upon which contemporary and independent reports agree, it is questionable whether it was so copied. Probably it is a transcript from the autograph copy made by Mr. Lincoln in 1864, with which it verbally agrees, except in the insertion of "and" in the clause "by the people and for the people."

Curiously enough, in his later book, "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (1885), Arnold gives another version agreeing verbally, except in a single word, with the New York "Tribune" report, November 20, 1863, but without reference to its source, or explanation why he selected that in preference to the one he had previously quoted.

In 1875 it was stated by "The Congregationalist" that the original manuscript was then in possession of Mrs. Carlos Pierce of Boston, being bound in the same volume with the manuscript of Mr. Everett's oration, which, with the address, had been presented to the New York Sanitary Fair to be disposed of. A copy of this so-called original manuscript of the address was printed by "The Congregationalist," but comparison with contemporary reports warrants the belief that the manuscript, if an autograph and not a facsimile of the 1864 revision, was an autograph of later date than the original address. [See page 605.]

In view of the doubts which have been expressed concerning the existence of the original manuscript, it would be remarkable that, if it is extant, no facsimile reproduction has been made, or that the fact of its existence has not otherwise been fully established.

In the absence of the original manuscript, we are relegated to the contemporary reports for the form of

<sup>1</sup> Major W. H. Lamber prepared the manuscript of which this article is a condensation as "A Plea for a Standard Version of President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." Mr. Nicolay, on page 606, supplies the "standard version," but part of Major Lambert's paper is interesting as explaining the confusion of statements that has obtained in regard to the address.—EDITOR.

the address as it was delivered; but unfortunately, these differ verbally to such an extent as to make it uncertain which, if any, is absolutely correct.

Opinions differ as to the place and circumstances of the composition of the address. Arnold, in his "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (page 328), asserts that the President, "while in the cars on his way from the White House to the battle-field, was notified that he would be expected to make some remarks also"; that, "asking for some paper, a rough sheet of foolscap was handed to him, and, retiring to a seat by himself, with a pencil he wrote the address." So late a notice is inherently improbable, and it is not consistent with the statements made by others who had equal or greater opportunity for acquaintance with the facts. Similarly, Ben Perley Poore says ("Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," page 228) that "his remarks at Gettysburg . . . were written in the car on his way from Washington to the battle-field, upon a piece of pasteboard held on his knee."

On the contrary, General James B. Fry in the same book (page 403) declares that he is confident that the statement that the Gettysburg speech was written in the car *en route* to that place is an error. He was in the car as an escort to the President, and had therefore opportunity to know whereof he speaks. He says: "I have no recollection of seeing him writing or even reading his speech during the journey; in fact, there was hardly any opportunity for him to read or write."

The Hon. Edward McPherson and Judge Wills of Gettysburg are of the opinion that the address was written in Mr. Lincoln's room at Judge Wills's house, where he was a guest during his stay in Gettysburg. There appears to be no doubt of the correctness of Mr. McPherson's assertion that before retiring on the night of the 18th the President inquired the order of the exercises of the next day, and wrote out his remarks there, and it is probable that what he wrote was the final draft of his address before its delivery.

Noah Brooks, in his "Life of Lincoln" (page 394), and with still more detail in his "Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln," published in this magazine for February, 1878, declares that a few days prior to the 19th of November, 1863, the President told him that Mr. Everett had kindly sent him a copy of his address in order that the same ground might not be gone over by both, and he added: "There is no danger that I shall. My speech is all blocked out. It is very short." In answer to Mr. Brooks's question whether the speech was written, Mr. Lincoln replied, "Not exactly written; it is not finished, anyway."

Mr. Brooks states that the speech was written and rewritten a great many times, and was revised somewhat after Mr. Lincoln reached Gettysburg. "As he read it from the manuscript he made a few verbal changes. These changes did not appear in the report printed at the time by the newspapers, but they were embodied in the draft" afterward made for publication. Mr. Brooks in his "Life" gives a facsimile of this draft, repeating it in print, but with the fatality that has attended the publication of this address his printed version is not a literal transcript of his facsimile.<sup>1</sup>

The introductory phrase, "The President then delivered the following dedicatory speech," is practically

identical in all the Associated Press reports, as are also the locations of the bracketed words denoting applause. There are verbal differences between the several reports, but there appears to be no doubt of the common origin.

The reports printed in the Philadelphia papers agree, except that those in the "Ledger," "Press," and "Bulletin" differ each in a single instance from one another, and from the report in the "North American," the differences being obviously misprints. The reports in the New York papers also agree with one another save in a single instance, probably due to a typographical error. The Boston papers also agree substantially, with only three verbal variations. But the Boston, Springfield, New York, and Philadelphia versions differ from one another in a number of details, probably due to errors in telegraphing, but which are correct and which erroneous is not easily determined.

The "Philadelphia Inquirer," November 20, 1863, and the Cincinnati "Daily Gazette," November 21, published reports of the address which differ materially from each other and from the Associated Press reports, and, while apparently independent in source, are rather paraphrases than literal reports. They are, however, probably free renderings of stenographic notes made at the time of delivery.

Henry Edwards, George William Bond, and Charles Hale, commissioners appointed by Governor Andrew to represent Massachusetts at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, appended to their report, printed with the governor's address to the legislature, January 8, 1864 (Senate Document No. 1), a copy of President Lincoln's speech. They assert that this speech "has not generally been printed rightly, having been marred from errors in telegraphing," and that it "is appended, . . . in the correct form, as the words actually spoken by the President, with great deliberation, were taken down by one of the undersigned."<sup>2</sup>

But because of the possibility of doubt concerning the exact verbal accuracy of the commissioners' report, and of the eminent desirability that there should be an absolutely standard version of the immortal production, and because of the impossibility so to reconcile all of the discrepancies in the newspaper reports as to obtain the standard from them, as well also in respect to the evident desire of President Lincoln that by the "final form he gave the address . . . he intended it should be judged" (McPherson, in the "Nation," September 9, 1875), and to his rights as an author, there should be no hesitancy to accept the words as with his own pen he transcribed them when asked for an autograph for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair in Baltimore, in 1864, and as in facsimile they were reproduced in "Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors" (Baltimore: Cushings & Bailey, 1864), published for the benefit of the fair.

In an address so brief but so momentous every syllable tells, and though the differences between this version and the earlier reports are few and seemingly immaterial, the changes intensify the strength and pathos of the speech, and add to its beauty, and as so written these words cannot be too jealously perpetuated as the final expression of the sublime thought of the immortal author.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Charles Hale of the "Boston Advertiser."

<sup>1</sup> In Stoddard's "Life of Lincoln," pages 413-14, the facsimile is also given, with a printed copy, which likewise differs from the facsimile.



Increasing appreciation of the grandeur of Lincoln's character, and of his preëminent fitness for the great work to which in the providence of God he was called, enhances the value of his every word, and emphasizes the judgment of the "Nation," uttered fifteen years ago, "that what promises to be the most classic and most enduring of American orations ought to be as carefully preserved without alteration or abridgment as a standard of weight and measure."

*William H. Lambert.*

#### Abraham Lincoln as an Advocate.

IN the summer of 1881 I spent some time at Saratoga Springs, and had many conversations with the Hon. David Davis, then one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. He related to me some of his early experiences as a judge, and one of them made a very deep impression. I asked him the secret of Lincoln's success as a lawyer. He said that when he was a young man he was judge of a circuit court in Illinois, and one time, while holding that court, two men came up for trial on the charge of murder. They had rich relatives, and one of them employed Abraham Lincoln to defend him, and the other employed Leonard Swett, afterward an eminent criminal lawyer, who lived in Chicago and died a few years ago.

Judge Davis said that one evening, as it was the custom, Lincoln and Swett came to his room in the hotel, and during the conversation Lincoln spoke about as follows: "Swett, Davis, and I are old friends, and what we say here will never be repeated to our injury. Now, we have been engaged in this trial for two days, and I am satisfied that our clients are guilty, and that the witnesses for the State have told the truth. It is my opinion that the best thing we can do for our clients is to have them come in to-morrow morning, and plead guilty to manslaughter, and let Davis give them the lowest punishment." Mr. Swett said he would do nothing of the kind. He said, "Mr. Lincoln, you don't know what evidence I have got in reserve to combat the witnesses for the State." Mr. Lincoln replied, "I don't care what evidence you have got, Swett; the witnesses for the State have told the truth, and the jury will believe them." Mr. Swett said, "Mr. Lincoln, I shall never agree to your proposition, and propose to carry on our defense to the end." Mr. Lincoln replied, "All right."

They went on with the trial. The defendants put their witnesses on the stand, and the time came for the arguments. Then Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Swett, "Now, Swett, I cannot argue this case, because our witnesses have been lying, and I don't believe them. You go on and make an argument." Swett made the argument, the case went to the jury, and the men were acquitted.

The next day Mr. Lincoln went to Mr. Swett and said: "Swett, here is the \$500 which I have received for defending one of these men. It all belongs to you; take it."

Of course Mr. Swett did not take the money, but it showed, as Judge Davis said, that Mr. Lincoln felt he had done nothing to earn the money.

Judge Davis told this story as illustrating the honesty and integrity of Abraham Lincoln as a lawyer.

*Ratcliffe Hicks.*

NEW YORK, November 10, 1893.

#### American Artist Series.

LOUIS LOEB. (SEE PAGE 527.)

LOUIS LOEB is a good example of what, in an unfriendly environment, a patient, direct purpose may accomplish when pushed to its development by a man of artistic taste and impulse.

He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1866. When only fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a lithographer of that day, and his next nine years were spent as a lithographic draftsman. While yet an apprentice, feeling his need of art instruction, and the lack of facilities for it in Cleveland, he conceived the idea that by the aid of a friend, a former student of L'École des Beaux Arts, an evening life-class might be established. By dint of energy and enthusiasm this was done, and the school was open four evenings of each week for two seasons. When its affairs were wound up there remained one cent in the treasury.

In 1885 Mr. Loeb accepted an engagement in a lithographic house in New York, and became an evening student at the Art Students' League, and in 1889 was elected its vice-president. In that year, feeling that he had outgrown lithography, he abandoned it. In 1890 he went to Paris, and became, under Lefebvre and Constant, a student at the Julian Academy, and, under Gérôme, at the Beaux Arts, where he gained the Premier Prix d'Atelier. In 1891 and 1892 his pictures were accepted at the Salon.

It is not an easy matter to gauge Mr. Loeb's status as a painter, for he is too new a recruit in our art ranks. The only pictures of his with which I have any acquaintance are a portrait of his mother, shown at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in 1890, the portrait on page 527, shown at the same society's exhibition two years later, and some studies and sketches. The 1890 portrait is a literal bit of representation — so literal as to be almost photographic. It is well constructed, well drawn, shows earnestness of purpose and conscientious study, but nothing of the artistic quality apparent in the later portrait.

His black-and-whites, of which he has made many for THE CENTURY since his return from Europe a year or so ago, possess in an eminent degree the blending of the artistic and the realistic. Taken with the paintings, they display a true artistic temperament, and a tender, sympathetic intuition, an accomplished though not a powerful draftsmanship. In addition to these qualities his types are always well chosen, and his composition is good.

*W. Lewis Fraser.*



## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

### Antitheses.

ETHEL'S eyes are evening,  
In their vaporous blue;  
Mabel's eyes are morning,  
Diamonded with dew.

Ethel's hair hath lusters  
Like a midnight sea's;  
Mabel's daffodil tresses  
Might delude the bees.

Ethel's voice flows golden,  
Like her calm, wise words;  
Mabel's treble of laughter  
Stills the envious birds.

Ethel's brows are sculpture,  
And a lily her lips;  
Mabel's mouth is rosier  
Than dawn's finger-tips.

Ethel's air shines candor  
Unto all she meets;  
Mabel's varying dimples  
Are divine deceptions.

Ethel has one sweetheart,  
Held in holiest thrall;  
Mabel, alas! has legions,  
And she mocks them all.

Edgar Fawcett.

### Accidents of the Tragic Stage.

THE dramatic artist, be he comedian or tragedian, has need of a considerable mastery of the scenic art to escape being taken unawares, and injured in consequence, by the various strange accidents which constantly attend the exercise of his calling; and one who counts forty-five years of activity in the profession must necessarily have met, occasionally, with an adventure the disagreeable character of which is relieved by an incongruity almost comic. I shall recount several such scenes in which I barely escaped the mischance of destroying in my audience the due impression received from the character that I was playing.

At the age of seventeen I was a member of the Compagnia Romana, and was filling an engagement at the Teatro Cocomero (at present known as the Niccolini) in Florence. One evening we were giving a comedy of the Duke of Ventignano, entitled "Twenty-seven Years After." The third act was a modern society scene in a brightly lighted room, in the course of which the artists of the company sang canzoni, arias, and duets, with pianoforte accompaniment. At the very moment when I was singing my first note, a candle of the chandelier which hung in the middle of the room tipped over against a loose edge of the light cloth that wrapped the cord by which the chandelier was suspended, and the fire instantly enveloped this, and ran up to the loft, in which were stored a number of rolls of paper scenery. The danger of a conflagration was imminent, both audience and actors were panic-stricken,

and cries of "Fire!" "Fire!" filled the house. In a flash I jumped on a chair, leaped in the air, and caught the chandelier, which the weight of my body brought down, bringing with it the flaming tissue. I was somewhat scorched about the wrists and hands, despite the protection of my gloves; but the danger was averted, tranquillity and security were restored, and I was able to resume my romance, which was entitled "La Settimana d'Amore" (The Week of Love)—though from the burns which I had suffered, it might appropriately have been renamed "La Settimana d'Ardore." I was modest enough to believe that the boisterous applause given me had for its object more the fireman than the singer.

In the same year, at the old Teatro Rè (now Manzoni) in Milan, I was playing the part of *Mortimer* in Schiller's "Marie Stuart." In the first scene of the fourth act *Mortimer*, perceiving himself discovered and betrayed, kills himself with a stroke of his poniard to the heart. The weapon which I used had neither edge nor point, but the blow which I gave myself was so violent that besides piercing my velvet coat, a shirt made in small folds, and the vest of silk next the skin, the dagger penetrated my body between the fourth and fifth ribs for an inch, and escaped the heart by no more than the thickness of a silver dollar. At that moment the scene is shifted before *Mortimer*, and the act proceeds. I lay as I had fallen, without strength to call for help; and seeing that I did not rise, some of the scene-shifters came to lift me up, and found me in a pool of blood. The rumor that I was in danger of my life soon spread throughout the theater, and the spectators refused to allow the play to go on. Almost unconscious I was carried to my lodgings in an arm-chair, and for seven days there was grave doubt whether I was to be or not to be. I breathed with great difficulty, and suffered severely from the wound, which I owed to my excessive enthusiasm.

Another incident which disturbed me much happened at the Théâtre des Italiens in Paris, during my representation of *Othello*. The actor who had the part of *Iago* was Lorenzo Piccinini, an artist of much distinction, conscientious, and physically well endowed; and in this rôle he received well-merited praise from both the press and the public of Paris. He was by nature impatient of restraint, and perhaps it would not be too much to say refractory, although he acknowledged the necessity of subordinating himself to the exigencies of scenic effect. At the point where *Othello*, in the violence of his rage and passionate jealousy, throws *Iago* down, Piccinini's natural instincts rebelled. I was playing the part for the first time in Paris, before a public prepossessed in my favor, indeed, but exacting and critical. To score a success as *Othello* in Paris was to establish my artistic reputation on firm grounds. The reader can imagine the tension of my nerves throughout that evening. *Iago* was bound to fall at a given moment; of that there was no question—he must fall. But at that precise moment I felt that I inclosed in my arms a rebellious soul, who, instead of obeying his cue and allowing him-

self to be thrown down, sought to resist me and to rise! That would never do. The effect would be utterly lost; so I had to exert my whole strength to obtain the result. Piccinini fell, but in what a manner! His body rebounded from the floor of the stage, and then lay quite motionless. I thought he was dead, and while the audience leaped on their feet, as one man, with a tremendous burst of applause, at that minute I thought myself an involuntary homicide. I drew near to his motionless body, and, lifting him up, asked him, under my breath, whether he had hurt himself. He answered in a feeble voice, "Not I; but you have hurt me!" The remainder of the scene was gotten through with difficulty, and at the end of the act I poured forth a torrent of excuses and regrets in my effort to mitigate, for my colleague in art, the bruises on his unlucky shoulders. I felt the deepest regret over the affair; but, by way of compensation, in the repetitions of the play which followed I had a most submissive and obedient *Iago*.

The strangest mishaps sometimes befall an actor upon the presentation for the first time of a part over which he has worked most carefully. There had recently died at Bologna an illustrious tragedian, Lombardi by name, who in the part of *Orestes*, as well as in that of *Orosmane* in Voltaire's tragedy "Zaïre," had left with the public an ideal which could not be effaced. For some time I had studied the latter of these parts with real enthusiasm; and, after repeated urging, I allowed myself to be persuaded to play it on the very boards of my deceased rival. *Orosmane*, at Bologna, in that theater, became for me my passage of the Rubicon. The great night came, and, armed with courage, upheld by a thorough knowledge of my part, and clothed in a genuine, rich, and elegant Oriental costume, I presented myself before my judges—not implacable, indeed, but disposed to be sternly just. Gradually, as the action unfolded, the interest of the audience grew, until at last spectators and artists reached the height of enthusiasm. We were all quite carried away. The happiness of having won so hard a fight made my nerves quiver and my blood boil in my veins; I felt in myself strength to surpass the labors of Hercules and of Samson! In a word, I was drunk with joy. In such triumph I reached the fourth act, in which *Orosmane*, believing himself betrayed, orders his confidant *Corasmin* to go and slay on the spot the unfaithful *Zaïre*, with these words:

"Go, my friend! Rush upon her! Fly, *Corasmin*! Show her this accursed writing. . . . Let her shudder, . . . and in that instant whelm the traitress with a hundred dagger-strokes! Let her die! . . . But [he adds], before striking. . . . Ah, my friend, stop! [*Corasmin* does not listen.] . . . Stop!"

This "Stop," pronounced with excitement and with all the strength of my voice, occasioned the bursting of the belt which held my flowing trousers to my body, and slowly, slowly, I felt these outer garments slipping down, down, until they rested on my feet! What is left to say? I was lost! Because of the encumbrance, I could not move; and yet I must in some way finish the fourth act. If the theater had at that moment fallen down about my ears, it would have been less of a grief to me. What could I do? I shuffled over, with little steps, and as best I might, to the divan in the middle of the stage, sat down, and catching up a

tiger-skin which was spread on the floor as a rug, I drew it over my body. The audience said not a word, uttered not the faintest murmur, did not give the slightest sign of hilarity. I could have kissed them all for gratitude! Constrained to remain seated all the time, I finally got through with the fourth act. I have repeated this tragedy; but there are some who maintain that I could never again give that scene with so great intensity of rage and fury.

Tommaso Salvini.

#### Country and Town.

A RHYME OF TYRINGHAM.

DOWN in the meadow and up on the height  
The breezes are blowing the willows white.  
In the elms and maples the robins call,  
And the great black crows sail over all  
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

The river winds through the trees and the brake  
And the meadow-grass like a shining snake;  
And low in the summer and loud in the spring  
The rapids and reaches murmur and sing  
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

In the shadowy pools the trout are shy,  
So creep to the bank and cast the fly!  
What thrills and tremors the tense cords stir  
When the trout it strikes with a tug and whirl  
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley!

At dark of the day the mist spreads white,  
Like a magic lake in the glimmering light;  
Or the winds from the meadow the white mists blow,  
And the fireflies glitter,—a sky below,—  
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

And oh, in the windy days of the fall  
The maples and elms are scarlet all,  
And the world that was green is gold and red,  
And with huskings and cider they're late to bed  
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley!

Now squirrel and partridge and hawk and hare  
And wild-cat and woodchuck and fox beware!  
The three days' hunt is waxing warm  
For the count-up dinner at Riverside Farm  
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

The meadow-ice will be freezing soon,  
And then for a skate by the light of the moon.  
So pile the wood on the hearth, my boy!  
Winter is coming! I wish you joy  
By the light of the hearth and the moon, my boy,  
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley!

THE BERKSHIRES, 1893.

#### WASHINGTON SQUARE.

THIS is the end of the town that I love the best.  
Oh, lovely the hour of light from the burning west—  
Of light that lingers and fades in the shadowy square  
Where the solemn fountain lifts a shaft in the air  
To catch the skyey colors, and fling them down  
In a wild-wood torrent that drowns the noise of the town.  
And lovely the hour of the still and dreamy night  
When, lifted against the blue, stands the arch of white  
With one clear planet above, and the sickle moon,  
In curve reversed from the arch's marble round,  
Sifters the sapphire sky. Now soon, ah soon,  
Shall the city square be turned to holy ground  
Through the light of the moon and the stars and the  
glowing flower—  
The Cross of Light—that looms from the sacred  
tower.

R. W. Gilder.

